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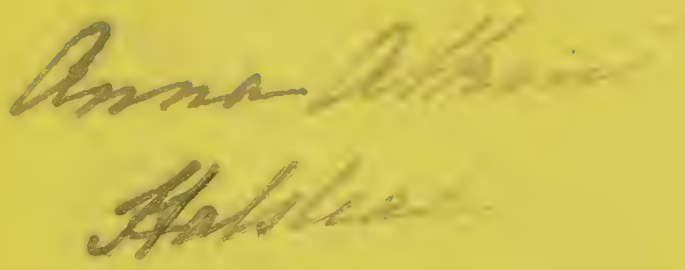

MEMOIR

OF

J. G. CHILDREN, ESQ.

F.R.S. L. AND E., F.S.A., M.R.I., ETC.

INCLUDING

SOME UNPUBLISHED POETRY

BY HIS FATHER AND HIMSELF.

" Such a man
Might be a copy to these younger times."
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

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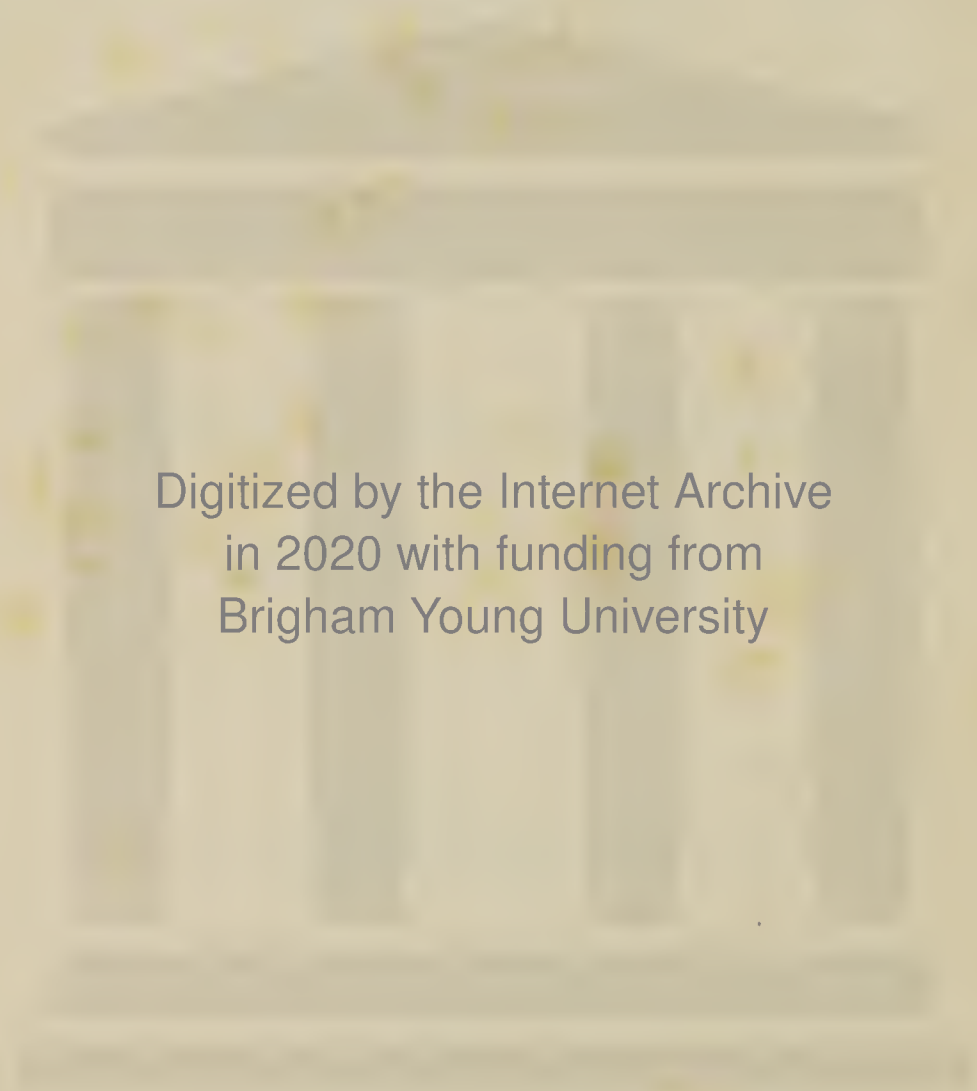
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In the hope of gratifying many of the Friends of the late Mr. John George Children, by acquainting some for the first time with the principal events of his Life, or by recalling those events to the recollection of others, and as a tribute of deep respect and of affection to his Memory, this little Volume has been prepared for *private distribution only*. The Reader will kindly bear this in mind, as many details and trifles have been inserted, which, in a Memoir intended for the public, would have been omitted.

MEMOIR

OF

JOHN GEORGE CHILDREN.

THE beloved subject of this Memoir, the late John George Children, Esq. was born on the 18th of May, 1777, at Ferox Hall, Tunbridge, Kent. The following extracts of a letter from his father, George Children, Esq. to Mr. Hasted (now among the Hasted papers in the British Museum), written in reply to a request for information concerning the family, will sufficiently supply all needful detail on that head:—

"All that I can say with precision about us is, that the family of Children were settled for a great many generations at a house, called from their own name, Childrens, situate at a place called Nether Street, otherwise Lower Street (by which name the house and farm, which are now my property, are at this day usually known,) in Hildenborough, in the parish of Tunbridge.

"George Children of Lower Street (who was High Sheriff of Kent in 1698) died without issue in 1718, and by will devised the bulk of his estate to Richard

Children, eldest son of his late uncle William Children of Hedcorn, and his heirs. This Richard Children, my grandfather, (who settled himself at Ramhurst in the parish of Leigh,) married Anne, daughter of John Saxby of Caring, in the parish of Leeds, by whom he had issue four sons and two daughters." (Four of these died unmarried; and Richard, who "married Elizabeth, eldest daughter of John Hooker, Esq. of Tunbridge," left no children.) "John (my father) the eldest son, married Jane Weller, daughter of Robert Weller of Tunbridge, Esq. by Elizabeth Poley his wife, and his issue by her were myself and two daughters, Anne and Jane; Anne, the eldest of us, married (in 1764) Mr. Richard Davenport of London, surgeon; and died, without issue living, in 1766. Jane, the second, married Christian Albert De Passow, consul-general from the King of Denmark in London. Your humble servant, George Children, married (as you have already done me the honour to mention in your former volume), in 1776, Susanna, second daughter of the Rev. Thomas Marshall Jordan, of West Farleigh, by whom I have one son, John-George, born on the 18th of May, 1777. How dear his birth cost me six days afterwards, you know but too well." . . . . .

"Our coat of arms is, A saltier engrailed gules on a field or, and the crest, A nag's head argent, holding in his mouth a bunch of trefoil proper."

Mr. J. G. Children received, in a note from his friend Dr. Bliss, (now Principal of St. Mary Hall,

Oxford,) the following notice concerning an ancestor of an earlier generation:—

"My dear Children,

"I find an entry, in looking for another name, and send it to you as a family memorandum—

"1626, Jun. 30mo. Hospitium Novum. Georgius Children, Kantiæ, filius Joh'is Children de Tunbridge, in comitatu prædicto, annos natus 20.—Registr. Matriculat. Univ. Oxon. P. P. f. 323."

Such then was the family descent of him to whose memory this little narrative is devoted. His father and mother were permitted to enjoy each other's society for so brief a period, that little trace of their wedded life remains—a merry letter in rhyme from Mr. G. C. to a friend with whom they had been staying at Bath, in 1777, contains the following two lines, almost the only joint notice of them remaining:—

And with all best regards from my Susan and me,
Permit me, dear sir, to subscribe, yours, G. C.

Mr. J. G. Children's birth is noticed in his father's own hand after the record of his marriage.

"George Children, of Ferox Hall in Tunbridge, Kent, and Susanna, second daughter of the Rev. Thomas Marshall Jordan, Rector of Barming, and of Iden, in the said county, were married by the Rev. John Thomas Jordan, in the parish church of St.

Clement Danes, in the Strand, London, on the 22nd of June, 1776.

"John George Children, son of the said George and Susanna Children, was born at Ferox Hall on the 18th of May, 1777. . . . His dear mother survived his birth but six days, having died on the 24th of May, 1777."

The delight with which Mr. Jordan, little expecting the event that was to follow, hailed the birth of his grandson, is thus expressed in a letter to his son-in-law:

"Joy to you, my dear Sir, joy to my Sukey, and to all my dear friends with you. . . . Welcome, my dear grandson, into this world, happy be your life, long may you live, a blessing to your worthy parents. My present happiness, my dear Mr. Children, is greater than I can express; nothing can add to it, but the recovery of the new-made mother."

A second letter of affectionate congratulation, written on the following day, is soon succeeded by the lamentation which the death of the "new-made mother" called forth.

She was amiable, beautiful, and beloved. Her son, whose knowledge of her could only be gathered from the information of others who had known her personally, cherished throughout his long life the deepest reverence for her name and character. Mr. George Children survived his wife many years, and remained a widower. His history, after her decease, is inseparably wound up with that of his beloved child.

Mr. George Children had been admitted at an early

age, on the 11th of December, 1753, a member of the Society of the Middle Temple. His grand-daughter possesses several volumes of MS. notes taken by him when attending the lectures of Judge Blackstone.

He was called to the Bar May 29th, 1767; but he never followed the law as a profession. On the 22nd May, 1789, he became a bencher of the Middle Temple.

The following lines were written by Mr. G. C. in October, 1777, addressed to a lady then about to become the bride of Mr. Grose, a barrister, afterwards Sir Nash Grose, knight, one of the most intimate and attached friends of Mr. G. C., and whose merits were afterwards duly acknowledged by the appointment to the high office of one of the judges of the Court of King's Bench; conferred upon him in May, 1787:—

Favor'd of heaven! as excellence like thine
Deserves; at once the subject and reward
Of my friend's virtue, of that dignity
Of soul which looks superior on the glare
Of pomp and grandeur, and the flattering charms
Of high alliance, tho' by high desert
Within his grasp; and nobly, wisely dares
(Regardless of a foolish world's opinion)
To cater for itself in happiness,
And seek a dowry of substantial worth
In goodness, sense, good humour, and affection!
Thou welcome partner in a heart long mine
By friendship's holy ties, by holier thine;
Accept the artless tribute of a muse
No other theme had waken'd from her sorrows,
The cordial gratulations of a bosom
Dead to its own delights, but to its friend's

Most feelingly alive. Accept the wishes—
Warm, genuine, pure, and tender, which it breathes,
That every bliss may crown your sacred union!
May heaven, that form'd you of congenial souls,
And gave to each the judgment to discern,
The heart to feel and love the other's virtues,
Long bless you in each other! May ye live
Through a fair smiling train of happy years;
He your protector, guide, and honor'd lord,—
And you, his soft companion, gentle friend,
The soother of his sorrows, and his refuge
From all the toils and cares of busy life!
May every dear domestic joy be yours!
Your bed be fruitful, and your offspring healthy,
Fair, lovely, virtuous, discreet, and happy!
May the rough storms of this tempestuous world
Beat lightly on your heads! Your own good prudence
And the kind care of Providence protect ye
From every keen distress! For lesser ills,
From which no human state was e'er exempt,
In mutual love and mutual consolation
May ye still find a never-failing balm!
In fine, be yours what were so lately mine—
(Alas, how short their date!) the dear delights
Of virtuous, pure, disinterested love,
Which time shall but increase! while I, sad mourner
For my own blasted joys, will catch a gleam
Of happiness reflected back from yours,
And, lowly bending to His high behests,
Will bless the Power, whose goodness grants my friend
That bliss his wisdom saw not fit for me!

Lady Grose died in April, 1794, after much suffering; as recorded in the Epitaph by Mr. John Smith, mentioned hereafter.

A strong poetical bias led both father and son to yield to it not only on ordinary occasions, but even

under various trials, when the first bitterness of grief was past, to find comfort in expressing their feelings in verse. In the course of this narrative many of these effusions will be preserved. One written about this time by Mr. Children the elder, to his sister-in-law, is too long for insertion; it describes, in most pathetic terms, the many excellencies of the wife he had lost, and the useful, retired, domestic life they had hoped to pass together.

I am not certain as to the date of the lines next inserted; but they must, I think, have been written at about this period. They are unconnected with the events of Mr. Children's own life, and may as well come in here as in any other part of this narrative.

TO MR. D——N,

(OCCASIONED BY A DREAM MR. D. HAD HAD WITH A PIECE OF WEDDING-CAKE LAID UNDER HIS PILLOW.)

1.

The magic cake beneath your head,
You dreamt that walking in a mead,
With Fanny by your side,
Before you in the footpath way
A punch-ladle of amber lay,
Which first your eye descried.

2.

With anxious care you seek to know
What mystic truth the gods would shew:
Come, cease your palpitation!
No prophet, nor a Joseph I,
Yet think I see, with half an eye,
Your dream's interpretation.

3.

The ladle here without a dish
Might call to mind Corisca's wish,
And fill your heart with dread ;
But better things my fancy shows—
A flowing bowl of punch suppose
An emblem of the maid.

4.

Reflect a moment, and you'll see
That nothing can so well agree
With Fanny's form and mind :
The bowl of purest porcelain—say,
Is not the lovely Fanny's clay
Of purest porcelain kind ?

5.

If thus without, still more within
The strong resemblance will be seen—
Meekness and spirit join'd,
Most duly temper'd, sweet, and smart;
And all, with gen'rous warmth of heart
Exalted and refin'd.

6.

The bowl thus found, you'll think, no doubt,
That all the mystery is out,
And bless the bounteous offer,
And happy sure the favor'd soul
To whom, to taste of such a bowl,
The fates a ladle proffer.

7.

But check awhile the bold pretence,
Yet deeper lies the mystic sense,
And must not be misread:
Observe aright the ladle's kind—
Therein, believe me, you will find
Much meaning is conveyed.

8.

No vulgar thing of common wood,
For such the bowl is far too good,
No glittering silver toy—
So good and wise a nymph, believe,
No tinsel show will e'er deceive,
No price can ever buy.

9.

But amber from each blemish free,
Where genuine truth and purity
In fairest emblem shine,
Of this 'twas form'd: and know, fond youth,
To naught but purity and truth
Her charms she'll e'er resign.

G. C.

Another short piece (an epitaph on a medical friend, I believe) is the only other MS., except those I have mentioned, found before 1786. It is as follows:—

THOMAS MILLER.

His retrospects were cheerful! Holy Faith,
The golden key of mercy at her side,
Stooped o'er his pillow, and with tearless eye
Wiped the chill death-drops from his languid brow,
Soothing his pains; while, brightening at his feet,
Hope, loveliest herald from th' angelic throng!
Smiling reward, stood pointing to the skies—
Thy will, O God! be done—he bowed, and died.
December 31, 1780, aged 32.

It appears by a letter written in 1786, by Mr. George Children, to congratulate his ward, Mr. Towers, on his marriage, that Mr. C.'s venerable

mother was still living under his roof; her grandson remembered her well, and used to say she spoilt him sadly, and gave him sixpence every morning. In the same letter Mr. Children mentions with deep regret the death of his "very valuable friend and father-in-law, Mr. Jordan," which had occurred the Sunday week before, from a stroke of apoplexy, "after he had performed his morning duty at Barming Church."

Meanwhile the child, who was the joy and solace of his father's widowhood, although delicate, grew and prospered under the care of an excellent nurse (of whom he always retained an affectionate remembrance), passing the early years of his life under the roof of his parent at Tunbridge. He was for a short time at the grammar-school there, under the care of that accomplished scholar, the elder Dr. Knox; and thence, as a preparation for Eton College, Mr. Children sent him to a private tutor, Mr. Maule, at Cambridge.

The letters to his father, written at this and indeed at every subsequent period of his life, are charming specimens of affection and openness, freely stating his own wishes, but always ready to submit to his father's mature judgment. The opinion his tutor, Mr. Maule, entertained of his progress is thus expressed in a letter dated June 1791:—

"Your son goes on full as well as I could wish, and is far the best of those who read with him .... By the time he has fulfilled his year, he will be better qualified for his place at Eton than any boy I ever

sent there . . . . his friend Hornby leaves me to-morrow . . . . it is impossible that there could be two better boys."

As early as in this part of his life the deafness of one ear, from which Mr. J. G. C. never was subsequently free, appears to have been very troublesome, and he speaks of it often in letters written to his father from Eton. He entered that school as an oppidan at the age of fourteen. Ever afterwards he felt the Etonian affection for that school, finding even in advanced years great pleasure in talking with Eton boys about the school, and comparing notes with them, thus "breathing a second spring."

A love of science, his unfailing delight in after-life, had been already awakened in him, especially by the intercourse which he enjoyed at Cambridge with his uncle, the Rev. J. T. Jordan; and he writes thus to his father, in one of his early letters from Eton, "Walker, the famous philosopher, will read a course of lectures here in a short time. I think I am sure you have no objection to my attending." Two other characteristic paragraphs in the same letter deserve to be extracted; the one shewing that care thoroughly to understand all he learnt, which never failed him; the other that earnest warmth of heart which neither the winter of adversity nor of age could ever chill. The first runs thus: "I know you will be glad to hear of my progress in anything, and will not be displeased to find I am in Practice. I think I may venture to say that I understand the Rule of Three,

both direct and inverse, perfectly, as likewise everything else I have gone through."* The other is: "I am very sorry, indeed, that poor Weeks' father" (Weeks was his nurse) "is so ill. I hope they have very good means of taking care of him .... Pray give my love to her when you see her next." .... He then speaks of her as "the affectionate nurse of your poor boy; and yet why poor, since the great good God has blessed me with so good and so affectionate a dear father. God Almighty bless you!" Although full of the cheerful gaiety and readiness for frolic that was natural to a boy, there is a vein of thoughtfulness in most of the letters from Eton, not very usual with youth, of whom it has been said,—

> No sense have they of ills to come,
> No fears beyond to-day.

At the age of 15 he thus speaks of a relation, about as old as himself, whose conduct was a source of much solicitude, and who, unhappily, never did well in riper years. "Do talk to .... very seriously about his foolish and unhappy fickleness, and represent the matter in the serious light it deserves; he is no fool, and perhaps a good deal of sound reasoning might make him repent and return to his former business with cheerfulness, which unless he does God knows what must become of him. However, whatever they do, be assured I shall always be contented in whatever

* By this he did not mean merely that he knew how to do the sums, but that he understood their rationale.

situation you may think fit to place me, not chusing to go by my own weak judgment, but by the judgment of those whose understanding is strengthened by mature years, and who of course must know what is proper and right, better than a parcel of boys." The fondness for sailing, which he always retained, is mentioned in these early letters, and also of turning;* and he speaks of a lathe, with which his kind father had provided him, with great delight.

Among the amusements of Eton in those days, not avowedly permitted, but always silently passed over without reproof, were private theatricals, and in these Mr. Children, and his intimate friend and companion, the Honourable Charles William Stewart (now Marquess of Londonderry), were among the principal actors. For one of these performances he wrote a prologue, of which, in a letter to his father, he thus speaks:—"I have written a little prologue, which I intend to speak at our play, and have sent it you to tell me if you like it, to make what alterations you please, and if you like it to write an epilogue . . . . This is the first English production of my muse, so don't be too severe upon it.

PROLOGUE.

Laid for awhile aside scholastic laws,
To-night we strive to merit your applause.
Tho' here no Garrick your attention charms,
Nor Kemble fills your minds with dread alarms;

* Mr. J. G. C. afterwards became, both in theory and practice, an admirable mechanic.

No Siddons here draws forth the pitying tear,
Nor Mara's notes soothe the attentive ear;
Yet to our faults, O! be a little blind,
And to our merit (if we've any) kind.
Let not the critic here with surly looks,
Cry "Pshaw! hang plays! they'd better mind their books!
Were they my sons, they soon should cease their stuff,
And Homer, he should find them work enough.
Zounds—in my time we never thought of plays,
But times are strangely altered now-a-days.
But Birch will cure them all, by Dr. Faustus,
If once won't do, why *repetatur haustus*."
Alas! such sounds would fill our hearts with fear,
But sounds like these I trust we ne'er shall hear;
But should our poor attempts successless prove,
Abash'd and sorrowful we homeward move;*
But if your smiles our weak endeavour draws,
We're doubly happy, crown'd with your applause.

Bound up in his son's happiness as that of the father was, the promise of heart and mind, which every year made stronger, must have been the greatest solace that his widowhood could know, and the affection with which his love and care were received, were indeed all he could desire. In a letter dated July 17th, 1793, is the following passage:—"How shall I find words to thank you for your continued kindness? What can I do in return for such affection? O God, hear my prayer, and grant that I may always be worthy so great kindness and affection, and that I may ever by my actions contribute to the happiness of so kind and indulgent a parent! Grant, O God, that he

* The room in which they acted was in Windsor.

may pass all his days in peace! and grant, O most merciful Lord, that I may never be wanting in that duty which a pious and affectionate son owes to such a parent!" When trouble and sorrow came, nobly was the duty done!

In this year, 1793, Mr. Children, sen. had a good deal of anxiety on account of his son's health, especially as he was generally less well at Eton than elsewhere; and, although neither party was inclined to shorten the term of education there, it was a question whether it was expedient for him to remain in that spot. This delicacy of health, however, seems to have lessened, and he continued some time longer at Eton, but was never robust.

In June, 1794, George, sixth Earl of Waldegrave, one of the scholars at Eton, was drowned in the Thames. He had not completed his tenth year. This event is recorded on a tablet in Eton chapel, and must be remembered with painful feelings by the few now surviving who were his schoolfellows. Mr. Children, in a letter to his father, gives an affecting picture of the distressing circumstances: "Poor little Waldegrave was buried yesterday. My very dear friend Stewart had nearly been drowned likewise in attempting to save him. He dived after him till he was very much exhausted, and came to the bank to take breath, and after a little while dived again, when he saw the body lying at the bottom. The sight was too much for him; and it had nearly been fatal to him, for he was deprived of his senses instantly, and came up to

the top, apparently dead, and sank: he came up again and sank again, and would inevitably have perished, had not (at this third rising) a one-armed man,* in a punt, seized hold of him, and contrived to drag him into it. . . . . The next day he was very ill indeed, but is now, thank God, perfectly well again. Lord Camden came down on Thursday morning and took him to town, from whence he returned on Friday evening to assist at the funeral, which he did as a pall-bearer. Poor fellow, he was very much affected indeed; nor has he by any means recovered his spirits even yet. Poor Waldegrave owed his death entirely to his own rashness, for he would (in spite of his companions' entreaties) go into a very deep place, or rather a place close to which there is a very deep hole, when he could hardly swim a stroke. He walked on 'till he got to the hole, and was never seen alive afterwards."

On the 18th of May, 1794, a letter from Mr. J. G. C. to his father, begins thus:—" Seventeen years have now passed since I first beheld the blessed light of the sun, and in all that time with what care and tenderness have you watched over me. Thanks be to the Almighty God who has blessed me with such a father, and thanks to him that he has brought me to years of discretion, that I may now have an opportunity of showing myself worthy of such a father. O, my dear Sir, how shall I ever repay your kindness and affec-

* " Old Etonians may recognise in the one-armed man Mr. Charles Carter, who afterwards kept boats at Eton."

tion—what reward shall I make for the love you have ever manifested towards me? I cannot do it without the assistance of that Deity who has watched over me from the day of my birth; and I will trust in him that he will never neglect me." One more extract from the letters written at Eton in 1794 will show that, although serious thought and warm affections were thus exhibited, the same intensity of interest was natural to him in all the amusements of his time of life. "I have plenty of time to answer it in" (meaning a letter from his father), "for I stay out;* not but that I am as well as ever I was in my life; but I have hurt my foot, which I did in the following manner: being the chief man on our side in the above-mentioned match" (at cricket), "I had to bowl every other eight balls, which I found it was impossible to do with my shoes on, the ground being so amazingly dry and slippery, so I put them off. In about half an hour the feet of my stockings began to be the worse for wear, and my feet grew very tender; but, eager about the game, I did not mind all this, so on I played 'till the feet of my stockings were quite gone; I then put on

* "A boy at Eton is said to stay out when he in fact stays in. He is permitted to stay out of the public school-room whenever he is unwell; but, lest idlers should pretend illness, and abuse this indulgence, a boy who stays out is at once upon the sick list, and must not stir out of his boarding-house. There he is bound to stay in, and loses his out-of-door's play and recreation."

(I have been favoured with this note, and some other additions to my memoir, by a very kind friend, himself an old Etonian, to whom I take this opportunity of expressing my obligation.)—A. A.

another pair over those. By this time the game (which before we thought ourselves sure of) turned very much in favour of the other side, so much so, that after I had been in about five minutes, four wickets were bowled down, and there was only one more man, who was the worst batter on our side, to go in. He and I were in when there were thirty-six notches to be got, consequently I had given up all hopes of the game; but I desired him merely to keep the ball from his wicket, and I would try to get the notches. We did so, and we beat them. After the game was over I looked at my feet, and found the ball of my right foot had had a large blister upon it, which was broken and very sore; so I stay out to-day, for the sake of keeping it quiet."

From Eton, Mr. Children, jun. removed to the University of Cambridge, and was entered a Fellow Commoner of Queen's College. This position was not favourable to reading; but he would, no doubt, have acquitted himself creditably at least, had not circumstances induced his removal without having completed his terms. He kept up many old Eton friendships, and made others which were of long duration; but the chief affections of his heart were now devoted to the excellence and loveliness of her who, when they were both only nineteen, was his affianced bride. The object of this early attachment was Anna, daughter of Colonel Holwell, and grand-daughter of Governor Holwell, who in 1756 endured, and with a small remnant of his companions survived,

the dreadful night passed in the too celebrated Black Hole of Calcutta. The governor could never bear to recal the horrors of that fearful time, and never willingly alluded to it. He was a wonderful old man, very small in person, but beautifully proportioned, and, in spite of the trials he had gone through, lived to the age of ninety-eight, when a casual illness, caused by some imprudence of diet at a ball and supper, removed him in a few days from the world, or he might have possibly attained his mother's age of one hundred and two years. Her life, notwithstanding its extraordinary length, may be said not to have arrived at its natural limit, for the venerable old lady, apparently in perfect health, was burnt to death. Colonel Holwell lived at Southborough, near Tunbridge, and, having lost his wife (one of the Heywood family of the Isle of Man, aunt to Captain Peter Heywood), his daughter was brought up by her uncle and aunt, Major and Mrs. Yorke, at Bishop's Down Grove, Tunbridge Wells. She was much admired and much beloved—a charming musician, and had a lovely voice, which she was accompanying with her harp when Mr. J. G. C. first saw her. Their engagement followed shortly, which circumstances arising out of Major Yorke's death made it desirable to complete as soon as they were both of age, and on this account Mr. Children's plans were much altered. He had chosen the Church as his profession, his father wisely thinking his son should have some employment; and when he left Cambridge to become the husband of Miss Holwell

it was with the intention of returning there to take his degree preparatory to entering holy orders. But the great Disposer of Events ordered those of his life very differently from what they would have been amid the tranquil joys of a clergyman's home, and such dreams soon vanished. There is little to narrate of Mr. J. G. Children's residence at Cambridge; but the following account of a fire in the neighbourhood, abridged from a letter to his father, may be interesting:—"I was yesterday, at four o'clock, trying a telescope out of my window, when I perceived what I thought was an immense smoke. . . . A man of King's was with me, and I had just sat down to write . . . . when Harvey came into my room, and told me that what I had seen was a fire at Chishall, in Essex. Chishall is about a mile and a half on the right-hand of Barley as you come from London. I looked out, and saw a most tremendous conflagration. We immediately ordered a chaise, and, partly in the hope of doing some good, partly out of curiosity, we set off. . . . When arrived there, a spectacle presented itself far more shocking and awful than any I (or, I believe, most people) ever saw. A village which in the morning had been the seat of health, joy, and happiness—well stocked with corn, the fruit of laborious industry—was now a heap of glaring ruin. Never shall I forget the looks of the poor inhabitants. The village extended upwards of three-quarters of a mile, and, though the houses stood wide from each other, not one was saved which was in the direction of

the wind from the point where the fire broke out. Upwards of forty houses, with great quantities of hay and corn, were totally destroyed. Twenty-nine poor families, consisting of 132 persons, and several small farmers, are, I fear, utterly ruined." Mr. C. concludes by requesting his father to collect what sums he could from their friends in aid of a subscription which he, under the sanction of the Vice-Chancellor, had set on foot for the sufferers, and says, with characteristic energy,—" I pledge my honour that it shall be properly applied—my soul on the goodness of the action. . . . . Since I have been writing I have had nearly ten pounds brought me by a gentleman, which he has collected since dinner in King's College. Huzza! Eton for ever!"

Not long after this, Mr. J. G. Children quitted Cambridge, and I believe it was a little before his own marriage that the double wedding in the families of Woodgate and Allnutt took place which the following poems, written by his father, were intended to celebrate. Most of the parties, all intimate and dear friends of Mr. Children, have long since vanished from these earthly scenes; two—Mrs. Allnutt, of Penshurst, and Mrs. Garthwaite—survive, and long may they be spared! Although in the " changes and chances" attendant on all human things the writer of these stanzas and the subjects of his verse alike experienced the futility of human wishes, yet, as a record of old affection and intimacy, I feel that to the very few remaining who remember the time when those wishes

were uttered it will give more pleasure than pain to read them, and therefore I hesitate not to insert the poem that contains them:—

VISIT OF CUPID AND HYMEN TO TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

1.

Young Cupid and Hymen some summers ago,
On frolic and joy ever bent,
Sat out on a tour for six weeks or so,
To the watering places in Kent.

2.

At Margate and Ramsgate, at Deal and at Hythe,
Some little employment they found;
And they left ev'ry station gay, buxom, and blythe,
Their joint efforts with happiness crown'd.

3.

To Tunbridge at last thro' the rich Weald they rode,
And as business they there might rely on;
They agreed there awhile to prolong their abode,
And took lodgings at Fry's on Mount Sion.

4.

The Walks and the Rooms ev'ry morning and night
With glorious success they attended;
Cupid shot with a judgment unerringly right,
And Hymen the matter soon ended.

5.

For health, and for pleasure, and business perchance,
At noon, if not check'd by the heat,
Like other good people, to chase *nonchalance*,
They rode to some neighbouring seat.

6.

As beneath the two beeches that crown Summer Hill
With the prospect delighted they stood,
The lord of the mansion, brimfull of good will,
Came out of the garden-copse wood.

7.

At the sight of two strangers he pulled up his pony,
And liking their looks and their air,
He rode up, join'd in chat, and, *sans ceremonie*,
Ask'd them home to partake of his fare.

8.

Right willing to try the luck of his pot,
His summons they gladly attend,
For they both knew him well, altho' he knew them not,
And each had been warmly his friend.

9.

He shew'd them the noble old mansion all o'er,
And with social talk the time cheer'd,
'Till Robert announc'd that the clock had struck four,
And the ladies and dinner appear'd.

10.

Bows over, and so forth, they sat down to eat,
And no soul would have thought they were gods,
They show'd their kind hosts how they relish'd their meat,
And beat Billy Bowman by odds.

11.

But they tasted a much greater treat all the while
In the family circle around them,
Hymen cast on them all a benevolent smile,
And Cupid most rare subjects found them.

12.

After tea they took leave and both mounted their nags,
And as they rode back to the Wells,
" My dear little fellow," says Hymen, " i'fegs
These are brave lads and nice little belles."

13.

Says Cupid, "Our hosts gave us excellent cheer,
I lik'd nor their boil'd nor their roast ill,
But they nearly had paid for their kindness full dear,
For i'faith I could scarce keep my bow still."

14.

"Nay, Cupid," says Hymen, "no shaft must be shot
At that group without nicest discretion,
You and I must both use the best judgment we've got
Of bliss to secure their possession."

15.

The next day to Penshurst their airing they took,
Saw the house with good old Raw's assistance,
And as thro' a window they happened to look,
They espied a fair dome in the distance.

16.

They ask'd, "Whose that villa?" "Lord, sirs!" cries the dame,
"That's South Park, full of beauty and taste,
And the owner, God bless him! squire Allnutt's his name,
Still more by his virtues 'tis grac'd."

17.

Good Allnutt, they both recollected, and sigh'd
That their favors had cost him so dear,
And they knew that it now was his lot and his pride
A third generation to rear.

18.

They vow'd they'd go see both the place and the man,
And ask'd if the young folk were down?
Mrs. Raw answer'd "Yes," and with rapture began
The "dear creatures" with praises to crown.

19.

The Gods straight took horse, and to South Park they went,
And tho' there, as at Woodgate's, unknown,
Again they were quickly convinced, that in Kent
Hospitality set up her throne!

20.

The worthy old gentleman welcom'd them in
To a sandwich and excellent wine,
Call'd his grandchildren round, their good graces to win,
And fain would have kept them to dine.

21.

They politely declined, but with eyes never tired
Walked the wood and the lawn with their host,
And all that they saw they sincerely admired,
But himself and his family most.

22.

Returning, I scarce can tell which said it first,
(For both it so forcibly struck
That each with the thought was just ready to burst)
"Good Heavens! what wonderful luck."

23.

At once our two generous hosts to reward
Kind Fortune hath pointed the way,
And what to us both seem'd, but yesterday, hard,
Is perfectly easy to day.

24.

Summer Hill and South Park! two such places, so near,
With health, wealth, and goodness so fill'd;
Sure nought upon earth was ever more clear
Than that Nature their union has will'd.

25.

"Aye," says Cupid, "and if I have not lost my aim,
And my arrows are not blunted quite,
'Tis not me, brother Hymen, you ever shall blame,
If doubly they do not unite."

26.

Hymen quickly conceived what the sly urchin meant,
And his meaning was just to his mind,
So he gave the proposal his hearty consent,
And behold! here are two couples join'd.

27.

All praise then to Cupid and Hymen we'll sing,
And all joy to the pairs they have bless'd,
And let us not doubt, who sit round in this ring,
But they'll take as good care of the rest.

28.

Meanwhile the fair union thus firmly begun
May no time or disaster e'er sever,
Summer Hill and South Park, may they ever be one,
And Woodgate and Allnutt for ever.

SUNG BY MISS SUSAN ALLNUTT,

AT THE WEDDING OF HER SISTER, MISS ALLNUTT, WITH W. F. WOODGATE, ESQ. (BY MR. CHILDREN, SEN.)

1.

Ah! how shall I, this chequer'd day.
My mix'd emotions tell,
Or force my faultering tongue to say,
"My Anna dear, farewell."

2.

If cheerfully to kindred worth
My Anna I resign,
Can I forget that from my birth
Dear Anna has been mine?

3.

Can I forget our infant toys
In common we possess'd ;
That all our infant griefs and joys
Were shared by either breast ?

4.

The pleasing works of art and taste
Together we were taught ;
One sketch our little pencils traced,
One flower our needles wrought.

5.

In the same air our voices join'd,
On the same strings we play'd ;
E'en now how irksome 'tis I find,
To sing without her aid.

6.

Our friendship with our years inereased,
And with our reason grew,
And sure two sisters never bless'd
A harmony more true.

7.

Then how can I, without a tear,
Without regret most tender,
My friend, companion, sister dear
To other bonds surrender ?

8.

But this is all too sad and tame
To suit a wedding-day ;
Methinks you 're ready to exclaim,
" Nay, prithee ! let's be gay."

9.

Well then, adieu the whining strain!
No more of fond lamenting!
Susanna is herself again
To this fair match consenting.

10.

Reason prevails, no selfish care
Again my breast shall enter,
Like yours, my every wish and prayer
In Anna's bliss shall centre.

11.

Yes! Anna's happiness I'll tend
With vigilance most steady,
And here profess myself its friend
And guardian ever ready.

12.

Aye! mark me, as yourself you bear,
My worthy, lucky Bow-man,*
I'll treat you as a brother dear,
Or as my deadly foe-man.

13.

If e'er you fail of the respeet
My Anna's virtues merit,
And by unkindness or neglect
Shall vex her gentle spirit,

14.

Nor moat nor draw-bridge, dyke nor mound
Shall from my rage secure ye,
Till you within your castle's mound
Midst bats and owls immure ye.

---

* Major Woodgate, who obtained this sobriquet by his being one of a famous archery club called "The Kentish Bowmen."

15.

But if you cherish as you ought,
The treasure you possess,
And dedicate your every thought,
Her every hour to bless,

16.

I'll meet you still with visage glad,
And undissembled glee,
And scarcely better love the lad
Who'll do as much for me.

The record that follows is in the same entry by Mr. Children, senior, with that of his marriage and his son's birth:—

"The said John George Children was married at the parish church of Pinner, in the county of Middlesex, to Hester Anne Holwell, only daughter of Lieut.-Colonel James Holwell, on the 24th day of June, 1798."

The bride and bridegroom resided with Mr. George Children, an arrangement intended to have been temporary; but the same bitter trial which had blighted the father's happiness awaited the son. Within a twelvemonth after the marriage, the young wife, with imminent peril to her own life at the time, gave birth to a daughter. It was hoped and believed that the danger was over the next day; but, alas! most delusive were those hopes—from her bed she never rose again but once for a few hours. After a time, she was conveyed in a bed carriage to Hastings, from whence she never returned alive, though twenty

weary months elapsed between her confinement and her death. She beguiled the period of sickness by pursuing some of her accustomed employments—reading, keeping a journal, and even drawing a little, and working for her babe,* happily unconscious of the loss awaiting it. She was remarkably accomplished—her style of writing admirable; and it is allowable to filial regret, I trust, to believe that, had her short span of twenty-three years been lengthened, she would have been no common example of excellence in mature life, as her youth was certainly of no ordinary promise. The lines which follow, written, I believe, in her nineteenth year, show the thoughtful nature of her mind, which was the more remarkable from her being habitually lively, and constantly in society so little calculated to give habits of sober reflection as that of a fashionable watering-place.

LINES ADDRESSED TO THE SHRINE OF THOMAS A'BECKET, IN THE CATHEDRAL CHURCH OF CANTERBURY.

Thou noted fane, where oft the pilgrim sad,
Here lowly bending, pardon hath implored,

---

* One of her employments was working a sampler for her child, and the lines below were written on the subject by her father-in-law, Mr. Children.

A suffering mother's feeble hand
The hours of pain beguil'd
By tracing these first rudiments
Of language for her child.
While thus she pray'd—Oh may its pow'r
Convey to age from youth
Naught to her mind but virtue's lore,
Naught from her lips but truth.

Thou hallow'd relic of mistaken zeal,
Full many a solemn thought thou dost inspire!
Though Rome's delusions, by our purer faith
So long renounced, shall ever be condemned,
Though superstition's weak misguided hand
Here with rich tints hath deck'd the varied ground,
Be sacred still! still be thy shrine revered!
Not because here the senseless cold remains
Of human imperfection were preserved,
Not that enshrined mortality could give
To sinners pardon, or to wretches peace;
But that the prayers, to saints or shrines address'd,
Arose from hearts by pious fervour warm'd,
From minds which felt devotion's liveliest glow;
From faith sincere, which knew not that it erred.
Father above! who to the glorious names
Of Prophet, Priest, and Everlasting King,
Hast deigned to add "our Father, and our Friend,"
Grant that to me, when erring from thy ways,
This solemn scene no useless lesson prove!
O! if the worship paid to shrines like these
By blindest votaries could be thus sincere,
Teach me, Almighty Father, to reflect
How pure, how firm, should that devotion be
Which springs from minds enlighten'd by thy truth,
To those deluded ages never known.
O! through the changes of this varying life
Lead me, O Lord! in virtue's purest way!
Protect my life, reanimate my faith,
Lead me to peace, to bliss, to Heaven, to Thee!

The following answer is by Mr. Children, senior:—

Dear Maid, whose regulated mind can draw
Lessons of purest faith and piety
From scenes which in the common breast excite
No sentiment save that of ridicule,
At best of pity, for the dark delusions
Of superstition's reign, who taught her slaves,

With many a weary step and painful waste
Of toil and time, to seek the distant shrine
Of some poor erring mortal like themselves,
Perchance a greater sinner, and to think
His consecrated bones, long since reduced
To dust and ashes, could have power to aid
Their penitence, and speed their prayers to Heaven ;
Howe'er misguided, still they were sincere ;
And you, with just compassion for their errors,
Can honour and can emulate their zeal.
Oh ! may the prayers which with an equal fervour,
In the pure spirit of enlighten'd faith,
You offer to the throne of grace and truth,
Be heard with favour ! and your future years
Beneath the guidance of His Holy Spirit,
In the same frame of calm, yet warm devotion,
Of firm reliance, humble resignation,
And true religious hope, glide smoothly on ;
'Till in his own good time your Heavenly Father
Shall grant your last request ; and having pass'd
(Blessing and bless'd) thro' every stage of life
With naught to call for penitence, nor aught
To chain your wishes longer to this earth,
You gently shall resign your mortal breath,
And He shall call you to his rest for ever !

Two intimate friends of Mr. J. G. Children were about this time (December, 1800,) going to Portugal; and the anxiety and sorrow he had undergone rendered change of air and scene so extremely desirable for him, especially from his delicacy of constitution, that, although his father (who had long ago lost his venerable mother and both his sisters,) must have greatly missed the company of one so dear to him, he had no hesitation in acceding to a plan for his accompanying the party to the south of Europe. Accordingly, on

the 19th of January, 1801, after "a pretty fair passage" from Falmouth in the Adolphus packet, they reached the mouth of the Tagus. He says,—"The sail up the Tagus, as well as the first view of land and the rock of Lisbon, is one of the sweetest things I can imagine. How much and how often did I wish for you, my dearest father, during the last part of our voyage." Every letter he writes is full of love for his father and his child—unforgotten, though absent—and thus it ever was! The plan of his tour had been to remain only a short time in Lisbon; but he liked the scenery and society there so much that he wrote to his father that he believed he should "prolong his stay at Lisbon till the spring, and then go to Gibraltar, Malta, Sicily, and Naples." He mentions a singular change of temperature which occurred at Lisbon on the 23rd of January, when a very good thermometer, "after having been some time in the open air, fell suddenly (*i. e.* in less than five minutes) 30 degrees." During this visit to Lisbon, Mr. J. G. C. first became acquainted with a member of the English royal family, with whom, when at a later period of their lives their relative positions as President and Secretary of the Royal Society, and I believe I may say mutual regard and esteem also, drew them together, he lived on terms of considerable intimacy, corresponding frequently when long absent.*

* Many most kind letters from His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex to Mr. Children were found among his papers; but, relating either to official business of the Royal Society, or being the unrestrained

The proposed voyage in the Mediterranean, and the Italian tour, did not take place, and in April, 1801, Mr. Children, jun. returned to England.

How busily the minds of all persons were occupied with political events in the years that concluded the 18th and began the 19th centuries, is well known. The following Song was an impromptu by the elder Mr. Children, at a dinner to the Yeomanry Cavalry, on hearing of Hadfield's attempt on the life of the King, on May 15th, 1800:—

1.

Laurels round your brows entwining,
Take, ye brave, the votive song;
Truth and gratitude combining,
Pour the heartfelt strain along.

2.

In Britannia's future story,
Shall your names recorded stand;
Consecrate to patriot glory,
Guardians, saviours of the land.

3.

Foreign foes your vengeance dreading,
All their vaunting threats give o'er,
And sedition widely spreading
Dares to show her head no more.

---

communications of friendly intercourse, it was felt by those into whose hands Mr. C's papers fell, that such letters were intended for him alone, and therefore nearly all the Royal Duke's, with many others from various friends, were, although very reluctantly, destroyed, a very few being retained as memorials.

4.

Aided by this generous fervour,
By her gallant children's zeal,
Britain stands the great preserver
Of her own and Europe's weal.

5.

Mark the omen! hope inspiring,
Twice in one revolving day;
See (adoring and admiring)
Providence its arm display.

6.

From the death that roved at pleasure,*
From the mad assassin's plan;
Heaven preserved his people's treasure,
Heaven preserved the friend of man.

In the summer of 1801, Mr. J. G. C. accompanied a friend to Liverpool, who was about to sail for America, and then with another friend, the son of Colonel Townshend, with whom he had been staying near Chester, went on to Ireland. Parting with Mr. Townshend in Dublin, Mr. Children visited Limerick, Killarney, and Cork. At the latter place he was nearly meeting with a delay which would have been most vexatious, as he had an appointment to join his father on a fixed day, and travel with him in Wales. He had received a cheque for 50*l.* while in Cork, on

* A ball fired by accident had passed close to his Majesty on the morning of the same day on which he was shot at by Hadfield in the theatre.

Childs, the London bankers, and the positive though civil refusal of his landlord to cash it, and his declaration that unless he (Mr. C.) knew some one in Cork, he would be obliged to wait for a remittance, placed him in a most unpleasant dilemma. "Very luckily," he says, "I inquired for my old and respected friend, Earl O'Neill, who was, most fortunately for me, in the house: with him I breakfasted, and from him received cash, 56*l.*" (such was the rate of exchange with Ireland then), "for my draft. He left Cork for Bandon, where he kindly wished me to accompany him, but which my time would not permit me to do." On the 18th of August he met his father at Presteign, and they travelled tandem through Wales. At Capel Curig is the following entry in his journal: "In this place, wild and mountainous as it is, stands an inn, without exception the most elegant and comfortable of any public house of entertainment I ever was in. Too much cannot be said in praise of the public spirit of its noble founder, Lord Penrhyn, to whom travellers are indebted for this most agreeable surprise, and also for having improved the roads in a very great degree, though still very much, indeed, remains to be done in that particular. The master of the inn (Mr. Griffith) has a kind of album, in which, for his lord's information and amusement, he requests all gentlemen, his guests, to insert their names. My dear father did not insert ours, but instead of them the following, leaving our names to be delivered to Mr. George Leycester, my old friend and tutor, who is at present on a visit

to Lord Penrhyn, and who is expected with his lordship at C. C.:—

Long had old Snowdon grieved to know
Where from the beauteous vale below
His summit fairest shew'd;
The eye of taste could scarce approach,
No comforts nigh—to chaise or coach
Impassable the road.

The Genius of the Mountain smiled,
And bade his first-born fav'rite child
Dispel his clouds and care;
Penrhyn shall smooth the road; Penrhyn
With Wyatt's help shall build an inn,
And place a Griffith there.

This tribute to the elegant munificence of the noble owner of the surrounding wonders, to the skill of his admirable architect, and the acknowledged merit of the excellent master of the house, is left by a father and son, whose names will not be unknown to some of the noble Lord's very respectable friends.—*Augt.* 30*th*, 1801.

Amongst a number of names, there are also the following confirmatory lines:—

Heathcote, Impey, and Drake,
For formality's sake,
All due commendation bestowing
On the drinking and eating
They met at this neat inn,
Subscribe to the praises foregoing.

From Wales the travellers proceeded to visit some relations in the North, and returned to Tunbridge in October.

The 31st of December (his father's birthday, and

the wedding-day of two dear friends, Mr. and Mrs. Francis Gregg,) was always the most honoured day of the whole year to Mr. J. G. C., and on its return in 1801, he combined the celebration of the peace of Amiens with his domestic rejoicings. He had become a most expert maker of fire-works, and on the 31st exhibited a display of them of his own manufacture, which the friends who were present used long after to talk of. On this occasion Mr. Children, sen. composed and recited some verses, too long to be inserted here entire, but from which I may give a few stanzas. Speaking, in the 4th verse, of his son's choice of that day for his gala, he says:—

His filial love and patriot zeal
He joy'd to blend in one;
A Briton true to Britain's weal,
A grateful, duteous son.

* * * * * *

You 've seen, my friends, a burning show,
But had you seen the same
A very few short months ago
'T had been a burning shame.

Of powder then, with censure just,
You 'd call'd it waste profuse ;
But now, thank Heaven, the wondrous dust
Has no more serious use.

Full well have British hearts and hands
Its energies directed,
And by its aid these happy lands
From anarchy protected.

* * * * * *

But now the work of death is o'er,
The olive branch is rear'd;
And haply man shall be no more
With brother's blood besmear'd.

* * * * * *

But may her earnest wish * be crown'd,
And lasting be the peace,
And thro' the general world around
May happiness increase.

May Plenty now with Peace restored
Still flourish by her side;
And Commerce still her stores afford
Of wealth by every tide.

May our much-loved and honour'd king
Long see his people bless'd,
'Till on Time's softest, smoothest wing
He soars to endless rest.

And may his royal lineage reign,
These happy islands o'er,
Lords of the wide surrounding main
Till Time shall be no more!

It must have been about this time that, while Mr. C. and his son were on a visit to their old friend Mr. Hussey of Scotney, an adventure occurred which was long recollected by the friends of the parties, both as having really been an escape from what might have proved a very serious if not fatal accident, and as having given rise to a little poem, very popular in their own immediate circle, with which some of

* Britain's.

my readers are already familiar. A party at Scotney were on a January day skaiting on the moat, when suddenly Mr. J. G. C. saw his father disappearing under the ice. He rushed to the spot. At first his efforts to rescue him were ineffectual; but by laying himself down flat, he lessened the pressure of his own weight on the ice, and obtained sufficient purchase to raise his father and bring him safely to *terra firma*. He was quite unhurt, but was persuaded to go to bed, and while there wrote the following

NEW VERSION OF A MARVELLOUS GOOD OLD SONG, BEING AN EXTEMPONEOUS PROOF OF THE POWERFUL EFFECTS OF COLD BATHING ON OLD AND ADDLED BRAINS.

1.

One Children sliding on the ice
  One January day,
It so fell out he did fall in,
  And could not run away.

2.

But lo! this Children had a child
  Who skaiting was hard by,
Who saw his daddy's sad mishap
  And straight to him did fly.

3.

He laid him flat upon the ice,
  And stretchéd forth his hand;
And soon his poor half-drown'd papa
  He draggéd safe to land.

4.

Poor daddy hobbled o'er the green,
  And up the stairs he strode;
And as he went at every step
  Large streams of water flow'd.

5.

The 'frighted maidens warmed his bed,
And Shepperd, ever handy,
Help'd to get off his draining clothes,
And plied him well with brandy.

6.

All he deserv'd he got, and more,
After his woeful dripping,
As children in such cases do,
All but a good sound whipping.

7.

Well rubbed and dried to bed he went,
And like a lazy loon,
He there did lie 'till four o'clock
This blessed afternoon.

8.

And now, thank Heaven, he 's sitting here,
Safe from the wat'ry surge,
More pleas'd that he can croak to you
Than you should sing his dirge.

9.

His garments it is shrewdly fear'd
Will sorely rue the day,
And his poor brutus never more
A crooked hair display.

10.

But, old and foolish as he is,
He does not grudge that price,
But thinks it for a little life
An easy compromise.

11.

And now for moral to my song,
I' ll be my own adviser;
Old boys of sixty, tho' by name
They 're Children, should be wiser.

12.

'Tis time to leave life's frolic sports
To those they better grace;
And give to sprightly vigorous youth
The skait, the dance, the race.

13.

But not to dwell on self alone,
To you, and you, and you,
My happy rescue may afford
A gentle hint or two.

14.

Had I been childless now I 'm old,
Tho' dear good friends were round,
It is not quite a certainty
That I had not been drown'd.

15.

Then you who have got children dear,
Be careful still about them,
And you who have not straight resolve
Not long to be without them.

16.

And now I 've nothing more to say,
Except my prayers for Scotney;
And may all children from its moat
Escape for ever scot free.

Mr. J. G. Children's cousin, Mr. G. De Passow, to whom he was greatly attached, had some little time before the period of which I am now speaking gone to settle in America. The wish to see him again, joined to a certain degree of restlessness which his bereavement had left, induced him, with his father's full consent, to undertake a voyage to the United States and Canada in the year 1802—an expedition so different at that time from what it is now, that some account of it may be interesting in these days, when the very recollections of what such journeys were, fifty years ago, have nearly vanished. Mr. J. G. C. kept a journal when travelling, though seldom at any other time, and from that written in America I shall give some extracts. There is nothing particular to detail until the following entry at Newhaven, in Connecticut:— . . . "From thence to the old burying-ground, where I saw the tombstone of John Dixwell, one of the men who sat in judgment on King Charles I. of England, and who on the Restoration fled to this country and lived for several years in a cave on a mountain near Newhaven. King's messengers were sent out after him and the companion of his flight, another of the judges whose name I have forgotten,* but could never find him, though they were once so near it as to pass over the bridge under which Dixwell

* The regicides who fled to America were three, John Dixwell and Colonels Goffe and Whaley. Goffe and Dixwell outlived Whaley. The account of them is, I understand, to be found in Hutchinson's History of Massachusett's Bay.

had concealed himself. At length he ventured to reside in the town of Newhaven, where he lived under the name of James Davids. It was certain that he was well known by many persons, who, however, never betrayed him. . . . I copied the inscription on his tombstone, which is as follows: merely "I. D. Esq^{r}. Deceased March y^{e} 18, in y^{e} 82^{d} year of his age, 1688."

The arrangements of the gaol at Philadelphia, and the infrequency in the States of the punishment of death, Mr. Children speaks of with high admiration, and, after describing the prison, &c. says: "The inside of the gaol rather resembles a manufactory than a prison; amongst the men, sawing marble, weaving, making nails, and grinding gypsum, are the principal employments, while some are busied in making the tools necessary for the labours of the rest. The women are kept to washing the clothes of the prisoners and spinning. . . . A regular account is kept with each prisoner, in which he is debtor for all that he receives for his sustenance, clothing, and all other expenses incurred on his account, and creditor for the work done by him. If on his being liberated the balance is in his favour, he receives half of it as his wages for work done while in prison, and with this money many men have returned to the world and their friends, reformed in morals, industrious from the system of labour they have been obliged to pursue during their confinement, and from having been pests have become ornaments to society. How much more lovely is this

method of reform in the sight of God and man, than the terrible sentence of death, cutting off the wretched culprit from all hopes of happiness, however repentant, in this world, and plunging him into eternity, whose sudden near approach almost incapacitates him for preparation for it. May England consider this, and adopt the mild and more Christian mode of reform of America! I observed in one man's account a balance of 46*l.* 17*s.* in his favour, and indeed the balances are almost universally in favour of the prisoners, and many to a considerable amount. If at the time of their liberation the balance is against them, the deficiency is paid by the State." From Philadelphia to Pittsburgh Mr. Children travelled in a tandem, and his list of the stages from the first of those towns to the latter, with the names of the tavern-keepers and the distances of each stage from that preceding, and from Philadelphia, is now a curious record. A similar list he also kept between Pittsburgh and Niagara. . . . At Philadelphia he met Mr. G. De Passow, and they proceeded on their way together. "1802, July 27th. We dined at Berwick (Captain Jekes's) alias Abbot's Town. Captain J. was in command during the revolutionary war, and it was with much pleasure I listened to the very high commendations he bestowed on the worthy and noble Marquis Cornwallis. He represents him as an excellent and upright commander, and particularly mentioned his great punctuality in paying for every article which he was compelled to take for the support of the army under his command.

Captain Jekes, like all the sensible inhabitants of this country, abhors the idea of having the French for their neighbours in Louisiana. He told me it was the worst news he had heard these twenty years, and frankly declared that he wishes most sincerely that George were again the master. This is by no means the first thing of the kind I have met with."

"July 31st. To those who can receive rational delight from the beauties of created nature, Harper's Ferry will ever afford the greatest satisfaction; and the majestic Potomack, and though less grand no less pleasing Shenandoah, crowned with their venerable mountains, clad to their very summits with noble timber and most luxuriant foliage, will raise their minds in gratitude and veneration to that Almighty Being who has so graciously conferred beauties inexhaustible on his weak creatures. I may and will exclaim in the language of Scripture, 'O Lord, how manifold are thy works, in wisdom hast thou made them all; the earth is full of thy wonders.'"

"August 2d. On our way had a good specimen of American impudence and impertinent curiosity. We asked a man who was standing at the door of his log-house, 'How far, sir, is it to Mr. Horne's tavern?' 'If you please to stop a little,' replied he, 'I'll ask you a civil question: pray don't you call that (meaning the tandem) a gig?' A pretty answer this to our question of how far to Horne's tavern! but it is the ineradicable vice of this country to be more prying and inquisitive than all the rest of mankind."

"I used to think the eye (mine at least) could never tire with the view of fine woods, but now that it hardly ever meets with any other object, I find I was mistaken, and the sight of some cleared country cheers both eye and heart. Mr. Gilpin would find objects enough here for his forest scenery."

"Whilst we were baiting the leader was taken ill, which makes it necessary for us to let him walk by himself; so, putting the shaft horse only in the gig, we set off, but he refused to draw without his companion, and it was with extreme difficulty and much danger to ourselves, and risk of breaking the chaise, that we got him up the excessively steep hills and rascally rocky roads which we had to encounter. We did, however, contrive to get him along, and he even began to improve, when in descending a steepish hill, with a very narrow road, over we went, owing to his not answering to the rein, and the consequent inability of guiding him. On our left (the side to which we fell) was a very steep descent of at least 1000 feet, covered with wood of course. The bank was not two feet wide on which the wheel lay when the chaise was upset, and G. D. P. and Pilgarlick were shot out 'like dirt out of a shovel' down this steep. Fortunately a tree arrested our progress, as well as that of the coats, cushions, maps, powder-horns, &c. &c. which were shot out with us, and God be thanked we did not break any part of our chaise or harness, or receive any hurt ourselves (except a slight scratch of my left shin) nor was the horse in the least injured—

our escape was indeed providential, and I return my God grateful thanks for the protection He graciously afforded us. Having, with the assistance of an honest countryman who came by, righted our chaise, and arranged our scattered luggage, we set forward again." After this accident, and the continued illness of the leader, they now pursued their journey on horseback.

" August 10th. After breakfast we began to ascend the Alleghany mountains. On horseback this was no difficult task, and we had leisure to enjoy the extensive prospect presented to our view, when nearly arrived at the summit. The immense tract of forest over which the eye ranges is to an European rather an object of surprise than of delight; though at the same time, of its kind, the view is infinitely grand." . . . " On the mountain in cutting a stick I lost my snuff box, and did not miss it 'till I had ridden half a mile from the place where it dropt from my pocket as I stooped down to pull the stick (a small sassafras tree) out of the ground. As the spot was some distance in the wood and I had not particularly remarked where I left the road in order to ride into it, and as I had pulled up several sticks, to each of which I had stooped, I was with very little hope of finding it among the millions of dead leaves and branches scattered on the ground, when having searched for nearly an hour, I had the good fortune to find it uninjured, and, not a little rejoiced, seized my regained treasure, and galloped off after G. D. P."

The following account is condensed from the journal:—

"August 11th. Left Hogue's after breakfast and rode to Judge Wallis's, who is building himself a very nice brick house on the spot called Braddock's Field, from the action between that General and the French and Indians, which took place there in 1755, in which Braddock was killed and his forces completely routed. It was in this action that General Washington (who at that time was in the British American militia, and second in command in this action) first gave proof of those abilities which he so eminently displayed afterwards. The case was this. The French at that time held Fort du Quesne (Pittsburgh) which they knew to be indefensible on the Monongahela side, and (as Braddock was advancing against it) had actually provided boats for making their escape down the river. In order, however, to gain time they sent out a party of Indians to skirmish, who lay in ambush in the spot now called Braddock's Field, and, seeing the British advance, sent a small number out as a decoy, which Braddock attacked and drove in, and very imprudently, and contrary to Washington's advice, who knew the mode of Indian warfare, pursued close to the ambuscade. On a signal, these all rose and poured a tremendous volley on Braddock's men, multitudes of whom fell. He received his mortal wound, and soon after died at a place a small distance from the field, called the Big Meadows, and was there buried." Washington's

opinion had been that Braddock should keep on the heights on the contrary shore of the Monongahela from Fort du Quesne, and not give battle at all till they should arrive opposite to it: "he did all he could, on the command devolving on him, and brought off the poor remains of the party (originally 6,000) of which nearly two-thirds perished, not, however, without leaving the whole of the baggage to the plunder of the enemy. . . . . We saw marks of the balls in many of the trees, . . . and also saw some human bones which have lain on the ground since the action unburied, and some months since an entire skeleton of a man, with a gun by his side, was discovered as some workmen were clearing a piece of ground."

" August 16th. G. D. P. received letters enclosing one from my beloved father. My darling child had been very ill, but, humbly and heartily I thank my God, was recovered and well again. Oh! my God Almighty, bless my father and child!"

" August 17th. Left Pittsburgh, and ferrying over the Alleghany proceeded towards the north. Robinson at the ferry was the first white man who ever lived westward of the Alleghany; saw him sitting at his door."

" August 18th." Mr. Elliot, the landlord of the house where they had slept, told them the following method of curing the bite of a rattlesnake. " ' Kill the snake and cut off his head about an inch down the neck; throw it away; then cut another piece off

about 1½ inch long, apply that end of it which was next the head to the wound, it (the wound) being first well scarified, the piece will adhere firmly to it. When you perceive green matter issuing through the piece you have put on, remove it, and place a fresh one, and so on till the poison (which is that green matter) is entirely extracted, which you may know by the piece not adhering to the wound any longer, but dropping off of its own accord.' Mr. Elliott said he had learnt this of the squaw of a Shawnese Indian, whom he saw practise it with success on one of her own children."

"The last war with the Indians was in the summer of 1796, since which these backwoods, as they are called, have been rapidly settling. . . . It is a curious fact, that many of the ground lots of this place (Franklin) are purchased by the Indians, by those very men who have been driven from their possessions and plundered by the rapacious, who now sell them a poor pittance of what was their own by every right of nature and possession."

"August 25th. This has been but a dreary day's ride, having seen not the shadow of a habitation during the whole thirty-six miles, with the road, part of which is very bad, entirely through the woods, which, though they afford shade, throw also much gloom on the spirits as well as on every surrounding object."

Mr. Children mentions a proof of Indian ferocity which had occurred at Buffalo only about a month

before he was there, when "a native came by where Mr. Palmer (at whose house Mr. C. was lodging), with four or five other men, was sitting one Sunday evening on the grass before the house, and said as he passed, 'Ah, you dam Yankies, I kill you by and bye.' They took no notice of him, and let him pass on. He shortly, however, returned with a naked knife in his hand, and tried to stab one of the party, but missed him. He then attacked Mr. Palmer; and, a little man of the name of Hewitts having made a blow at the Indian with a large stick without hitting him, the savage flew at him and stabbed him in three places, of which wounds he died in less than ten minutes. He then stabbed another man (Mr. Ward) in the chest, who, however, not intimidated, felled him to the ground, where he was secured after much resistance, and lodged in Canandaigua gaol to take his trial for the murder. No cause can be assigned for this act of desperate, infernal malice, unless it be an old quarrel with some white man for whom he may have mistaken the unoffending party he so savagely attacked."

"August 28th. The day on which I have been more gratified, delighted, and astonished than I ever before was by any other beauty or wonder of nature whatever." The reader will have no difficulty in imagining what the object was which made this a memorable day to Mr. Children. The first visit to the Falls of Niagara might well be so esteemed, especially "*fifty* years since," when comparatively few travellers

had been on the spot. At the Falls Mr. C. thus begins a letter to his father:—

"Falls of Niagara, August 28th, 1802.

"My dearest Sir,—

"You will be surprised at the date of this letter, but on our arrival at Pittsburgh we found the Ohio too low to be descended at present, and so I determined to spend the time which must elapse, *en attendant*, in a visit to this grandest scene of nature, by the way of the backwoods. I am writing at the bottom of the Cliffs, within fifty yards of the great Horse-shoe fall, opposite to the other, which is on my left hand. I am on the Canada side, but so drenched by the spray of the falls that I must defer the rest of my letter till we get back to our comfortable inn at Chippeway." This letter, blotted by the spray, is still in the possession of Mr. C.'s daughter. In these days, when the falls are a familiar object to thousands of travellers, it would be superfluous to give any detailed account of them.

On the 30th August Mr. Children was conducted by Mr. Palmer to an Indian town, about four miles up the creek from Buffalo. He says, "Their town consists of about 25 houses, made of logs or hewn timber, and well covered with bark. . . . At this season of the year the Indians hold an annual ceremony, as a thanksgiving to the Almighty ('the great spirit above') for the blessings afforded them in the new crops of corn, &c., and we accordingly found

them in the act of commencing their ceremonies. Mr. Palmer having introduced us to a Sachem (an inferior kind of chief) and announced me as lately from 'the other side of the big lake,' I had the honour of a hearty shake of the hand from the Sachem and several others who pressed around, all seeming inclined to receive an Englishman with great kindness. We were then conducted to the door of the council-house, and permitted to station ourselves at one end of the room, where standing (for there were not any vacant seats) we had a full view of the assembly, which was composed of about 250 persons, men and women." Indian ceremonies have, like the Falls of Niagara, been so often described, that to extract the entire account from the journal would also be superfluous. On the 31st Mr. Children revisited these Seneca Indians, where he met with a Captain Johnson, who introduced him to an old chief, called "Half of the Town," from whom in the course of the day, Mr. C. says, "I received great civilities. . . . This was the last day of the festival, and I was invited by 'Half of the Town' to take my seat beside him. . . . This scene lasted an hour and a half, after which I walked out with 'Half of the Town,' with whom I had a good deal of conversation. He understands enough of English to be able to ask questions and to give answers without much difficulty, and I soon explained to him that I came from England. He no sooner understood this, than he called to a friend, another old chief, to whom he communicated what I

had told him, who grasped my hand and shook it with the greatest marks of sincere joy. Both these men have fought and bled in the British cause, and were, with the rest of the Six Nations, staunch friends to the English in the revolutionary war. They asked me many questions, such as my name, how long from Europe, &c.? Amongst others, ‘ Half of the Town’ inquired if England was at war with France. On my answering that they had made peace, he demanded which was the strongest, and expressed great surprise when I told him that neither was the strongest, but that they had shaken hands and buried the hatchet. He could not at all comprehend that two nations, at war with each other, should make peace before one of them was conquered. Preparations were now making in the council-house for the remaining part of the ceremony, to which they seemed to look forward with great delight. This was ‘ the play of the bowl,’ a species of gambling in which they take the highest pleasure. During this interval I took the opportunity of making a present of a small silver box of trifling value to ‘ Half of the Town,’ desiring my interpreter (a boy named Joe) to tell him that I begged him to receive it in token of friendship to him and his nation. I think I have seldom seen so much satisfaction expressed in any face as glistened in his at the receipt of this trifle. He told Joe to say that he did not know how to return adequate thanks to the Great Spirit for the happiness of seeing a son of the great father (so they call our good king), who was so lately come from

the other side of the big lake, and that he should always keep my present, in token of his regard for me. . . . . When the preparations for the 'bowl play' were nearly arranged, 'Half of the Town' told me I must play on their side, and I accordingly staked my dollar."*

"These Indians seem to live very happily, and, though we must all lament that the holy truths of Christianity are not revealed to them, yet they are by no means without a very considerable sense of religion, as indeed the festival I have been a witness to may prove, which owes its origin to gratitude to the Almighty for the renewal of his mercies. They have an idea of a future state of rewards and punishments, according to the goodness or profligacy of their lives: they conceive the place of torment to be at the bottom of the Falls of Niagara, into which, being plunged, they imagine the perpetual fall of the tremendous cataract will for ever prevent their rising from the dreadful gulf. Be their religious notions what they may, I feel a sincere attachment to them, and shall ever remember with pleasure the day I have passed in their good-humoured hospitable society, and most heartily bid them farewell, with every wish for their prosperity and happiness."

* The description of the game is too long for insertion. The principle of it is that "each stake of one side is matched by an equivalent (whether money, handkerchiefs, blankets, &c.) from the other side, and both become the property of the adventurer who is on the side of the successful party." The winning side was that on which Mr. C. played, and the dollar he won is still in his daughter's possession.

"From this time (September 8th) to the present 2nd of November, 1802, I have ceased to keep my journal, chiefly in consequence of severe illness which seized me on Lake Ontario, and which so wholly deranged my plans, that instead of returning, as I had intended, to Pittsburgh, and accompanying G. D. P. down the Ohio, I am now making as correct a continuation to my journal as memory will permit me, on board the Quebec, Captain Bailey, Q. D. C., in the river St. Lawrence, on our passage to England. It was on my passage from York to Kingston that I was seized with an attack of the Lake fever, a kind of intermittent, and from the effects of which I did not recover for some weeks. That at length I wholly regained my health and strength is owing to the goodness and mercy of my God; but, as far as human care and kindness could contribute, I am indebted for them in the most extensive degree to the eminent goodness of heart of Captain Holt Mackenzie, of the 41st Foot, who received me into his house and treated me during my illness with the attention of a brother, and in my convalescence with the cordiality of the most sincere friendship. To the great medical skill of Mr. David Burns, late of the Queen's Rangers, which, though retired from business, he most kindly afforded me the benefit of, and for which he would accept but of thanks, I am also most materially indebted, and hope never to be capable of forgetting it."*

* It was one of Mr. C.'s last subjects of conversation.

"Portsmouth, Old England, 1802, Nov. 25th, noon.

"My dearest Sir,

"I am this moment landed safe and well, I thank God, from Quebec. The sudden change in my route, from New Orleans to Old England, must surprise, and I hope will please you. An illness was the cause of it in the first instance; but I am quite recovered and never was better, if so well, in my life. Bless my child, and believe me, my dearest Sir,

"Your affectionate son,

"J. G. C."

The following document which Mr. Children obtained while in America, is a curious statistical record:—

Census of the United States.

	1790.	1800.	Increase.
New Hampshire . .	141,885	183,858	41,973
Rhode Island . . .	68,825	69,122	297
Massachusetts and Maine .	475,327	574,564	99,237
Connecticut . . .	237,946	251,002	13,056
Vermont . . .	85,389	154,465	69,076
New York . . .	340,120	586,141	246,021
New Jersey . . .	184,139	211,149	27,010
Pennsylvania . . .	434,373	602,365	167,992
Delaware . . .	59,094	64,273	5,179
Maryland . . .	319,378	—	—
Virginia . . .	747,610	878,950	131,340
North Carolina . .	393,751	478,103	84,352
South Carolina . .	249,073	345,571	96,498
Georgia . . .	82,548	162,686	80,138
Kentucky . . .	73,677	220,355	146,678

In the above census, taken in 1800, Maryland is incomplete, and the returns of Tenessee were not come in.

In the same year Mr. Children the elder was for some time ill in London. Fortunately his son had returned from America. When he was recovered sufficiently they went home to Tunbridge. The intention of Mr. C. junior to enter the Church was now put a stop to by the state of our country. The war with France had succeeded the short peace of Amiens, and the defences of England were preparing in every quarter. Among the local forces the West Kent Militia held a high place, and Mr. C. joined it. The regiment was admirably officered, and under its Lieut.-Colonel (Dalton) is said to have become one of the finest out of the line. Probably no mess-room contained a more gentlemanly set of men, nor any better qualified for duty had they been called into active service. The late Lord Romney, then Lord Marsham, was of the number, and many more names might be mentioned. If Mr. Children's health had been good, he would much have relished a continuance in the society of friends thus banded together for a worthy purpose; but the effects of the Lake fever remained, and in 1804 he was laid up seriously ill at home. In September, 1805, he took a little cruize in the Vulture, with Captain Green, and writes thus to his father:—"We stood over to the French coast, and had a fine view of Boulogne, &c. We were so close in with the land, that we saw everything to perfection, being near enough to distinguish the dresses of the people on shore. None of the flotilla were out, but we clearly saw their masts lying in Boulogne

harbour, more like a wood in winter than anything else. The camp on the hill extends a prodigious way."

It must have been at about this time, when threats of invasion stimulated every Englishman to make preparations against the enemy, that Mr. Children senior wrote the following spirited "Address to the Volunteer Troops of Yeoman Cavalry, who have nobly stood forward in defence of their King and country." He recited the lines at a dinner he gave them in the laundry at Ferox Hall:—

Right welcome, my friends, most happy to meet ye!
From captain to trumpeter warmly I greet ye!
Shall Britain in order and government's cause
Stand forth, and a Briton not speak his applause?

Shall Kent still maintain her old honour in story
And a man of Kent not in his countrymen glory?
Shall Tunbridge men wield in this contest their sabres,
And shall not a Tunbridge man hail his brave neighbours?

Yes! hail to the virtue, the spirit, and sense
Which calls Britons forth in their country's defence—
Which the breasts of our gentry and yeomanry warm
In support of our blest constitution to arm!—

To guard the fair fabric our ancestors rear'd,
By happy experience to Britons endear'd;
The greatest and noblest the world ever saw—
Its base, freedom; its pillars, religion and law!

See France (her own state into anarchy hurl'd),
With insolence dare to prescribe to the world!
Not contented herself every law to have spurn'd,
All ranks to have blended, all rights overturn'd,

At once on the altar and throne to have trod,
Her king to have murder'd, insulted her God—
Her system of ruin, with malice profound,
She resolves to impose on the nations around.

Hence thro' every country her agents are sent
To stir up each spark of conceal'd discontent ;
By each act to encourage commotions internal,
And to promise rebellion assistance fraternal.

But chief against Britain her arts are employ'd,
Knowing *there* that the true rights of man are enjoy'd,—
Nor hoping that general misrule can prevail
'Till her laws are o'erturn'd and her Government fail.

See Britain, meanwhile, just, generous, and great,
With pity contémplate her neighbour's torn state !
But, true to that honour which never knew stain,
No advantage she seeks from her troubles to gain.

As Wisdom commands, for defence she prepares—
Her armies she musters, her fleets she repairs;
But no standard is lifted, no sail is unfurl'd,
Whilst her rights are respected, and those of the world.

But not long will France suffer her vengeance to sleep:
Not bound, she asserts, any treaties to keep,
The rights of our friends she first dares to invade,
Then openly proffers our Rebels her aid.

These insults arouse all the fire in her breast—
Britain's sword in its scabbard no longer can rest ;
Yet ere 'tis unsheathed France herself *havoc cries*,
And the vengeance she justly awaken'd defies.

Thus forc'd to the contest, Britannia's sons prove
How truly their king and their country they love ;
By land their old courage and honour maintain,
And ocean still joys to acknowledge their reign.

But now the vain-glorious and confident foe
Boasts that soon she shall strike her definitive blow ;
And the standard of horror and anarchy drear
On Britain's own strand see she threatens to rear.

Britannia the menace receives with disdain,
Well secure in her bulwarks of oak on the main ;
" But let them," she cries, " if they dare, venture o'er—
Still Britons they'll find to receive them on shore."

To her sons then she calls, brave, loyal, and true,
Her hardy stout gentry and yeomen !—to you !
" Arm, arm, my brave Britons ! my summons attend—
Your king and your hearths and your altars defend !

'Tis yours to protect from French force and French guile
All the blessings which Heaven has bestowed on your isle ;
'Tis yours too to guard fair Liberty's dome
From the desperate attempts of sedition at home."

Never deaf to her call, her brave sons issue forth
In gallant array from east, west, south, and north ;
In squadrons compacted they scour o'er the plain,
With honour and valour and truth in their train.

No servile submission to others' commands,
No bribe or corruption calls forth our brave bands :
Independent as loyal, with ardour sincere,
Each stands forward a *hearty* and *true* volunteer.

Attach'd to their monarch and firm to his throne,
Whilst they honour *his* rights they forget not *their own ;*
This only their generous ambition and aim—
" Like Britons to guard what as Britons they claim."

Private theatricals were about this time resorted to as an occasional amusement at Ferox Hall, and were performed in the same laundry where the dinner to

the Yeoman Cavalry had been given. This will explain the allusion in the prologue, by Mr. Children senior, which follows:—

PROLOGUE TO "MY GRANDMOTHER," AND "NO SONG, NO SUPPER," ACTED IN THE LAUNDRY AT FEROX HALL.

"The world's a stage," our matchless bard declares,
"And all the men and women merely players;"
But in a figurative sense he means it,
And we all know how sweetly he explains it.
Had he liv'd now, to our theatric credit
Without a metaphor he might have said it;
Through Britain's isle, where'er you turn your view,
His words are almost literally true—
Dukes, duchesses, lords, ladies, squires, and misses
For plaudits eager, not afraid of hisses,
On some snug private stage their talents try,
And laugh, and sing, and rant, and rave, and die.
And wherefore not? Is acting a disgrace
In proper company, fit time, and place?
Is it a sin to taste dramatic beauty,
Or to display it any breach of duty?
To give to Shakespeare's great conceptions form,
Or gravity with Congreve's wit to storm?
What better can the powers of youth engage
Than to unbend the wrinkled front of age?
How friends and neighbours better use their leisure
Than to impart to friends and neighbours pleasure?
Such is our aim to-night: of candour certain,
Weak as we are we boldly draw our curtain;
But in your candour bold, not in our strength,
We venture on no scenes of pith, or length;
In humble flights our unfledg'd pinions try,
Nor dare to soar too near the burning sky—
Two little trifles from the modern school,
Which owns no rigid criticism's rule,

But with broad humour, character *outré*,
From laugh and frolic wins its sportive way,
Yet not neglecting interest of story,
And courting music's aid, we bring before ye.
The public voice has ratified our claim
In this small walk of comedy to fame:
And wit, which could a London audience cheer,
We trust will not be found quite vapid here.
This room, design'd for plain domestic use,
Never before has serv'd the comic muse;
From side to side with lines of linen cross'd,
The glowing stove dispelling winter's frost—
Here, gossip dames their monthly toil pursued,
And all their neighbours' faults in turn review'd;
And, while the walls with their shrill gabble rung,
They burnt the neckcloths as they plied the tongue:
In short, 'gainst obvious mistake to warn,
You're seated in a *laundry*, not a *barn*;
The building's old—but never fear the floor,
'Tis not long since a troop of horse it bore—
The *men* I mean, (their chargers stay'd below,)
But they were men of goodly port and show,
Stout yeomanry, of weight and substance ample—
Behold their noble captain, for a sample! *
But to our room to reconcile you quite,
We have engaged new laundry-maids to-night,
Who, with consummate skill in the smooth art,
Will take each wrinkle out of ev'ry heart,
And make with glee "the human face divine"
Like finest cambric or book-muslin shine:
But, lest their irons cool, I'll cease my prating—
Too long, already, I have kept them waiting.

The following Epitaph has no reference to any one mentioned in the narrative. It was written by Mr.

* Major Woodgate—a very fine, portly man.

Children senior, but at what period of time I am uncertain:—

EPITAPH.

1.

Here lies honest Nick, tallow burnt out and wick,
Who could points of divinity handle,
Tho' the truth to confess, the light scarce could be less
Of a country-dipped half-farthing candle.

2.

This sapient Pauline, Oxonian divine,
At school some small learning possess'd,
Some at college was lost, and a hard winter's frost
In Surrey congeal'd all the rest.

3.

Yet still he could read Paternoster and Creed,
And go through all the Liturgy's labours,
Could church and baptize, boys and girls catechize,
And marry and bury his neighbours.

4.

His sermons none knows if he made or he chose
From some musty old book on the shelf;
But in dulness they shone, and, if not his own,
He stole them from some other self.

5.

Yet, be it declar'd, his pains he ne'er spar'd,
In the vineyard a labourer steady,
He ne'er shut his door to the calls of the poor,
To comfort the sick ever ready.

6.

For his morals and life—he was fond of his wife,
To his children indulgent and good ;
His finances were low, but his creditors know
He was willing to pay if he could.

7.

Tho' small was his store, and he once hop'd for more,
To his lot he was ever resign'd,
Warm and grateful his heart, his breast void of art,
And sincere was his love of mankind.

8.

Then, Genius and Knowledge, go back to your college,
And drop some few grains of your pride,
Without you, at least, one plain honest priest
Liv'd contented and full of hope died.

Mr. J. G. Children's health continuing delicate, he quitted the militia in the autumn of 1805, and now began to devote himself principally to science and mechanics; the great delights of his life, neither of which he ever ceased to pursue as opportunity permitted. At this time mineralogy was his favourite study, and he read and collected with great ardour. This was the principal object of a tour which he made in 1806 with his friend Mr. Hooker (who was a mineralogist also). Their route was by Oxford and Cheltenham (where Mr. Children drank the water under advice but without benefit), to Colebrook Dale, thence by Shrewsbury and Ludlow, taking Much Wenlock in their way, "to hunt for dog's-tooth spar in the limestone rock." "At Ross," says Mr. Children,

"we embarked to proceed down the Wye, with one man, two lads, two cold chickens, and one tongue, and found them all in their way pleasant and useful." Taking in the Cheddar district, Bridgewater, &c. they went on, collecting diligently, by Exeter into Cornwall, this county being the main object of their tour. They received great civility and kindness from Mr. Rashleigh, of Menabilly, whose superb collection of minerals was open to their inspection, and who entertained them most hospitably. From Redruth they paid a visit to Mr. and Mrs. Pendarves (then bearing the name of Stackhouse) at Pendarves. With them Mr. Children afterwards became connected by marriage. While there, he says, "In company with a Mr. Wise* and Mr. Savory, cousins of Mrs. Stackhouse, went to a mine near Cambourne (Dalcouth) in order to go down it. We did to the depth of 364 yards; and, after having been thus buried alive upwards of three hours, at length reached the surface, or, as the miners call it, came again to grass. Our journey was not accomplished without very considerable fatigue and a thorough wetting, but the gratification was great." After seeing Marazion, St. Just, and the splendid scenery of the Land's End, they returned home with a rich collection of mineral treasures. Mr. Children, in one of his letters to his father, speaks of Cornwall as "the true *terra firma*

* This excellent man, the Rev. George Wise, long since called to his rest, became some years after Mr. Children's brother-in-law.

mineralogica," and says he "should be sorry not to tread it with deliberate steps."

Mr. J. G. Children became a Fellow of the Royal Society in March, 1807; Sir Joseph Banks being then the President, and Davy one of the Secretaries. His health was sadly affected this year, and he was laid up in London, after which he derived much pleasure and benefit from a little cruize in the Northampton, Captain Saunders, in which he went round from Gravesend to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, where he joined his father at Priory. The death of Mr. J. G. C.'s father-in-law Colonel Holwell, and of an old and valued friend Mr. Henry Austen, of Tunbridge, occurred in 1807, and there were other causes to produce sadness at this time to both father and son.

The following letter, written by the son on his first knowledge that apprehensions existed that all might not be going on successfully with the Tunbridge Bank, in which, most unfortunately, Mr. Children senior was a partner, strikingly shows the effect which early sorrow on the one hand, and a firm trust in God on the other, had produced on the mind of Mr. J. G. Children. In answer to a letter from his father, mentioning his fears about the bank, he says: "I have been so long used to unpleasant news, that its edge, or my feelings, are blunted, and what, ten years ago, would have made me weep, now scarce makes me sigh. I shall be grateful to God if it please him, in his mercy, to extricate us; if not, I hope to submit with firmness. . . . . It is useless to dwell on

the subject, and, after all, we attach too much importance to temporary affairs. 'There is another and a better world.' Perhaps we, who do not go so swimmingly through this, may find our account hereafter in having the mist of wealth removed; we surely shall, if we use adversity as it should be used, and meet it with firmness and resignation. A few days more will make me thirty years old. How mere a moment does all the past time resolve itself into! Will not, then, the time to come, when once past, be as mere a moment? and shall we place all our anxious hopes, all our earnest cares, on provision for them, and forget the immense eternity which must succeed, after the sleep? No! thirty years are passed with me—twice that number with you. What chances are against either of us seeing half ten more! Courage, then, my dear father, for, though our lives were to be trebled the age of man, the end will come. . . . . I can only say that could my life, laid down for you and my child, promote and secure your happiness, I should not long hesitate—it were at your service; but, as I believe it may be of some small use to you both, I promise to preserve it as long as it shall please God to enable me to do so, and, when the summons comes, I trust in his mercy to make me ready for it. It grows late. Good night, then, my dearest father; lean on me, and let me be, indeed, your dutiful and affectionate son, J. G. Children."

At this time, however, the storm, whose full violence they were afterwards to feel, was averted, and

Mr. J. G. C. continued to devote himself with much earnestness to the pursuit of science. In the November of 1808 he gave a paper to the Royal Society, entitled "An Account of some Experiments performed with a view to ascertain the most advantageous method of constructing a Voltaic Apparatus, for the purposes of chemical research." The paper was read on the 24th of November, and is printed in the Philosophical Transactions for 1809.* The experiments were performed with a battery of twenty pairs of plates, each of the size of four feet high by two wide, in the presence of Messrs. Davy, Brande, Allen, Pepys, and several other friends. The object being particularly to discover the advantage (as a chemical agent) of the increased surface of the plates over large combinations of small plates, comparative experiments were tried with a battery "of 200 pairs of plates, each about two inches square." From the results of the experiments, Mr. C. observes in his paper, "We see Mr. Davy's theory of the mode of action of the voltaic battery confirmed;" viz., that "the intensity increases with the number, and the quantity with the extent of

* On the subject of this paper, Mr. J. G. Children writes thus to his father from Lisbon:—"Jan. 6th, 1809. I trust Davy was with you on the 31st. I have not yet heard from him, but what you say of the reception my paper met with is really a high gratification to me. It will not make me vain, nor shall it induce me (as is sometimes the case) to be too anxious to press papers on the Society or the public; at the same time it is a stimulus to future exertion, and, if it please God to give me health, I may perhaps be fortunate enough to labour in the scientific vineyard with some portion of success."

the series;" and, further, he remarks, "The absolute effect of a voltaic apparatus, therefore, seems to be in the compound ratio of the number and size of the plates, the intensity of the electricity being as the former, the quantity given out as the latter; consequently, regard must be had in its construction to the purposes for which it is designed. For experiments on perfect conductors, very large plates are to be preferred; but where the resistance of imperfect conductors is to be overcome, the combination must be great, but the size of the plates may be small; but if quantity and intensity be both required, then a large number of large plates will be necessary."

It is impossible in a memoir like this to give more than a brief notice of subjects of science, which indeed is all that would interest any other persons than those whose pursuits may chance to be of a similar nature to Mr. Children's, and by giving full references to the original papers I shall enable such readers easily to refer to them.

In the preceding January Mr. C. had addressed a letter to the editor of the Journal of Natural Philosophy (Mr. Nicholson), signed only with his initials, in which he recommends making the galvanic trough of glass, in order to do away with the inconvenience which results from the cement with which the wooden partitions are united being melted by the heat evolved during the action of the acid on the zinc plates. Another letter (containing a caution to chemists to defend their eyes while repeating Davy's then

recent experiments connected with "his late brilliant discoveries of the decomposition of the fixed alkalis,") is, I doubt not, his.* "For want of this precaution," says Mr. Children, "I yesterday met with an accident, from which I have suffered much pain, and might even have been totally deprived of sight by it. A considerable quantity of potash being decomposed in the galvanic circle, a sudden deflagration of the metallary base ensued, by which several particles of the caustic alkali were thrown into my eyes." The letter is signed "Philommatos," and dated "Tunbridge, January 22, 1808."

The laboratory at Tunbridge (an exceedingly good one, built on purpose by Mr. J. G. Children,) was the scene of many pleasant hours spent in investigations either alone or with chemical friends, and especially with that great chemist whose career from an early period Mr. C. had watched with great and sincere interest.

In the Bakerian Lecture for 1809, Davy speaks of "some experiments made on the action of tellurium and potassium in the laboratory of my friend John George Children, Esq., of Tunbridge, in which Mr. Children, Mr. Pepys, and Mr. Warburton cooperated," &c.; and two years later, in his paper in the Phil. Transactions "on some of the Combinations of Oxymuriatic Gas and Oxygen, &c.," he mentions

* From the date "Tunbridge," and my own recollection of such an accident occurring to Mr. Children, I have no doubt of his being the writer of the letter in question.

experiments made with Mr. Children's co-operation in the laboratory at Tunbridge, on "the combinations of boracic acid with potash that have been heated to redness." Mr. Children's scientific friends were always welcome guests in his father's house, who, though not joining in their pursuits, was well qualified to appreciate them, and whose high classical acquirements and mental cultivation, combined with his benevolence, amiability, and elegant manners, made his society delightful to all within its reach, while his liveliness and wit rendered it a peculiarly pleasant relaxation from severe study.

The following letter to him from Sir Humphry Davy shews the estimation in which he was held by that distinguished man, then fast rising to the height of his fame:—

"December 30th, 1808.

"My dear Sir,

"I have delayed writing 'till the last moment in hopes that it would be in my power to pay my respects to you to-morrow. During the last ten days I have been harassed by a severe cold, which has attacked the digestive organs, and put it wholly out of my power to do justice to the festivities of the season. I am better, but not well enough to venture an exposure in this damp and chill weather.

"I regret very much that I shall not be able to shake you by the hand to-morrow. I shall drink your health with very warm feelings at my solitary dinner, and wish you many years of unalloyed happi-

ness, such as you deserve in common with all those whose life is devoted to benevolence and the happiness of others.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"With unfeigned respect and esteem,

"Your obliged friend and servant,

"(Signed) H. Davy."

It was not only as a neighbour and friend, but as a magistrate, that Mr. Children senior was thus valued, and many a dispute settled without the parties going to law, many a quarrel made up, and many a wrong set right, bore testimony how applicable to him was the declaration that "Blessed are the peace-makers."

It must have been about this time, or probably earlier, that Mr. C. senior wrote the following inscription for a memorial stone, which many of my readers may remember in the shrubbery at Ferox Hall:—

TO THE MEMORY OF A FAVORITE TERRIER, RUN OVER AND KILLED BY A MILITARY WAGGON, IN THE 15TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

Adieu, my honest faithful Snip, adieu!
Thy tried attachment and affection true
Claim from a heart which ever held thee dear
More than the tribute of a silent tear.
Thy life, drawn out beyond the common span,
In one smooth course of love and duty ran;
By day but rarely did'st thou quit my side,
Cheerful companion of my walk or ride
By night thy task my property to guard,
Watchful protector of my house and yard;
And let me boast, to all thy merits just,
Thy dauntless spirit well deserv'd the trust;

In thy best days, in youth and vigour's pride,
It scoff'd at danger, and each foe defied;
Nor could old age, fraught with its every ill,
The native ardour of thy courage chill.
Deaf, blind, and toothless, still thy heart was good,
Resented insult and attack withstood.
Some share of life from grievous suffering free,
I thought, poor dog! was yet in store for thee;
And hoped to cherish, in its mild decay,
The little remnant of thy closing day;
But fate, in pity, its swift mandate sent,
To snatch thee from disease and languishment.
Whilst basking in the public road, a wain
Of horrid war's too needful numerous train
(Alike unheard by thee its thundering noise,
And the loud warning call of friendship's voice),
By thoughtless hinds with wanton fury driven,
Gave thee that death which I could ne'er have given.
"Herus memor mœrensque posuit."

In December, 1808, Mr. J. G. Children again left home to make a tour in Portugal and Spain, with his neighbour and friend Mr. Eyles. They sailed from Falmouth on the 7th December, and landed at Buenos Ayres, Lisbon, on the 14th, this being the second visit of Mr. C. to Lisbon. In one of his first letters after landing (addressed to his child) he thus speaks of his father:—"He is the best of men, the kindest of fathers; and, do what we can, we can never repay the debt of gratitude we owe him for his kindness to us." In the same letter is the following passage:—"Above all things, my child, strive to be good; pray to God Almighty night and morning, begin and end every day of your life with your prayers to your

Creator, not merely repeating the words through form, but offering up to Him, *indeed*, the tribute of a thankful heart. Thus you may be sure of securing His blessing (endeavouring also always to do what is right) without which no situation in life is worth having—with which nothing is left to wish for."

From the journal kept during this Spanish tour, I shall now give some extracts:—

"December 17th, 1808. A singular circumstance lately occurred in Lisbon, at the time the French were masters of the city. Three hundred young men, headed by an ensign of the police guard, of which they were all members, concerted measures to make their escape and join their fellow-patriots who were in arms. Although they were quartered in different parts of the town, they so arranged matters as to meet unsuspected in a particular place, from whence they sallied in a body, and seizing the French sentinels in their way effected their retreat in safety. These gallant fellows and their leaders are now distinguished by a badge of honour, which they wear."

"Torres Vedras, Decr. 24th.*—Well, my dear friends, here we are on Christmas eve lodged in a most miserable dog-hole; that's a trifle; indeed, we must not on the whole complain, for we have a room to eat in, two for us four to sleep in" (Mr. Wynne, ex-minister at Dresden, and Mr. Wyndham were at

* Torres Vedras, two years afterwards celebrated through the world by the great British general displaying in its vicinity the perfection of military skill in his fortified position.

this period of the party), "and one for our four servants to sleep in also. Our hostess has taken special care to lock all the doors leading out of our *salle à manger*, for between French and English she seems sadly afraid of all fresh faces. What she fears to lose I know not; the whole inventory of the house might be comprised in the compass of a silver sixpence, and written in a good round hand too. On this sacred eve may God bless us and our dear friends; and wherever we are may we never forget the gracious mercy of Heaven which to-morrow's dawn will celebrate, nor that nearly 1800 years ago our blessed Saviour 'was nailed for our redemption on the bitter cross!' Scoff, fools! I am a Christian; may all mankind become so—better than I. Good night, my dear father, my child, and all mankind. Heaven bless and preserve ye! Amen."

"Dec. 25th. We set off accompanied by a guide, to see the *champ de bataille*, near Vimiera. . . . . The general appearance of the country is picturesque and interesting. The place where the glorious battle was fought is a small plain surrounded by the hills, forming quite an amphitheatre. The French were encamped on the left of the English, on whose right was a large pine-wood. The excessively heavy rain, and our want of sufficient knowledge of Portuguese to understand thoroughly what our guide told us, rendered our visit to this spot less interesting than it otherwise would have been, but still I rejoice that I have seen this field of English glory. The rain was

almost unintermitting from ten o'clock till three, and once or twice rather resembled a sheet of water than common rain; besides this we had hail and a severe storm of thunder and lightning." (They were, moreover, on horseback).

"Lisbon, Dec. 30th. The situation of affairs in Spain is by no means such as to induce us to adhere to our former plan of proceeding to Cadiz by land; but what is the real state of things, where the French or where our own army are, we cannot learn."

"Jan. 4th, 1809. Called this morning on Lord Holland, who arrived from Oporto yesterday. . . . . On my remarking the extreme difficulty of getting any intelligence here as to the state of political affairs, and the great mystery in which the higher powers seem to involve things, he said that he believed they were unjustly accused of mysterious concealment, and that in his opinion the truth is, that they affect mystery to conceal their ignorance of the truth."

"Lisbon, Jan. 8th. News arrived this morning from Spain of a more pleasant aspect than the reports from that country have generally worn. Somewhere near Benevente (on what day not known), the 7th and 8th Light Dragoons had a smart skirmish with the enemy's (probably) advanced posts, in which our fellows acquitted themselves gallantly, having taken 800 prisoners and killed 200. Report says that a general battle was hourly expected to take place."

"This place, Lisbon, is plentifully supplied with fish, but not well supplied, for most of them, accord-

ing to my palate at least, are of very inferior quality. The best of all, I think, is the sardinha; and, what is fortunate, this is also the cheapest and most abundant. The Portuguese, in ridicule of the Spaniards, have a proverb :—'Feste grande Espagnole, cinque sardinhas por ses ombres; los cabessas por los monchachios, e los monchachios por los diablos.' I will not swear I have spelt it correctly, but the English is, 'A grand Spanish feast! five sardinhas for six men, the heads for the boys, and the boys for the devils.'"

"Jan. 15th. It was our purpose to leave Lisbon for Setuval this day, but the badness of the morning prevents our setting off. Mr. Brown called this morning with the information that affairs in Spain are so bad that Mr. Villiers had told some merchants that the sooner they leave this country the better. . . . . It is reported that Sir J. Moore is embarking his army; and that the troops, cavalry and infantry, which are embarked at this moment in the Tagus, under orders for Vigo, will not touch there but proceed straight to England. I do not believe either of these reports; but Mr. Villiers certainly gave the hint mentioned above. . . . . We resolved to leave this place for Ayamonte to-morrow, rain or shine, for there seems no time to lose. Brown, Eyles, and I walked to Buenos Ayres, &c., in our way visiting the English burial-ground, where I saw the tomb-stone of my poor fellow-passenger in the Adolphus in 1800, Miss Boyd, who died here (of the consumption she came with very faint hopes of recovering from,) in

1801. Peace to her ashes! I was vexed and provoked that the illustrious author of Tom Jones, who lies buried somewhere in this ground, should not have a stone to point out the grave which covers what was once the tenement of a mind brilliant almost beyond example, and to which the latest posterity shall stand indebted for the highest amusement that refined satire and a true picture of life can afford. Farewell, Fielding; such then is the meed of merit like thine, to die, and thy resting-place be forgotten! Ungenerous world!" (This omission has, I believe, since been supplied; and I understand a tomb-stone to Fielding is now to be found in the English cemetery at Lisbon.)

"Jan. 16th, 1809. About 11 o'clock this morning, although the day by no means promised fair, we left Lisbon and came across the river to Moitra, distant from the capital about three leagues. The view of Lisbon, with the noble sheet of water which the river here presents, is very fine. . . . . We have taken a third servant, Manuel, whom Mr. Wyndham brought from Italy, as interpreter, cook, and chief courier *en avant:* this makes our company amount to five persons, who, each mounted on his mule, with three sumpter ones with our baggage, set out, as I have said, for Setuval. We had not gone a mile before one of the sumpter-beasts chose to fancy his share of the baggage an incumbrance, and set lustily to work to kick it off, in which he succeeded with great dexterity; and when, after considerable loss of

time and trouble, the muleteers, &c. had re-arranged matters, the devil of a mule repeated the experiment with equal success, or, indeed, greater, for he no sooner found himself free from his load, than, after a kick or two by way of a flourish of defiance, off he set at score back to Moitra, and reached it in safety in spite of all the exertions of the guide and Manuel. At length, however, they caught him, and rejoined us, and things being once more in trim, we again set forward.

" Alcacer do Sal. The river is very wide at Setuval, opposite to which is a neck of land, where once stood the town of Troya, long since deserted, and of which no traces now remain. . . . . The country is throughout (as far as I could judge from the water) a continued sand. Heaps of salt ready for exportation are found on each bank of the river, covered with reeds, and something like so many small hay-stacks. . . . . Since dinner we have been annoyed with the confusion occasioned by a partridge merchant bargaining for warehouse-room for the sale of his game, of which he has hung up (dead) in the chamber adjoining this in which I write, between two and three hundred brace. (There are actually 500 brace and more!) There are immense quantities of these birds (the red-legged) in this country. . . . . Wild ducks are also extremely plentiful."

They continued their journey on mules, by Torrao and Beja, towards Mertola. " On the road (says the journal) we passed through a wood of *ilex glandifera*,

with a river which presented some very romantic scenery. These trees produce a very sweet acorn, resembling a chestnut in flavour, of which the hogs are extremely fond, and for whose nourishment they are chiefly cherished. The trees of this sort, which grow in Algarve, produce an acorn, I think, almost equal to a chestnut. The muleteers eat both them and those of Alemtejo. . . . They talked to us at Lisbon and Setuval, of the danger of our meeting the French, or being attacked by robbers; thank God, we have fallen in with neither! Of the former, I believe, there was no need for fear; but as to the other, I am not quite sure that it was not owing to the largeness of our party that we were unmolested by them. . . . We have bargained for a boat to take us from hence to Ayamonte, for five dollars, if we like it; if not, we pay but four. Those are the terms of our agreement. Qu. What would two lawyers make of it? The true sense of the "if we like it" is, provided it be clean (*i. e.* the boat) and agreeable to us; but it certainly would bear an argument in another sense. . . . . We have for many nights found, most eminently, the comfort of our beds and kitchen; without both, I know not what we should have done. . . . Oh, it is a charming country to travel in!"

"Jan. 23, 1809. The river Chanza, which is one of the boundary lines between Spain and Portugal, falls into the Guadiana, three leagues below Mertola; from hence all the land down the river on the left bank is Spain, that on the right Portugal. Alcontim

is in the latter kingdom. We saw the Spanish land at one o'clock, and set foot in Spain, for the first time (for a few minutes), at a quarter before two. The day has been very fine and warm. Thermometer in the shade at a quarter past one P.M. 61°, in the sun 74°. . . . On landing at Alcontim we were put under arrest, and conducted to the chief magistrate, who examined our passports, &c. The governor made an apology for the trouble he was obliged to give us, and said that his orders are very strict to examine strangers.

"Jan. 24th. The tide failing, and the wind against us, we were obliged to bring up short of Ayamonte, and procured a lodging at a Spanish farm-house, inhabited by the farmer and his wife, two or three servant-men, and half a dozen girls, chiefly Portuguese. The latter, while spinning in the evening, sang, at our request, several little songs. Their chansons seemed extempore, and all sung to one tune; one of them was, 'Cursed be Junot, who brought the French into Portugal' . . . . . Some appeared to be complimentary to the English. Near the farm-house is a circular paved platform, raised a few feet above the level of the soil, on which the grain is trod out from the ear by a mule; this is the usual mode of threshing in this part of Spain.

"Jan. 25th. About eleven we got into our boat to proceed to Ayamonte. There must be an immense quantity of fish in this part of the river, from their frequent rising. . . . I often thought of, and wished for, my ingenious admirable friend Davy! . . . About

a league above Ayamonte the river widens into a very handsome lake, across which an extensive view of the Sierra presents itself. The ranges of mountains in this country generally have an indented appearance on their summits, like the teeth of a saw, from whence they have obtained their name of Sierra. The Spaniards are curious, and examine us as we pass with great attention, and I frequently hear them repeat the word 'Ingleses.' The bread here (Ayamonte) is of a delicate whiteness, and fine flavour; they do not bake it sufficiently, or it would surpass any I ever tasted... The news here is good, viz., that Joseph Bonaparte is prisoner, and the great Devil himself, his brother, wounded in action dangerously."

The travellers had thus come down the Guadiana to Ayamonte on the coast, and the rest of their way to Cadiz was by sea. "Having hired a boat for twenty-five dollars, to take us to Cadiz, we left Ayamonte at a quarter past four. As soon as we left the port, our crew began, with their hats off, a hymn to St. Anthony, to implore his protection and a prosperous voyage, plying their oars as they sang, the stave being given out by the padrone." In the church at Chippiona, where they landed and slept (not being able, though within sight of Cadiz, to reach it till the next day, on account of the weather), there is "a picture of the Resurrection over one of the altars, which represents St. Peter on one side of our Saviour, fishing up the souls of the blessed out of the pit of purgatory with his keys."

"Cadiz, Feb. 1st, 1809. From the old cathedral I went to the Plaza de Toros. Bull-fights have been prohibited by royal mandate throughout Spain for five years, on account of the number of horses which perished in these disgraceful exhibitions of national cruelty. Had they still continued, I should have been vexed not to have witnessed one, but I think it a custom so much 'more honour'd in the breach than the observance,' that I rejoice I have not an opportunity of gratifying my curiosity in this respect. . . . It has been a much agitated question whether these and similar exhibitions tend to good or ill in a state. The advocates for them contend that they keep alive a hardy spirit, which should not be checked, lest a people, unused to sights of blood, fall into the opposite extreme, and degenerate into effeminacy. An ingenious mind will always find an excuse for the practice which affords it pleasure; and I have heard a fox-hunter assert that the fox likes to be hunted, and the cockfighter contend for the gratification the bird feels in the battle. The pugilist too declares that, if you prevent the practice of prize-fighting, you will destroy one characteristic of the Englishman, and will substitute in its place assassination and murder; but surely these are but sorry excuses for practices disgraceful to humanity, and offensive to every charitable feeling. A nation will never be more brave because it is cruel, than one which abhors all acts of cruelty. Nature has implanted in the disposition of several animals a certain spirit of resistance and

self-defence against certain other animals, not as sources of bloody gratification to the mighty tyrant, man, but as necessary to their safety. Man finds out the antipathy and makes it his sport. Is that likely to prove a source of courage to him? Is it not more probable that it will blunt all his finer feelings, without arousing any manly ones in their room? Can the agonies of brutes rouse the worthy energies of man? And as to the custom of prize-fighting, it is false to assert that the decision of the fist, the common arbiter of quarrels among the lower classes in England, is dependent upon or at all preserved by it; on the contrary, it is likely to annihilate the custom. . . . for, when boxing becomes practised as a science, it is no longer the mere trial of courage and strength, and every rustic will fear in his antagonist a skill which must ensure his defeat, and consequently he will refuse that short arbitration which, under other circumstances, he would not have shrunk from, and perhaps cherish in his mind a revenge that in the other case the first bloody nose would have washed away, together with the quarrel, from his remembrance for ever. But it is an argument which may be protracted till all the pages of my journal are filled. I have done with it therefore, with the conviction that courage was never upheld by cruelty."

"On the Plaza this morning Admiral Purvis pointed out to my notice the old Admiral Cordova, who commanded the Spanish fleet against, and was taken prisoner by, Lord St. Vincent." . . . Though not quite

well to-day, I went to dine with Admiral Purvis, to whose kindness and hospitality I feel sincerely indebted. He has not only shown most friendly attention to me, but has extended it to my friend Eyles, and even to my new acquaintance Messrs. Baillie and Knudtzon, with whom I have spent a very pleasant day on board the Atlas. . . . I must not close my short diary without registering the kind attention I have received from Captain Gourley (Admiral Purvis's captain) which I hope I am incapable of ever forgetting."

"Feb. 5th, 1809. A convoy is come in from Lisbon with the troops we left embarked in the Tagus. As much mystery almost and as little information seems to prevail here as at Lisbon. The force of the French in Spain is said to be 150,000 men. Bonaparte has left Madrid some time since—would he had left the world!"

"Feb. 6th. . . . This convent" (of the bare-footed Franciscans in Cadiz) "has a large garden, which contains some very fine palm-trees, but is miserably overrun with weeds and covered with rubbish; these monks are too idle even to do Adam's work. There is a fine stork in the garden; this bird is much respected and protected in this country."

From Cadiz Mr. Eyles and Mr. Children went on to Seville, in company with Messrs. Baillie and Knudtzon who had joined their party.

"Seville, Feb. 16th, 1809. After breakfast, this morning, we called on Frere, our minister, and

meeting George Jackson at the door of the house, he kindly turned back with us to his room, where we sat some time, during which Bart°. Frere came in, and I delivered to him Hodges's* letter, and also Mr. Canning's and John Smith's for his brother, who was not at home . . . We proceeded to the cathedral. This is by far the most noble building I ever saw; it consists principally of two long lofty aisles, with three others crossing them at right angles, or rather connecting them. In the centre is the choir, the roof of which is very rich, and the high altar richly ornamented with niches filled with figures, and in front of it is a very fine iron screen and gate. The whole is superb gothic. There are numerous chapels and many very fine pictures, but the sacristan being out we did not see them. From hence we went to La Caridad, a church containing some beautiful pictures by Murillo . . . . We dined alone, and afterwards went to the cathedral again, where a man might spend a month, and yet leave it with regret."

" Having been told that a uniform is necessary for my travels to the mines, I returned with Jackson, whose attention is most friendly, and waited a considerable time for his tailor; but he not arriving, I came home and soon procured one, who has engaged to make me a West Kent jacket, or something like one, by to-morrow night."

" Feb. 17th. . . . . Rode with Jackson to Italica, an

* Thomas Law Hodges, esq. an old and much esteemed friend of Mr. Children and of his father.

old Roman town about four miles from Seville, of which there remain only faint traces; the principal of these is the amphitheatre or rather circus, which is tolerably perfect. It is of an oval form, about 90 yards by 60 . . . . The arena is now filled up, but is level, and is at present in a state of cultivation, serving as a corn-field. Many Roman coins have been dug up in various parts of the site of this old town, some of which I purchased from the peasants on the spot, and which I had the honour of presenting in the evening to Lord Holland. There is also a curious tessellated pavement, discovered about twelve years since, in which are heads of the nine Muses, many in good preservation, and some other figures. We dined with our minister Mr. Frere, and in the evening called on Lord and Lady Holland, who received us with great civility. I here met a most pleasant, well-informed man, Mr. Allen, who travels with his lordship, from whom I have gained much information respecting the mines of this country, which will occasion no small deviation in my plans. I find from him that the mines of Guadalcanal are not, and have not been, worked for many years, but that those which I really wish to examine are in La Mancha, beyond Cordova. Thither, with God's blessing, I purpose going, albeit a longish journey. Lord Holland has given me a letter to a Señor Blanco, as a mean by which I may gain information on this subject, which I have much at heart; and his lordship has in all respects paid me great and gratifying civilities. Since

my return home I have been confoundedly vexed to find that the stupid tailor, instead of making me a new jacket, has cut down the pattern coat my kind friend, Jackson, lent me for him to make the jacket by; I instantly wrote him word of the mistake, and his answer is another proof of his friendly kindness.—God bless him."

" Mr. Eyles returns to Cadiz, and with Messrs. Baillie and Knudtzon set off at 7 this morning."

"Feb. 19th. Señor Blanco (whose real name is White)* is one of the royal chaplains, and a very well-informed pleasant man. He gave me much good advice and information respecting my route, and has promised me letters to Cordova and Granada. I went with him to the outside of the walls of the city, to see the Quemadero, whose very name is sufficient to make one's blood run chill. This place is the spot where the poor victims of the infernal Inquisition suffered death in the flames. It is a parallelogram whose area is about 15 yards by 10; at each corner is a stone pillar about six feet high; on these a platform was erected, spreading over the whole area, of wood, on which the criminal was placed, and under him the space was filled with combustibles, which being fired consumed the platform and wretched sufferer in a few minutes, after which the ashes were scattered to the winds! Mr. Blanco told me he remembers a woman's perishing on this very Quemadero!"

" Feb. 20th. . . . . In the course of our walk Señor

* The celebrated Blanco White.

Blanco amused me with some facts relating to some of the monastic orders. Every order has a supreme head, who is called the General. Amongst the Franciscans this man is a personage of great importance. In appearance and professedly this order are poorest of the poor ; by their rules they are forbid to touch money or to have any possessions, and this very poverty is a source of unbounded wealth to them. The lower classes of the people are under the most abject superstition, and consider acts of charity done to monks as one sure way to attain pardon for their sins; these fellows consequently levy pretty heavy contributions on them, out of which every priest of the order pays the General every Sunday one pistareen, or the fifth part of a dollar, and this is done, not only throughout Spain, but in all her colonies and possessions: from hence arises an immense income for this Prince of Beggars, equal to no less than one hundred thousand dollars per annum, or about 22,500*l.* sterling. Madrid (in quiet times) is the residence of the General, who occasionally visits the convents of the order in other places, at which times all the monks, with the principal people of the place, go out in procession to meet him, with lights and every possible solemnity, and in this state conduct him to the convent, where he is lodged in a cell, magnificently furnished, and fed with the most sumptuous fare. His bed is as magnificent as hands can make it. . . . Thus this meek and holy man prepares himself, by fasting and abstinence, for heaven!"

"Feb. 21st. This morning Señor Blanco took me to the cannon-foundry here, which is an establishment that does honour to this nation." Another morning Señor Blanco accompanied Mr. Children to see the tobacco fabric, a royal manufactory on an enormous scale. "The whole of the tobacco trade is a royal prerogative; and no one can retail it in any shape but by licence from government. A thousand workmen are at present employed in this manufactory, eight hundred of whom are occupied in making cigars."

"I dined with Lord Holland, and in the evening my ever-to-be-remembered kind friend Blanco * came to take leave of me, bringing me a letter to a friend of his at Cordova and another at Granada. Wrote to my dear father to request him to send a little present of books (Shakespeare, Gibbon, and Hume) to Blanco, he being very fond of those authors."

"I travel in my regimentals, and have been pretty well stared at in my walk round the town," (Carmona), "which, those who know me will guess, was not much to my taste. The uniform of a British officer, however, seems to be viewed with pleasure."

"Feb. 26th. I forgot to mention the parochial church of Santa Cruz at Seville, where I saw the famous descent from the Cross by Pedro de Campana, so much admired by Murillo. The excellence of the picture, I fancy, consists in its very correct drawing

* Mr. C. afterwards saw a good deal of Señor Blanco when he first came to England.

and grouping, rather than in being a striking instance of fine colouring or expression in the figures; indeed, to my eye, nothing was particularly pleasing but the body of our Saviour, which is indeed masterly. Murillo is buried, by his express desire, in the chapel in front of the picture. Some doubts have been raised as to that fact; but Señor Blanco told me that the present curé, an intimate friend of his, has actually found the register of this great artist's burial, and so recorded as to remove all question on the subject. We left Carmona at 6 A.M. and arrived at Ecija at ¼ before 6 P.M. About a quarter of a league from Mango Negro, we came suddenly to a pretty sharp descent, from the top of which the view is uncommonly fine. It looks over a valley of the same sort of downs as those we had just passed, beyond which in a flat on the north-east bank of the Guadalquivir river stands Cordova, and behind it a double range of the Sierra Morena, altogether forming a most delightful scene. The Guadalquivir is still a broad and very considerable river, the bridge over which leads into the town of Cordova. . . . . We found the Duke del Infantado there before us; and not a room to be had in a posada near us, nor in two others to which (bad as they were) I sent Manuel to seek for one. . . . . At length with difficulty we procured a room to fix in for the night, and some eatables from the inn; and thus ended our *entrée* into Cordova. On Monday last eight villains, well armed with guns and pistols, robbed a lady on the road from

Ecija* to this place, about two leagues from hence, and took from her twenty doubloons (72*l.*), and from the driver three; happily they did her no personal injury. Thank God, we have arrived safe."

"Feb. 28th. I sought the canon to whom my friend Señor Blanco gave me a letter, but he was not at home; however he afterwards found me in the cathedral. This is a very singular building, and one of the most perfect specimens of Moorish architecture in Europe. It contains nearly or quite a thousand pillars of marble and some of sienite. . . . . I'm all uncertainty as to my journey to the mines; much must depend on what sort of a guard the governor, whom I am to see presently, will give me. . . . . All is arranged to my satisfaction; and I am highly indebted to the kind and voluntary assistance of a Spanish gentleman, who speaks English better than any foreigner I ever met with, and through whom, in great measure, I am promised a corporal and four men at any hour I please the day after tomorrow; and thus I hope with God's blessing to reap much amusement and mineralogical information from the trip, with safety."

"March 2nd, 1809. It was twelve o'clock before we got clear of Cordova and began to ascend the Sierra Morena. This immense chain of secondary mountains is only passable in certain places, and in

* The people of this place have acquired so unenviable a reputation that "*los Ninos de Ecija*" is a proverbial expression in Spanish for thieves.

those the road is in many parts exceedingly stony and rough. Sometimes we passed through thick woods, at others over open rocky deserts; now climbing a hill and now descending into a valley. There was hardly any appearance of cultivation through the whole of this day's journey, which we finished about seven o'clock, when we arrived at a little miserable mountain village, Villa Alta, picturesquely situated among noble hills."

"March 3rd. This day's journey, seven leagues, still on the Sierra. The mountains present all the variety of aspect which must be expected from such a chain. At rather more than half way we came to a little village, where for the first time I discovered a granite rock.

"I am very glad that I have followed my friend Jackson's advice and travel in my regimentals, which, though they attract the gaze of men, women, and children, and create a mob at my heels of all the boys and girls of every village I stop at, yet produce me the gratification of observing how much the British uniform is respected in this lone wild country."

"March 4th. 'J'avais beau dire' (as the French have it) that the British uniform excites attention in this wild part of Spain, as the scene I witnessed last night after supper, and again this morning before I left Bizo, proved. I had scarce finished my meal, and was just falling asleep in my chair, when I heard a chorus under my window sung by all the young men and boys of the place, who had assembled for the

purpose, and paraded the town, beginning and ending their rude melody under my window. The burthen of their song was 'Vivan los Ingleses,' which words were followed by loud shouts of 'Viva, viva!' Soon afterwards the curtain of my room (door there was none), which closed the entrance into a little ante-chamber, was withdrawn, and a troop of women filled the apartment. At first I could not conceive what they wanted, but, from the little I made out of the address which their leader delivered, I found it was an address of congratulation and welcome, which these honest creatures, in the warmth of their gratitude to England for the assistance she is endeavouring to afford Spain, (and may Heaven bless it with success!) thought it right to pay a British officer, and in which curiosity had also, probably some, though I really believe only a small, share. My room not being large, it could contain only a part of the visitants at a time, and as one set retired another came in, to the number of fifty at least, and afterwards a few elderly men. I endeavoured to show them every politeness in my power, and flatter myself I received their addresses to their satisfaction. As to a gracious answer, as I can't speak Spanish, nor they understand English, we were obliged to omit that part of the ceremony, which was therefore supplied by bows. It was half-past ten before my company had all departed, when I was heartily glad to get to rest. This morning the ceremony, as I had foreseen, was repeated, and at my departure all the inhabitants of the town turned out of

their houses, and I left the place amidst shouts of 'Viva l'España! Viva Ynglaterra!' Our journey to-day was six leagues. About one third of the way continues on the mountain plain, when we come to the high rocky hills which continue to Almaden de Azogue, which is in the province of La Mancha. At the beginning of the hills is a small village called Santa Euphemia, which was once a very strong Moorish fortress, where I should think a large garrison was generally kept to defend this pass of the mountain. . . . About half-past five we reached Almaden, one of the oldest places in Spain, the mines here having been worked two hundred years before the birth of our Saviour,—standing in a wild country in the midst of rocky mountains, and at a considerable elevation. At the entrance of the town the boys and people chose to make me a general officer, and followed me to the dog-hole of a posada with shouts and vivas! I was deliberating whether I should go to the general, to whom Señor Argoria had given me a letter, at once or not, when one of his aides-de-camp, and another gentleman, came to me by his orders, to see who and what I was that had been the cause of such a halloo-balloo. To this aide-de-camp I delivered my letter, requesting him to give it to the general with my apologies, on the score of fatigue, for not waiting on him to-night, and saying that I would have that honour in the morning. The officer had not been gone above half an hour, when the general (Don Thomas Serain) himself, with the governor and their

attendant officers, called on me, with an invitation from General Serain to dinner, and brought with him the master of the house where apartments are prepared for me, and which I find most excellent and comfortable. My sitting-room is 36 by 21, and full 16 high, with a nice bed-room opening into it, and beyond that the servants' room, all well furnished and delicately clean. Glass at the windows is the only thing wanting to make them complete.

"March 6th. I went this morning into the mines with Señors Diego Larranaga and Da Costa. The entrance is by a spacious gallery, on the north side of the hill, 50 yards below the surface, and 150 long; when we arrived at the first shaft. The rock through which this gallery runs is an argillaceous schist, containing fragments of black schist, and resembling a brescia, or rather a porphyry. The cinnabar is found at various depths, sometimes in larger, sometimes in smaller masses. The three principal lodes are called St. Francisco, St. Nicholas, and Santa Clara, and are immense in extent, and generally prodigiously rich. The cinnabar is found intimately penetrating a compact, hard, quartz sandstone. It is of very dark-grey colour. This rock is the true matrix of the cinnabar, which is sometimes so abundant as totally to conceal the stone; at others it penetrates it in veins in all directions, more or less numerous; and in the poorest parts, the surface only of the fissures of the rock are covered with cinnabar, which has crystallized in them. . . . The greatest depth of the mine is about

300 yards. . . . The cinnabar contains frequently considerable quantities of native mercury; muriate of mercury (horn mercury) is very rarely found, native amalgam never, in these mines. We were in the mine about three hours and a half. In some places it was pretty warm, but seldom oppressively so. The passage up and down the shaft is by ladders of about twenty or twenty-five staves each. . . . There is another quicksilver mine at Almadenejos, about two leagues east of Almaden. The governor of these mines had been apprised by Don Pedro of my intended visit, and was ready to receive me; his name is Don Francisco de la Garza, and a most ingenious, kind, and excellent man I found him. It is strange that, famous as these mines are, no Englishman in the memory of Señor Diego de Larranaga has ever visited those of Almaden, and to those of Almadenejos there certainly has never been one of my countrymen before me.

"March 7th. As soon as we had breakfasted, we put our plan (to descend the mine) into execution, and highly indeed have I been gratified." The mineralogical description of the mine, &c., is too long for quotation. "This mine is more unhealthy for the workmen than that of Almaden, which Señor de Garza attributes to the greater quantity of running mercury. The mouths of the labourers in the mine are soon affected, and frequently salivation ensues. In some measure to prevent the effects of the mercury they swallow pills of leaf gold, which by its amalgamation with it renders it less pernicious. After we

had ascended from the lower regions, the governor desired me to sign an entry he made in the register of the mine, of my visit to it, and of being the first of my nation who had ever been there, and after this he gave the workmen a holiday for the remainder of the day, in honour of Old England. Almadenejos is surrounded by a wall, which was built at the expense of one of the governors, for the mere sake of giving employment to the workmen of Almaden, who were at a loss for it, in consequence of a fire in that mine, which remained unextinguished for nearly three years. How it was occasioned is not certainly known; it was at that time chiefly worked by capital convicts, and it has been supposed to have been their act. After dinner Señor Francisco de la Garza conducted me to Monte Gicar, an extraordinary mountain two leagues east of Almaden, and half a one from Almadenejos; it is in the midst of and surrounded by other mountains, not one of which, nor any other in Spain, as far as De la Garza knows, has a similar formation. It is composed of a sort of porphyritic sandstone (for I know not by what other name to call it) of quite a basaltic formation, the columns being three, four, five, six, seven, eight or more sided, and sometimes almost round, and nearly perpendicular. . . . The quantity of mercury raised at the two mines of Almaden and Almadenejos has in some years amounted to 32,000 quintals, or upwards of 1,428 tons!

"March 10th. Left Almadenejos this morning . . . arrived at the most rascally venta—La Venta *Reale!*

de Alconda . . . passed the night in my clothes by a large fire.

" March 11th. Proceeded to climb the mountains, which have been through this day's journey even more rugged than I have seen them before. We sleep at Fuen Caliente, so called from the warm springs which jet out from the rocky mountain which hangs over the town.

" March 12th. Our journey to-day was a very hard and uncomfortable one . . . The rocks are the same as those at Almaden, with frequently argillaceous schist; but the last three hours of our journey it was too dark for me to distinguish the nature of the rock."

" The following little tale I have drawn up from the events of this evening, and recommend it to the serious attention of my dear child, for whose amusement and instruction I have chosen to give this adventure the garb of a story.

" An English gentleman, returning some time since with his servant, and attended by six Spanish soldiers as guards, from a visit to the Quicksilver mines at Almaden, in the province of La Mancha in Spain, took the route by Andujar to Granada. The immense mountains of the dreary Sierra Morena in these parts have scarce a path across them which even a mule can travel with security; however he continued his journey without any very unpleasant occurrences until the third day, when, owing to misinformation as to the distance from the village where he had slept the preceding night, to the small one of La Caveza, which

was to close this day's journey, he did not set off so early in the morning as he otherwise would have done, and thus found himself at sunset still far from the place of his destination. He travelled on about an hour over tracks where every moment the mules were in danger of falling, now climbing a precipice and now fording a rocky river, when the guard, who acted as a guide, declared he knew not where he was, having in the dark missed the right path and strayed into one of which he was wholly ignorant. In this dilemma, surrounded by men on whose fidelity he could not confidently rely,* in a country desert and rocky, with a cold chilly wind beating in his face, the night getting darker and darker, and no appearance of a habitation far or near, with scarce a hope of escaping the miseries of a night passed in the open

* There were grounds for suspicion of their intentions. Both at Almaden and Almadenejos, Mr. Children had received presents from the governor of many magnificent specimens of cinnabar from the mines: they were packed in boxes, and of course very heavy. From the time these boxes were added to the load, the conduct of the guards began to alter so strangely as to afford some reason to apprehend that they believed them to contain dollars, and were under some temptation to appropriate the contents, which would certainly have included murder as well as robbery had it been yielded to. Mr. C. was obliged to be exceedingly resolute with these men, to keep them in the track while as yet there was light to see it. From all that Mr. John P. Atkins learned during a year's residence in Spain, and from the well-known and frequent crosses seen, there is little doubt there was also danger that the soldiers might be in connection with some of the numerous bands of robbers who infested Spain, and especially the mountains in the south.

air in these high, wild regions, and not without the apprehension of possibly never seeing the sun rise again, he wandered on not knowing whither, but trusting humbly in the protection of his God. And in what could he so firmly trust, on whom so earnestly rely? For two miserable tedious hours he thus journeyed on in silence, broken only at intervals by the observations of his faithful servant on the prospect before them. At length, when hope itself had almost abandoned him, the sound of a distant bell suddenly struck his ear. It was the signal of assistance, and delightful was its rude music! In a few seconds it was lost; but, following a path which seemed to lead towards the spot whence the sound proceeded, he at length perceived the walls of a ruined habitation. The pleasure the first sight of this building inspired died away when he was near enough to ascertain its condition; but soon another appeared, and after this many more. Hope again revived, but again failed the traveller, when he found all these tenements deserted! At last a broad paved way crossed the path, tending towards the top of a hill. He scarce knew what to hope, but, following its course, perceived a glimmer through a casement. With eagerness he looked for the door of the house, whence this star of joy shone on him; but no entreaties could prevail on the inhabitants to open it. Near the house, however, on the summit of the mountain, stood a convent, sacred to our Lady of Caveza (for to the very place he sought had a kind Providence conducted him), whose

gates flew open to his distress, and in whose walls he found shelter and comfort for the night. My child! simple as my story is, learn from it this lesson: never cherish despair, but trust in the omnipotence and mercy of your God, and if ever (which Heaven avert!) adversity lead you from the sweet paths of peace, hope humbly, and remember the convent bell and the travellers on the Sierra Morena."

"March 13th.—The deserted village which we passed yesterday evening belongs to this convent, and its houses are tenanted but one week in the year, when the inhabitants of the neighbouring country come to this place to celebrate the nativity of our Lady of Caveza. The house where I saw a light is a farm-house, belonging also to the convent, and the only one which is constantly inhabited. Left our hospitable shelter at half-past nine, and arrived at Andujar about three."

It is not to be wondered at that, after the exposure on the mountain, the next day's entry should run thus: —"March 14th. Extremely ill all day with violent fever and much head-ache; passed the day in bed."

"March 15th. Better, I thank God, this morning, though still far from well; I determined, however, to set off. . . . . From Andujar to the miserable solitary Venta de las Polveres, where I passed the night, is six leagues, and we arrived there about six in the evening.

"March 16th, 1809. My dear child's birthday. I humbly pray my God to bless her, and grant her to see many, many happy returns of it in health and joy.

Our day's journey has been more cheerful than any we have passed lately, having come principally by the Camino Real, and seen good signs of population, and met many persons on the road. We soon began to ascend the mountains of Granada, which in many places present beautiful rock scenery; in others fertility appears, and in all cultivation wherever the nature of the ground admits of it. In both yesterday's and to-day's journeys we have passed many olive plantations; and in a very fine one, a little beyond Alcandete (whose old Moorish castle is romantically situated), we took our dinner, and drank my dear father's and child's healths, and prayed heaven to bless them, under the propitious shade of one of these emblems of peace! Heaven bless the omen. Anna's health was drunk in three languages, and by men of three nations—English, Italian, Spanish. . . . . We yesterday passed two or three little rivulets of very salt water; they abound in this part of the country, and are met with also between Granada and Malaga."

Mr. Children proceeded to Granada and thence to Malaga, places so well known that the passages in the Journal relating to them need not be inserted here. At the latter town he received much civility from Mr. Kirkpatrick, the grandfather, I presume, of the lady who has lately become Empress of the French. From Malaga Mr. Children went to Gibraltar. "Here," he says, "I called immediately on Mr. Culforth, even before I went to my inn. I had the mortification to find that my letters have all been forwarded to Malta by

the Apollo frigate. Possibly the governor might have some. I went there; none! Alas! I was as low as a cat. By good fortune I found Captain Gourley, a man I shall ever remember with gratitude, had returned from Admiral Purvis, and resumed the command of the sheer-hulk the San Juan here. To him I posted, and found him on board, where he gave me a most hospitable reception.

"March 28th. Called with Captain Gourley on the governor, where I found Lord Amherst and family, who is on his way to Sicily as ambassador, and who was extremely civil to me. My friend Gourley made me take up my quarters on board his ship at the New Mole.

"1809, April 2nd. Easter day; and I was highly gratified in the opportunity of joining in the devotion of the day. At half-past ten, Captain Gourley, who is no less a sincere Christian than excellent officer, assembled the crew between decks, and read the service of the day, and afterwards a sermon of his own on the duties of charity, and the obligation incumbent on every man to assist those to whom he is allied, who stand in need of his assistance. The subject was peculiarly applicable, as the men are on the point of receiving some prize-money due to them; and many have relations and friends to whom small remittances would be very acceptable. . . . . The scene was really impressive; and the earnest devotion of many of these brave fellows highly pleasing and interesting.

"April 6th. Left Gibraltar in the Delight, (Captain Purvis,) for Cadiz.

"April 8th. Arrived at Cadiz; very kindly received by Admiral Purvis; dined with him. The Port Mahon, brig-sloop of war, arrived to-day from England; Captain Chambers, her commander, dined with the Admiral.

"April 9th. The Admiral kindly requested Captain Chambers, a most excellent and liberal man, as I have since found him, to give me a passage in the Port Mahon to England, who as kindly complied with the request.

"April 12th. Sailed for Lisbon in the Port Mahon with convoy of one brig, with part of the 40th regiment. April 20th, got in.

"April 22nd, 1809. Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived to-day from England to take the command of our troops in Portugal. Sir John Cradock and all the (English) army, except the 30th Foot and 16th Light Dragoons, advanced to Caldas. General Beresford is appointed to the chief command of the Portuguese troops, with the rank of Field-Marshal.* In a fright lest the Port Mahon be detained on this station.

"April 23rd. Chambers and I dined at Brown's. In the evening, on coming aboard, he found his orders to proceed with the convoy to Aviero Bay, a little to the southward of Oporto. My hopes are therefore crushed of going any further in the Port Mahon."†

* The merit of Lord Beresford in training and officering the Portuguese army, which afterwards, by its gallant and steady conduct, rewarded his exertions, cannot be too highly rated.

† The time, however, which Mr. Children and Captain Chambers spent together, although short, laid the foundation of a friendship which only ceased between them with the life of the latter, and has

"April 24th. I called on my old friend and school-fellow Charles, now Brigadier-General and Adjutant-General, Stewart, who arrived with Sir Arthur Wellesley; and through his assistance I procured the promise of a passage in the beautiful frigate Statira, Captain Boys.*

"April 25th. Got my things on board the Statira; and

"April 26th. Sailed at five in the morning for dear old England. God bless us, and send us a quick and safe passage! The Statira is a noble frigate of 38 guns, and sails finely.

"May 6th. Chased a cutter, and fired twelve shot at her, but she got off by short tacks.

descended, happily, to the present generation,—indeed, the friendship of such a man as the late Captain Chambers was a treasure greatly to be cherished. It turned out, curiously enough, that Captain C. was also a valued friend of the Atkins' family, with whom Mr. Children, long after, became connected by the marriage of his daughter with Mr. John P. Atkins. Captain William Wylie Chambers (the late Captain's son) is now a Post-Captain of the Royal Navy. His intrepidity and merit became prominent early in his career as an officer. On a trying occasion, having found the sloop of war which he went out to take the command of, disabled and full of mud on the beach at Port Essington, where he had gone to join her, he had the charge and direction of the crew on shore on the wild coast of Australia. By his own patient endurance under severe privations, and by his energy, he animated his men to exertion; and by the apt use of such resources as his difficult situation afforded he contrived to put his ship into a rough state of repair, and took her into a port in India, where he delivered her up to the English Admiral.

* Mr. Children always retained a sincere regard for Captain Boys, from whom, during their voyage, he received the greatest kindness and attention. Captain Boys died early, and much regretted.

"May 8th. Chased last night by four line-of-battle ships, which fired at us. They proved to be English. The one which fired was the Illustrious.

"May 9th. Made the land, and went into Falmouth to land dispatches.

"May 10th. Landed in dear old England at Plymouth.

"May 13th, 1809. Passed through town, and at half past eleven arrived at Tunbridge, and had the happiness to find my dear father and my child safe and well at home. God be praised! Amen."

In compliance with his son's wish, Mr. Children senior sent Shakespeare, Hume, and Gibbon to Mr. Blanco White, accompanying them with the following Latin inscription and verses, the one to be placed in Shakespeare, the other with the historians:—

Reverendo admodum
Viro,
Domino Josepho Blanco,
Hispano,
Literis humanioribus instructissimo,
Linguæ Anglicanæ perito,
Poëtam,
Angliæ summum decus et gloriam,
Naturæ dilectam sobolem,
ultrà verò naturæ fines excursorem,
entium novorum inventorem creatoremque,
Solem,
cujus immensus splendor
nebulas maculasque suas
cooperuit aut extinguit,
Ob officia erga Filium, in Hispaniâ
peregrinantem,

polita, benigna, plusquam amica,
D. D. D.
Pater, ignotus licet, gratus et
semper memor
Georgius Children
Anglus.

Mitto et Anglos, Vir reverende, binos,
Æmuli norunt sibi qui (virentes
Semper) in sylvâ Historiæ dicatâ
Carpere lauros.

Tu stylum hujus perspicuum, venustum,
Illius fusum magis et sonantem,
Acre et admirans utriusque magnæ
Mentis acumen,

Cum tamen, mendacis amore capti
Laudis, insanâ sapientiâque
Turgidi, veræ fidei dolosè
Insidiantur,

Mæstus optabis, licitâ fuissent
Ambo contenti propriâque famâ,
Splendidum nomen sibi vindicasse
Historicorum!

Talibus (tali sine labe), sors sit
In tuæ fastos patriæ referre
Strenua Hispani populi ferum luc-
tamina in hostem!

Anglia et, rectique tenax, et icto
Fœderi fida, ex animo juvabit
Gentis illustris generosa totis
Viribus ausa.

Multa, heu! surgent subeunda sævo
Dira conflictu, populata rura,
Dirutæ urbes, assiduo fluentes
Sanguine rivi;

At dabit Numen (scelerata sistens
Crimina) ultorem sociis triumphum, et
Gloriam erepti rabidis Tyranni
Faucibus Orbis.

A short time before Mr. Children's return from Spain his friends Mr. and Mrs. Stackhouse had taken a house for some time at Tunbridge Wells, and had brought with them their young relation, Miss Wise, the eldest daughter of Thomas Furlong Wise, Esq., of Woolston, near Kingsbridge in Devonshire, a man respected and beloved by all, and at that time the father of a very large and unusually handsome family. The eldest daughter, Caroline, had already become, before his son's return, an especial favourite with Mr. C. the elder, and he seems to have foreseen, what was rapidly verified, that his son's admiration would even exceed his own. Her extreme beauty, amiability, good sense, and careful, though not showy, education were well calculated to fix the affections of one in the prime of manhood, so long deprived of the happiness that youth had promised. Only a few months elapsed before they were engaged, and before Christmas Mr. Children and his father went to Woolston to claim the promised bride. The marriage took place on the 20th of December, 1809.

The following lines, by the elder Mr. C., were written for the eve of the wedding :—

1.

Ne'er taught e'en music's alphabet,
Small praise for singing shall I get,
Yet in wild wood-notes will I dare
To breathe an anxious fervent prayer.

2.

May the blest Power who rules above—
Sovereign Source of life and love—
With propitious, gracious ear
A father's supplication hear!

3.

May He from his throne of light
Bless the contract of this night!
And with countenance benign
On to-morrow's dawning shine!

4.

When within His hallowed shrine
Wedlock's sacred bands shall join
Two, whose happiness is dear
To every heart and bosom here—

5.

Happy in domestic life,
Happy thrice in such a wife,
No more my son shall wish to roam,
But centre all his joys in home.

6.

May virtue o'er his life preside,
And prudence all his actions guide!
And may he every blessing know
Which both united can bestow!

7.

And, my dearest lady, you,
Whose mind and heart, correctly true,
From goodness and good sense ne'er swerve,
May you be bless'd as you deserve!

8.

And much it joys me to have scope
To bid you cherish fairest hope;
Though mine, 'tis not a partial voice
That gratulates thy well-placed choice.

9.

Trust me, in my son you'll find
A large, enlightened, liberal mind;
And his warm heart will ever prove
The seat of honour, truth, and love.

10.

Together through a length of years
The vale of life, but not of tears,
May ye tread,—and as ye go
Each flower of bliss around you blow!

11.

And here my feelings would commend
To your fond love a little friend;
But e'en this slight hint to impart
Is treason to thy tender heart.

12.

And you, whose wise parental care
Has reared a race so good and fair,
Accept my son's warm thanks and mine
For such a gift as Caroline!

13.

May Heaven's best dews your scions nourish!
May all your olive-branches flourish!
And may ye ne'er reflect with sorrow
Or on this evening or to-morrow!

14.

To him whose strains, devoid of art,
Thus speak the wishes of his heart,
May gracious Heaven give peace and rest,
Blest if he knows all here are blest!

After the newly-married pair had quitted Woolston, Mr. Children senior remained there over his birthday; and the lines which I am about to give were written on that occasion. A portion of them requires explanation. Mr. Children's unfortunate connection with the Tunbridge Bank has been before mentioned. At this time, however, an arrangement was in contemplation, and greatly advocated by his friends at Woolston, which might have enabled him in good time and with perfect honour to withdraw from it. The sale of his very large property in Kent would not only have repaid every farthing then due from him to the banking concern, but have left a handsome fortune entirely his own; and at this period, when his new interest in the beautiful county where he was now staying turned his thoughts naturally in that direction, he had very serious intentions of immediately parting with his Kentish property and purchasing a residence in Devonshire. This prospect, with the single exception of the regret he might very

allowably feel at relinquishing for ever his right to the estates which had descended to him from so long a line of forefathers, was by no means disagreeable to him; and indeed as a method of relieving both himself and his son from the anxiety which as long as he remained a partner in the bank they could not but feel, it was highly desirable; and I might be tempted to exclaim, "Well would it have been for all had it been realised!" It is, however, easy after the result to say this; but, as we can never know all the chain of consequences that might have followed a course of action which did not take place, it is a safer and a wiser belief to be assured, that whatever Providence saw fit to permit, was ultimately, however apparently disastrous, the best. At all events the sale of the Kentish property was *not* then effected; difficulties and anxieties were smoothed over again for awhile, and for some years longer Tunbridge continued to be the elder Mr. Children's home. The lines are as follow:—

WRITTEN ON THE 31ST DECEMBER, 1809,—THE AUTHOR'S 67TH BIRTHDAY.

1.

Another year has gracious Heaven
Now added to my span;
And nearly to its servant given
To reach the age of man.

2.

Humbly God's holy name be prais'd
For every year that's past!
But chief my grateful heart be rais'd
In blessings for the last!

3.

Within whose course he bade arise,
To soothe my latest breath,
An angel, to unclose my eyes
Ere they were seal'd in death.

4.

To snatch from ruin and despair,
Which fast were stalking on,
Myself, and—than myself more dear—
My darling, noble son.

5.

Nay, more, to bliss that son to raise,
And give my anxious soul
Assurance that his future days
In happiness shall roll.

6.

Oh! may his grateful, generous mind
Her benefits repay!
And she, too, call the day that join'd
Their fates a blessed day!

7.

May the same great, benignant Power
His choicest mercies shed
On both, to life's extremest hour,
And bless their genial bed!

8.

For me, to balmy peace restored,
May pure religion's ray
Its mild, soft effluence afford
To gild my closing day!

9.

May I, soothed by my children's care,
And in their blessings blest,
The ills of age serenely bear,
And gently sink to rest!

10.

And may their fond affection cheer
My spirit as it flies,
Drop on my clay-cold cheek a tear,
And, sorrowing, close my eyes!

During the spring of 1810, Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Children resided in a house they had taken for a few months in Duke Street, Westminster. The record of this short period of happiness is quickly given; it was to be followed by the most severe affliction. A house which they had intended for their permanent residence was preparing for them at Harefield in Middlesex; and in July, Mrs. Children's sister, who had been her guest for some time, returned into Devonshire, while she herself was making ready for her removal, and for the reception of an expected infant. Little did the sisters think they were never again to meet on earth! Early in August Mr. and Mrs. J. G. Children went to spend a little time with their very dear friends Mr. and Mrs. Gregg at Wallington in Surrey. They had not been long on their visit there, when Mrs. Children was taken ill, the infant prematurely and still-born; and after about a fortnight, during part of which hopes were entertained she might recover, and notwithstanding the extreme care

taken of her, this young, lovely, and affectionate wife was snatched from her desolate husband. His grief may be imagined. I cannot dwell upon it. How lovely and how amiable she was, the enduring impression she has left on the heart and memory of her husband's daughter may perhaps best prove. Forty-two years and more have passed since that fatal 19th of August; yet her person and manner are as vividly in that daughter's recollection as if they had made their impression only yesterday; and to this hour the survivors of her sisters are among that daughter's dearest friends. I will close this melancholy subject with some lines written by her husband long years after her death, which show how lasting was his sorrow for her loss. He had at length so far mastered his feelings that he could occasionally visit his much-valued friends at Wallington. The lines were occasioned by his having a room assigned to him, which by a mistake of the servant was, to use his own words, "too well furnished."

LINES WRITTEN AT WALLINGTON, FRIDAY NIGHT, OCT. 11TH, 1816—INSCRIBED, WITH SINCERITY AND GRATITUDE, TO MRS. FRANCES GREGG (WHO WILL WANT NO NOTES) BY HER OBLIGED AND FAITHFUL,—

JOHN GEORGE CHILDREN.

1.

Two pillows to my widow'd bed!
Alas! on one this aching head
  Can seldom find repose.
Hence! hence! vain, idle mockery!
Remembrancer—I need not thee
  To wake undying woes.

2.

Six cheerless years have rolled away
Since, Happiness, thy last dim ray
  Here faded from my sight ;
No joy from that dark hour I've known—
Then Misery marked me for her own,
  And put e'en Hope to flight.

3.

Love's bursting heart and burning prayer,
And friendship's anxious, tender care,
  Could nought avail to save—
Heaven's awful summons issued forth,
And loveliness, and truth, and worth
  Sank in the gloomy grave!

4.

I murmur not at Heaven's decree,
Nor would e'en this sad destiny
  By means unholy shun :
The gracious Power who gave the boon
His wisdom has recall'd so soon
  Is just—His will be done!

5.

Oh thou, o'er whose benignant soul
Virtue asserts her mild control
  And sways thy willing mind,
Whose every deed and word and thought
To goodness tends, by goodness taught,
  The kindest of the kind!

6.

In that dear form, so lov'd, so mourn'd,
Thy generous spirit well discern'd
  A sister spirit there,
And with a more than sister's love
To save the drooping suff'rer strove,
  And snatch me from despair.

7.

Alas! vain effort! yet th' essay
Distraction's fever to allay
Is worthy hearts like thine;
Oh, may each bliss that flows from Heaven
To recompense that heart be given
That would have bound up mine!

8.

Long may'st thou by example show
That virtue's votaries e'en below
Perfection may attain!
And when recall'd to kindred skies,
In nature scarce more angel, rise
And join thy kindred train!

I must return to the autumn of 1810. Almost immediately after his heavy trial, Mr. J. G. Children again sought some diversion to his grief in change of scene, and, with his friend Mr. John Scoones of Tunbridge, set off for the North, Ireland being their ultimate object. They went as far as Edinburgh and Glasgow; but at the latter place Mr. Children received letters from his father on important business connected with the sale of the property at Tunbridge,* and in consequence turned his steps homeward immediately: his cousin, Mr. George Whitehead, who had joined them, and Mr. Scoones, proceeding to Ireland. A book of very beautiful sketches, made by the latter on this tour, he kindly gave the daughter of his friend, and they are now of increased value as a memento of one no longer an inhabitant of this world.

* The sale did not, however, take place at that period.

Mr. Children retained his house at Harefield but a very short time—indeed only till he could find a tenant for it, and once more took up his abode at Ferox Hall with his father. His daughter was now at school. He continued his scientific pursuits, and particularly his experiments with the galvanic battery. In the autumn of 1811 he again set off for the North, accompanied this time by his father and child, and also by Mr. Samuel Solly, who after the whole party had spent some time in visiting some relations and connexions of Mr. Children's in Westmoreland, and in seeing the beauties of the Lake district, proceeded with him to Scotland and Ireland, while the others returned to the South. While they were all in the lake country, they went of course to Lodore. It was, however, a water-course, but scarcely a water-fall, for the season had been dry. Mr. Children senior wrote the following invocation to the Genius of the Fall:—

Romantic, rugged, roaring, loud Lodore,
On this rough rock reclin'd my prayer I pour—
Stir up the spirits of the vasty deep
To dash a deluge down thy stony steep;
Deafen us with din, and spatter us with spray—
Nor let us grudging, grumbling, gang away.

The Genius was propitious, and at their next visit the cascade was full; on which Mr. Children added the following:—

Thanks, kind Lodore!
We grieve no more
To find thy channel dry—

Now, good Skiddaw,
The clouds withdraw,
And bare thy summit high—

Then, all this scene
We shall have seen
With wonders so beset,
And Keswick's lake and mountains tall,
And Keswick's glorious waterfall,
We never shall forget.

The lines below were written by the elder Mr. Children during the same excursion. Sir William Scott, afterwards Lord Stowell, and Lord Eldon, were both members of the Middle Temple, of which society Mr. Children senior was a bencher.

ON BEING SHOWN THE HOUSE IN WHICH SIR WILLIAM SCOTT AND LORD ELDON WERE BORN, A VERY MEAN ONE, IN ONE OF THE VERY NARROW STREETS CALLED CHAIRS, IN THE TOWN OF NEWCASTLE.

In this poor dwelling were those brothers born,
Who now fair Themis' highest seats adorn!
Whose each decree is ratified by her,
Each in his court her sure interpreter!
Both in the Senate fam'd for manly sense,
Flowing in streams of classic eloquence;
This to one House by learning's suffrage sent,
By royal writ *that* Lord of Parliament,
Where, sitting 'midst his peers, he regulates
With mild authority their high debates.
With wisdom, zeal, and purity of heart,
Each in their Sovereign's councils bearing part,
Both in the general interests of the realm;
One in the secret guidance of the helm,
Seated at which, with great and good compeers,
The bark of state through storms he safely steers.

Hail to the land whose laws the path leave free
For every rank, to wealth and dignity!
Hail to the talents, industry, and worth,
Which to such heights have risen from such a birth!
But hail, still more, the moderation rare,
Which all these honours can so meekly bear;
The warm benevolence of either breast
In public and in private life confess'd!
Which bids them think, if rightly understood,
Wealth, power, and place, but trusts for others' good!
This checks each envious thought in every mind,
This bids revere the friends of human kind,
And prompts the prayer, that, safe from every blast,
The fortune of their house may ever last.

Mr. J. G. Children in Edinburgh consulted Dr. Hamilton, having been unwell for some time. His mental sufferings had increased his indisposition, but both were borne with a submissive spirit, as the following extract from his Journal will show:—"Dr. H. encouraged me to hope, that with care I may yet regain fair health. God's blessed will be done! and I pray him to grant me, above all things, a pious unaffected submission to his holy dispensations, with heartfelt gratitude for those blessings, which have been many, that his mercy has bestowed on me; and, if it shall please him to add to them restoration to health, that my recovered faculties may be constantly and earnestly employed in good, to the welfare of my fellow-creatures, and his glory." From Edinburgh Mr. J. G. C. and Mr. Solly made a Highland tour and visited Staffa, and I am tempted to give an extract from a letter of the former to his young daughter,

on account of the epitome of his own life, which the conclusion of it presents:—

"Glasgow, October 3rd, 1811.

. . . . "At Ulva we were obliged to put up with a very small double-bedded room to eat, drink, and sleep in, where by morning we were pretty nearly as well dried by the peat-smoke as a couple of Westmoreland hams! . . . . . During the night the weather got worse, and, when daylight came, it only came to make the rain visible, which had audibly pattered against our window in the dark. Thus we were situated in a hole dirtier than a pig-stye, either to wait there, probably several days, or to go away without accomplishing the object for which we expressly came—when . . . before eleven o'clock the weather cleared off, the wind moderated, and we proceeded to Staffa, under circumstances as auspicious as at first they had been unpromising. And this little adventure, my dear girl, is no bad epitome of human life, the whole tenor of which is often not less chequered than a September day. How often the morning of life breaks in a cloudless sky, yet is succeeded by a day of storm and tempest; but still we must not despair—the evening of that day may yet be serene and tranquil, and a night of calm repose at last close the scene. The parallel holds still further—that night is not the *final* close—morning and light must return; but here the simile fails, for the natural morn may again be overcast; but the morn of a future life must, to the good, break in the brightest sunshine! . . . . To

return to my tale. Staffa was all, and more than I expected, and we left it to return with regret; for I would gladly have spent many hours in examining this wonderful monument of natural architecture."

In September or October, 1812, an accident occurred to Sir Humphry Davy in the laboratory at Tunbridge, the effects of which were such as to confine him for many days to his room, and from which it seems almost a miracle that Mr. Children was preserved, as both were at the same moment equally near the source of the mischief. I will give the account in Sir H. D.'s own words, contained in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, "on a new Detonating Compound," which was read to the Royal Society, November 5th, 1812:—

"My dear Sir,

"I think it right to communicate to you, and through you to the Royal Society, such circumstances as have come to my knowledge respecting a new and a very extraordinary detonating compound. I am anxious that those circumstances should be made public as speedily as possible, because experiments upon the subject may be connected with very dangerous results; and because I have already mentioned the mode of preparing it to many of my chemical friends, to whom my experience may be useful in saving them from danger."

Sir Humphry then goes on to say that in September he had "received a letter from a philosophical gentleman at Paris," in which he mentioned "la découverte

qu'on a faite à Paris, il y a près d'un an, d'une combinaison de gaz azote et de chlorine, qui a l'apparence d'une huile plus pesante que l'eau, et qui détonne avec toute la violence des métaux fulminans à la simple chaleur de la main, ce qui a privé d'un œi et d'un doigt l'auteur de cette découverte.' The letter contained no account of the mode of preparation of this substance." Davy then (unable to obtain any details from France) prepared to institute experiments on the subject for himself, and had begun to work, "when," he says, "my friend Mr. J. G. Children put me in mind of a circumstance of which he had written to me an account, in the end of July, which promised to elucidate the inquiry, viz. that Mr. James Burton junior, in exposing chlorine to a solution of nitrate of ammonia, had observed the formation of a yellow oil, which he had not been able to collect so as to examine its properties, as it was rapidly dissipated by exposure to the atmosphere. Mr. Children had tried the same experiment with similar results."

Sir H. D. then made a trial, and produced a globule of the oil which exploded when "in contact with water at a gentle heat;" and then he adds, "I immediately proposed to Mr. Children that we should institute a series of experiments upon its preparation and its properties. We consequently commenced the operations, the results of which I shall describe. We were assisted in our labours, which were carried on in Mr. Children's laboratory at Tunbridge, by Mr. Warburton."

I must content myself with merely saying, that they succeeded in making the substance; but, on attempting to obtain it in large quantities in Wolfe's bottles, the whole apparatus was destroyed by a violent explosion. Not daunted, however, they went on; and Sir H. D. adds, "I attempted to collect the products of the explosion of the new substance, . . . but . . . a violent flash of light was perceived, with a sharp report; the tube and glass were broken into small fragments, and I received a severe wound in the transparent cornea of the eye, which has produced a considerable inflammation of the eye, and obliges me to make this communication by an amanuensis. This experiment proves what extreme caution is necessary in operating on this substance, for the quantity I used was scarcely as large as a grain of mustard seed. . . . . The mechanical force of this compound in detonation, seems to be superior to that of any other known, not even excepting the ammoniacal fulminating silver. The velocity of its action appears to be likewise greater." It was presumed to be a compound of azote and chlorine. Sir H. D. was laid up for some time by this accident at Ferox Hall, where Lady Davy joined him.

In this year, 1812, Mr. Children was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Edinburgh.

Meanwhile the affairs of the Tunbridge Bank had become more and more perplexed; and I cannot better or more simply state the occurrence of a crisis in their concerns which ultimately though unex-

pectedly involved entire and irretrievable ruin, than by giving Mr. Children senior's manly and plain letter to his dearest friend Mr. Justice Grose:—

"My dear Friend,

"I have but time to inform you, that on the fullest consideration, assisted by Major Woodgate's friends Mr. Pott and Mr. Allnutt, we have resolved that it is not only wise but necessary to put a stop to our bank concern, and we shut up our doors to-morrow.

"You will be sorry to hear that it has been a very losing as well as troublesome business. The amount of loss I cannot yet ascertain; but there was no chance of making it less by going on longer, if we could have done so. I shall not return to town at present; and John G. will I believe come down to-morrow, and Anna with him. You will see an advertisement in the papers on Tuesday for a meeting of our creditors at the Town-hall here to-morrow se'n-night.

"You will not suppose I am in very good spirits or very well; but I am ever,

"Most faithfully and affectionately yours,

"Geo. Children.

"Tunbridge, Dec. 6th, 1812."

The kind answer deserves to be recorded also:—

"My dear Friend,

"After a very heavy day yesterday, my labours were terminated by the unfortunate account contained

in your letter, which has equally mortified and distressed me, and in truth has murdered sleep; and after all I know not what to say, or think, or do. I can only say that my houses are both at the command of yourself and John George; do what you will with them; if your presence at Tunbridge is not necessary, and yet I fear it must, where can you be so well as with an old friend who has so many years loved and valued you, and is ready to prove it in any way that is in his power? in short, command me."

The harassing nature of this state of things may very well be conceived; but even yet there was so much reason to suppose that when all was wound up a handsome surplus would remain to Mr. Children, such as might enable him, though no longer the proprietor of large estates, still to live in the possession of great comfort, and even affluence; that it was not for some years that the worst was either known or apprehended, nor did any very material alteration in the manner of his living appear to be necessary, though some was made. He was deservedly beloved and popular in his native place, and there he remained until, as will hereafter be seen, the real state of his fortune became apparent to him. For the present then there is little occasion to dwell on this sad part of my subject. Had either father or son sooner known the truth, the evil day would not have been so long put off as it was. As I have said above, things went on pretty nearly as usual,

and Mr. J. G. Children had no necessity for relinquishing his beloved scientific pursuits. The principal objects of his attention just now were the improvement of the galvanic battery and the experiments which he was at this time also making on charcoal, &c. for gunpowder. This latter was connected with a subject which may be once for all here briefly mentioned. The late well-known and much-esteemed Mr. Burton had about eight years before purchased an estate between Tunbridge and Tunbridge Wells, and had built a house called Mabledon, where with his family he resided many years. An affectionate friendship between them and the family at Ferox Hall sprang up, and I rejoice to think yet exists among the survivors. Another circumstance is also connected with this part of my narrative. Sir H. Davy had turned his attention to the subject of gunpowder, and had suggested very considerable improvements in its manufacture. Out of this sprang an idea, how arising matters little, of establishing some gunpowder mills at Ramhurst on part of the property of the elder Mr. Children, and a dwelling-house at a moderate distance from the mills for the family from Ferox Hall. The partnership was at first proposed to consist of Sir H. Davy, Mr. Burton, and Mr. J. G. Children; but Sir H. D., though he gave the firm the advantage of his knowledge and research, was never I believe an actual partner. The Ramhurst mills are still the property of Mr. William Burton, and continue to be worked. Mr. Children

had withdrawn from the business many years before his death.

The mention of Mabledon induces me to insert here two little compositions written by Mr. J. G. Children, one in the Album at Mabledon, the other in answer to a request that his daughter's visit there might be prolonged.

IN THE MABLEDON ALBUM, WHOSE COVER IS VERY SPLENDID.

ALBUM (*loquitur*).

Like thee, fair Mabledon, with honest pride
I boast a beauteous and a gay outside ;
May every page evince a nearer kin,
And nought but purity be found within.

J. G. C.

When beauty pleads with friendship by her side,
When hospitality with grace allied
Prefers the suit, what sturdy churl could say
To such request, the harsh, ungrateful "Nay"?
What father, to his daughter's welfare blind,
Deny the wish of friends so true, so kind?—
When in the book of human bliss my name,
By Heaven's all-chastening will, a blot became,
Trembling, submissive to the dread decree,
One prayer I offered, my sweet child, for thee!
Though 'reft of her whose parent hand should guide
Thy tender bark o'er youth's unsteady tide ;
Though closed, for ever closed, that watchful eye
Whose glance each merit or defect could spy,
Though still, alas! that anxious, gentle heart,
Which beat, to thine each virtue to impart,
And would (had mercy spar'd) have form'd my child,
Itself the model, patient, generous, mild ;

Fervent I prayed—a mother's needful care
At friendship's bounteous hand you yet might share ;
That prayer is granted—now remains one more,
A pleasing task, for gratitude to pour:
" May you, kind friends, on life's eventful stage
From cradled infancy to crutched age,
The plaudits conscious worth alone can give—
Blessing and bless'd—still merit, still receive ;
Still play your parts in happiness and ease,
Each way be pleasant, and each path be peace ! "

I may also insert here a Prologue written by Mr. Children senior, for some Christmas theatricals at Mabledon :—

On opening a new theatre, I guess
The audience will expect a new Address—
The thing's of course, and cannot be dispensed with,
What, in all times, a playhouse has commenced with.
Aware of this, the Drury Lane Committee,
Compos'd of men prudent alike and witty,
Wisely held forth to public emulation
The honour to compose the first oration,
Pledging themselves, by whomsoe'er produc'd,
The first that came should certainly be us'd ;
And, still to put their plan on surer ground,
Promis'd a solid prize of twenty pound!
I can't tell how, but it fell out, indeed—
The well-laid project did not well succeed:
Wits went to work, and sent addresses many,
But the Committee did not quite like any,
And, in this hobble, thought it not absurd
To save their money and to break their word,
And beg one gratis from a noble lord—
This they must needs adopt—like it or loath,
They could not look a gift-horse in the mouth;

Though, some think in the lot they might have found
One just as good, though not worth twenty pound!—
For our new theatre what shall we say?
'Tis spick and span, ne'er seen before to-day;
Not, like the Phœnix, claims it for its sire
One that in fragrance died by brilliant fire—
None e'er stood here before: dear Mabledon,
Thanks to the stars! has never been burnt down;
Its merits, at a glance, you all must see,
Neatness, arrangement, taste, simplicity.
Enough—more largely on its praise to dwell
Would hurt the modest skill employ'd so well;
It better would become us playing elves
To say a word or two about ourselves—
Bold is our venture on this night-sprung stage,
Mushrooms ourselves, whate'er our sex or age;
Actors and actresses self-form'd, self-taught,
With no experience, no instruction fraught;
Without acquaintance with one player profess'd,
Of no stage-tricks, no secret arts possess'd;
Ne'er lesson'd how to tread, how saw the air,
How mould the face to grief, love, joy, despair;
With none but simple nature for our guide
How to disclose our feelings, or to hide,
We trust to common sense and mother wit
The varying shades of character to hit;
And you may find, before you go from hence,
We overrate our wit and common sense:
Still we come boldly on, secure to find
From partial friends an audience more than kind;
Eager our little merit to descry,
They'll see our failings with indulgent eye,
Accept our wish their moments to beguile,
And on our Christmas gambols fondly smile.

STANZAS BY THE ELDER MR. CHILDREN (Unfinished)

FOUND AMONG THE PAPERS OF HIS SON.

[I imagine they were written in 1813, and certainly at Priory, Sir Nash Grose's residence in the Isle of Wight. The description accords with the natural scenery there, the woods coming down close on the shore.]

1.

Whilst on this hand the billows roll,
  On that the green woods nod,
'Midst these his wonders, rise my soul!
  In worship to thy God!

2.

Can I survey the scene his hands
  Before me here have spread,
And not these spacious, beauteous sands
  In holy reverence tread?

3.

Shall man, the greatest wonder, blest
  With faculties to see
And contemplate his wonders, rest
  In thankless apathy?

4.

When creatures, with but simple life
  And instinct's powers endow'd,
Pour forth, as in one general strife,
  Their gratitude aloud?

5.

As all around, beneath, above,
  I turn my ravish'd eyes,
What miracles of power and love
  On every side arise!

6.

The azure vault of Heav'n—the sun
In his gigantic might—
Rejoicing his blest course to run,
Dispensing life and light.

7.

The towering cliff's majestic form,
Its thick embowering shade,
For piety's effusions warm,
And meditation made.

8.

The birds that 'midst the foliage sing
Or in the green sea lave,
That flutter round me on the wing
Or float upon the wave.

9.

But, chief, itself the boundless main
Arrests my wandering eye,
And calls my duteous, humble strain
Up to the Deity.

10.

How beauteous in its calm repose
* * * * *

The little circle at Ferox Hall now consisted, besides the two gentlemen, of Mr. J. G. Children's daughter, who had been taken from school in consequence of an illness, and her kind governess and good friend Miss Bullen; and, in the desire to entertain both and to improve the former, graver cares and anxieties were

often laid aside. On a visit to the Isle of Wight, Mr. C. senior, with whom travelled his granddaughter and Miss Bullen, kept a journal of their route in verse. They went by way of Brighton, Arundel, and Chichester; and the only portion of the journal which its length will allow me to extract, is that which relates to the cathedral of the latter place.

At Chichester they and their friends met again,
And, taking a luncheon their strength to sustain,
They paid to the ancient cathedral a visit;
If e'er a cathedral was shabby, this is it.
Their hearts still on ent'ring to Heaven they rais'd,
Sigh'd o'er Collins's tomb, and his epitaph prais'd,
Look'd alike with a steady but pitying eye
On the Lennox's pride and the folly of Guy.
One plain simple stone drew from Senex a tear,
For genius cut off in its mid-day career;
And sadly it sooth'd him that tribute to pay
To the kind and warm friend of his own early day,
Whose eloquence, knowledge, and talents confess'd,
E'en with Erskine the forensic palm could contest,
And who, with continuance of life and of health,
Must have reach'd the first summits of honour and wealth.
But still better riches—high'r honour—the mind
Which calmly those flattering prospects resign'd,
Which piously bending to Heaven's decrees
With firmness endur'd ling'ring pain and disease;
Nor losing its fortitude e'en with his breath
Receiv'd with a smile the dread arrow of death—
Such was Peckham, on whose modest marble we trace
But the honour he bore in his own native place.

At a twelfth-day party, 1814, given by Mr. Chil-

dren senior, to please his granddaughter, he sang the following composition of his own:—

1.

My gentle friends, who Anna's fête
So highly grace and honour,
Be sure she feels with heart elate
The favour you have done her;
Who here have come through frost and snow
Your friendly love expressing;
And pray you all, before you go,
Accept an old man's blessing!

2.

Believe it gives him joy to see
His board once more surrounding,
The smiles, the dimples, mirth and glee,
In every face abounding:
The sight such pleasure doth impart
As no one living can tell,
It gives a fillip to his heart,
And makes his old blood mantle.

3.

But ne'er before with equal glow
Did your sweet presence fire him,
Nor e'er this blooming goodly show
With equal joy inspire him;
For never on your rising youth
Could he, with such conviction
Of uttering prophetic truth,
Pronounce his benediction.

4.

Through all your little lives, the roar
Of war and fierce contention
Has raged the earth's wide surface o'er,
And all has been dissension;

Through Europe's bounds an upstart vile
Hath spread his domination,
And even through this happy isle
Hath scattered consternation.

5.

For his own purpose, wise and just,
(To humble and correct
The vanity and pride of dust
That durst his laws reject),
The Power who ruleth over all
The monster's crimes permitted,
And to this scourge the earth's great ball
Almost entire submitted.

6.

Like other instruments employ'd
To execute God's wrath,
In fury through the realms he rode,
Dispensing death and scath ;
Like them puff'd up with impious pride,
And flush'd with long success,
Alike he Heaven and Earth defied
His havoc to repress.

7.

But Heaven, which more delights to sp
Than vengeance to fulfil,
Still sav'd the nations from despair,
And left one refuge still;
All inaccessible by land,
On sea invincible,
Britain to his all-grasping hand
Oppos'd one barrier still.

8.

Her standard, far and wide display'd,
Held forth to all around
Assurance of effective aid,
Of faith and honour sound;
Her great example kept alive
In all the patriot flame,
And in their bosoms bade revive
The sense of generous shame.

9.

They blush'd t' have bent the supple knee
At an usurper's throne,
And rous'd afresh each energy
To pull the tyrant down,
Again with Britain leagued, they hurl'd
Defiance at his head,
And soon the rous'd long-prostrate world
To victory was led.

10.

Repuls'd with shame and desp'rate loss
From Russia's frozen plains,
Germania's wasted fields across,
His den's retreat he gains ;
Again he dares to issue forth
Again to try his fate,
Again the regions of the North
His myriads dissipate.

11.

Defeated, loaded with disgrace,
Once more he gains his den,
And strives fresh conscript slaves to raise
To face his foes again ;

But such misrule his vassal crew
No longer can defend,
With steadfast march his foes pursue,
And soon his pow'r shall end.

12.

Through Europe then shall Peace once more
Her countless blessings spread,
Order and right to all restore,
And raise each downcast head;
No more confusion's dreadful scenes
A suff'ring world shall pain,
And none but rightful kings and queens
By next Twelfth-day shall reign.

13.

For you in whom fresh blooming life
Its opening buds displays,
All undisturb'd by war or strife
Shall pass your happy days;
And while ye bless the world's repose,
But your dear country's most,
How much the world to Britain owes
Shall ever be your boast.

The events of 1814, and the permanent establishment of peace after the Hundred Days, confirmed the bard's prophetic truth. Is the buried hatchet to be dug up again, when an experience of nearly forty years of the blessings of peace should have made the world wiser? Who can say?

It is said that straws show the direction of a stream; and the following trifles written somewhere about this time may give an idea of the current of liveliness and fun which rendered the little home circle at Ferox

Hall quite independent of extraneous amusement. They were, however, about to visit London to share in its recreations, leaving a very favourite and faithful pug-dog at home. No further explanation concerning these bagatelles can be wanted.

FIDELLE'S LAMENTATION TO HER FRIENDS.

Are you going away?
Oh, leave me not, pray;
  Alas, what alone can I do?
At meals catch no bread,
At night no chair-bed;
  Oh dear, your departure I'll rue.

Yet I will not complain,
You'll soon come back again,
  Meantime I my duty will pay;
In your absence I'll guard
House, garden, and yard,
  And rogues, thieves, and rats keep away.

J. G. C.

HER FRIEND'S REPLY. A. M. B. (MISS BULLEN.)

Dear Fidget, I vow
No other bow-wow
  Shall pilfer a bit of my heart;
Though I'm going away,
My affection will stay,
  Nor e'er from my fav'rite depart.

Ev'ry puppy I see
Will remind me of thee,
  Though few are so well skill'd in letters;
They'll catch what they can,
'Tis the nature of man,
  And in that you but rival your betters.

Then be true to your trust,
What must be e'en must,
Short absence but sweetens return;
A truce with your snarling,
Adieu, my heart's darling,
(Signed) Anna Children, Anne Bullen, and Byrne.*

ANNA'S REPLY—WRITTEN IN HER NAME BY G. C. ESQ.

My dainty Fidelle,
When I bid you farewell,
'Twill give me a pain in the gizzard;
To be left all alone,
To fret, sigh, and groan,
Poor jade, I confess that it is hard.

But not long away
Your mistress will stay,
(And I 'm sure you 'll not grudge me a week);
I must have some gadding,
I must see Aladdin,
And dear Catalani hear squeak.

At the grand Exhibitions,
Royal Academicians,
Water-colours and Sir Joshua's;
I must have a look,
And I never can brook
Not to see the new panoramas.

---

* A faithful servant, of whom more will be said hereafter.

Meanwhile never fear,
My sweet greedy dear,
Little cook is good-humour'd and kind;
Full many a bit
Yourself shall call tit,
For your delicate palate she'll find.

In clean straw you shall sleep,
And the watch you 're to keep
Need not much interrupt your repose;
What is left you to guard
In house, garden, or yard,
Is of no mighty value, Heav'n knows.

A week less or more
Very soon will be o'er,
And I promise I 'll do my endeavour,
With Miss Bullen and Byrne,
When once we return,
To spoil you as rarely as ever.

The following is a versification by the elder Mr. Children of the old story, told, I think, of Lord North:—

CONFUSION WORSE CONFOUNDED.

Sir, may I ask, d' ye chance to know
That lady in the second row,
Of face and form sinister?
Indeed I have that pleasure, Sir,
And very truly can aver,
I 'm proud to call her sister.

Sir, you mistake, she 's fair enough,
I mean the lady in a ruff,
With beauty quite at strife;
Well, Sir, I know her better still,
She is, and long I hope she will
Be, my beloved wife.

The little poem by Mr. J. G. C., which I now transcribe, will, I doubt not, remind more than one of my readers of the assemblage of chaffinches, nuthatches, tits, and other small birds at the dear writer's window at Halstead Place, whose delight it was to watch their doings and supply their wants. The lines were inclosed to his daughter:—

Jan. 8th, 1814.

Come hop to your breakfast each chaffinch and tit,
Each sparrow and redbreast may pick up a bit;
Nay, treachery dread not, no trap here is set,
No cruel gun levelled, extended no net,
Secure you may feed without danger or fear,
'Tis Anna that caters your winter to cheer.
May the same gentle spirit, whose influence mild
Bade compassion's pure glow warm the breast of my child,
And in voice small and still softly whisper'd her heart,
There are woes that want language their pangs to impart,
Still delight o'er that heart its sweet empire to own,
And the breast of my Anna be Charity's throne.

Mr. J. G. Children, like so many of his countrymen, paid a short visit to Paris, in company with a small party of friends, in the memorable spring of 1814. The state of things at the French capital at that period is too well known to make any extracts of his letters from thence particularly interesting.

In 1814 an event occurred which was a severe affliction to the elder Mr. Children and his son—the death of their valued and almost oldest friend, Sir Nash Grose. This excellent man had resigned his office of Judge in May, 1813. In the following year, on the 31st of May, he stopped at the Dolphin Inn at Petersfield, on his way from London to his favourite residence, Priory, near Ryde, in the Isle of Wight. He had scarcely entered the room when he fell on a sofa and expired in about ten minutes. His remains were interred in the Isle of Wight. The following inscription for a tablet to his memory and that of his wife was written by his nephew, John Smith, the schoolfellow at Eton and friend of Canning, and one of the authors of the Microcosm: he was for some time Paymaster to the Navy:—

To the Memories of
Sir Nash Grose, Knight,
late one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench, who died on the 31st day of May, in the year of our Lord 1814, and in the 74th year of his age—

And of Dame Mary, his Wife,
who died on the 13th day of April, in the year of our Lord 1794, and in the 46th year of her age.

After the able and upright discharge for twenty-six years of the high duties of a British Judge, and within the first year of that small remainder of existence which, at the conclusion of such public toil, he wished to dedicate to his own repose, the will of the Almighty summoned him to another world, with the humble but assured hope of Christian piety that he would there rejoin that affectionate and virtuous partner from whom he had been separated by a painful interval of twenty years.

Weep not for him, whose noble task is done,
And of that task the meed, life's crown eternal, won,
Who warded strong oppression from the weak,
Who struck at guilt, and made stern justice speak
In mercy's tone: weep not for him who plied
Such high employ—and, clos'd his labours, died!
And thou, mild suff'rer, who with will resign'd,
And, unsubdued by ills, a patient mind,
Of sad existence dragg'd the weary chain,
Short in its span, protracted by its pain,
Now long an inmate of the blest abode,
Mixt with the seraphim and host of God—
Welcome thy stranger, claim him for thine own,
And bow united at the Godhead's throne!

15 June, 1814. J. S.

Sir Nash left one gallant son and a most amiable daughter, the late Mrs. Anwyl; the former soon followed his father, but not by the hand of disease. The same pen which, in 1814, had traced the lines just quoted, had, in one short year, the melancholy office of also recording the following tribute to the character of the son:—

To the Memory of
Captain Edward Grose,
(late of His Majesty's 1st Regiment of Guards,) killed in action with the French Army on the 16th of June, A.D. 1815.

Domus alta sub Idâ
Lyrnessi domus alta, solo Laurente sepulchrum.

Ignavum est redituræ parcere vitæ.

Far from his sea-girt Priory's green domain,
Far from his groves, ancestral tombs, and fane,

Beneath a foreign sod the soldier lies—
What fun'ral pomp proclaim'd his obsequies?
The victors' shouts, the foe's disastrous cries
Have peal'd his dirge, his parting requiem sung,
And his last knell the cannon's thunder rung.
Peace to the brave! The eye, with stern delight,
Beholds the wide confusion of the fight,
Counts in this heap a holocaust of foes
Slain at the altar of mankind's repose;
In that a martyr'd, holy sacrifice
By God accepted, grateful to the skies;
When vict'ry's standard is by freedom furl'd,
And conquest rescues, not enchains the world;—
Holy the ground on which the champion stands,
Holy the weapon, glitt'ring in his hands,
Bright are his dying looks; as western skies
Ting'd by the sinking sun, again to rise
He suffers transient night, and, at his close,
Bequeaths this earth in glory to repose!

I shall here transcribe two pieces of poetry written by Mr. J. G. Children about this time, with the answer to the first by Miss Bullen:—

MY SINCERE WISH.—J. G. C.

Let me from noise and tumult fly
To quiet and obscurity;
Pleas'd let me quit the cares of wealth,
Content with competence and health;
Title, ambition, glory, pow'r,
Obtrude not on my secret hour;
Fair science cheer my humble lot,
And virtue, tenant of my cot,
With pure religion guard my soul
From passion's dangerous, blind control;

And grant me too a friend, kind Heav'n,
(First blessing to poor mortals giv'n,)
Whose honest tongue disdains the lie
That taints the lip of flattery.
Thus let my years unnoticed glide,
Silent, down time's ne'er ebbing tide,
'Till life's frail bark shall reach the shore
Where fortune's billows rage no more,
Where hope and fear alike shall cease,
Lost in the grave's deep lasting peace!

THE WISH ANSWERED.

From scenes of tumult thou may'st fly,
But not to dull obscurity;
Science forbids,—and spurn not thou
The wreath she destines for thy brow:
Religion, virtue, peace, and health
Comprise the Christian sage's wealth;
Well hast thou chos'n that better part
Which Heav'n allots the pure in heart!
And choicest gift to few assign'd
Is granted thee, a kindred mind,
Together blest and blessing live!
God has no greater bliss on earth to give.

A. B.

I give one more piece, written this year by Mr. Children junior:—

TO MY DEAR FATHER (THE BEST OF GOD'S CREATURES) ON HIS BIRTHDAY, DECEMBER 31ST, 1814.

Humble my verse, but pure my pray'r,
As vows of saints and angels are,
For thee shall still to Heaven ascend,
My earliest, dearest, firmest friend!

Who watch'd my cradle, cheer'd my youth,
And led my manhood up to truth,
Show'd me the path thyself hast trod—
Virtue thy guide—the goal thy God!
Oh! teach me still from year to year
To imitate a worth so dear!
Like thee, with equal mind to bear
Or good or ill, repose or care;
Meekly to take th' afflictions given,
And hail each good the boon of Heaven!
And chiefest, as the seasons roll,
This happy day shall cheer my soul—
The dawn that shone upon thy birth,
And lent an angel to the earth,
Bade winter smile as summer gay,
And turn'd December into May!
Oh! may'st thou long our winter bless!
And from thy tree of happiness
May never storm of fortune rude
Scatter one leaf, or blight one bud,
But bloom to prove, matur'd by years—
The lovely fruit that virtue bears!
And when (for Heaven will claim its own)
To brighter realms thy spirit's flown,
Still let its gentle influence
Its blessings and its balm dispense,
Reign in our hearts, refin'd and free,
And lead us up to Heaven and Thee!

J. G. C.

About this time, but I am not quite sure of the exact date, Mr. J. G. Children read a very interesting course of lectures on chemistry, put together by himself, and illustrated by very numerous and beautiful, and almost invariably successful experiments, to his daughter and a few intimate friends in the laboratory

at Tunbridge. I shall extract a few passages of his own from them. The introduction to them began thus:—

"I hope the motives which have induced me to deliver these readings or compilations will not be misconstrued into the absurd vanity of desiring to appear as a lecturer, nor a presumptuous affectation of superior talents and acquirements. Chance led me to the cultivation of a science, in the pursuit of which, though I cannot boast of much progress, I have received most unfeigned pleasure, and have perceived, or thought I perceived, that some acquaintance with Natural Philosophy tends to an extension of liberal sentiments, and to exalt our ideas, both of the Great Author of all things, and of his creature, man. It was natural that with such opinions I should wish to impart to a most dear daughter ideas, which I conceived would at once improve her understanding and enlarge her heart; and it was with this view alone I originally turned my thoughts to these readings."—*Reading First.*

"All experiments establish the conclusion that the point of greatest density of water is not at its freezing point, but a considerable number of degrees above it, viz., at about 40°, and that, as it recedes from 40° towards the freezing point, it suffers expansion.

"It is owing to this singular property of water, that deep seas are never frozen; for the water at the surface, contracting by diminution of temperature whilst above 40°, the superficial strata successively sink during the progress of cooling till the whole has

reached the temperature of 40°, at which attaining its greatest density a further diminution of heat causes it to expand, and the uppermost stratum retains its situation till converted into ice; but this, as I have said, cannot take place till the whole mass of water is cooled down to 40°, an effect which in very deep water the longest winter is too short to accomplish. To whatever cause this singular anomaly that water exhibits be owing, we cannot but recognise the beneficence that ordained it. But for this, in the intense cold of long and severe winters, the rivers and lakes even in our own climate, and towards the poles the very ocean itself, would become solid masses of ice, and all the various beings that people them inevitably perish. It is one principal gratification and reward of philosophy to place in fresh and striking lights the tender mercies of the Great Author of Nature, and to point out, with humility and adoration, the means, not less wonderful than kind, by which he has graciously provided for the safety and comfort of his creatures. Amongst these means, numerous as they are, there are few facts that more beautifully illustrate the beneficence of our Creator than that we have just been considering—in which we behold the usual laws that govern natural events turn in part aside from their direct course, because a rigid adherence to it would have produced inconvenience and distress to the objects whom he has endowed with life, and deigns to cherish with his regard and protection."—*Reading Third.*

" From observing the intimate connexion between

light and heat, some philosophers have been disposed to regard them as ultimately the same, while others consider them as totally distinct. But I have taken up a sufficient portion of your time already, without trespassing on it further by entering the field of controversy. Whichever opinion be correct, facts will be the same, and they are an ample illustration of the harmony which pervades all nature, and of the supreme intelligence and love that directed it; and we find in the sunbeam, that unfolds to our view the beauties of this terrestrial world, an agent that materially contributes to their preservation, and is perhaps the truest emblem of that Omnipotence, at whose fiat it issued forth, when he commanded and said 'Let there be light!'"—*Reading Sixth.*

"It is obvious with what caution we should adopt any system of generalization, or yield to any hypothesis that is not fully borne out by facts. Cautious induction should go hand in hand with chemistry; and scepticism, with regard to theories not strictly supported by experiment, is not only admissible but laudable. Towards the close of the lecture given by Sir Humphry Davy to the members of the Royal Institution, on fluorine, in March 1813, he exhibited a curious artificial production resembling flint, or rather chalcedony, formed by standing nearly forty years in a bottle containing silicated potash in the late Mr. Cavendish's laboratory. This circumstance, Sir Humphry remarked, might be assumed by the Neptunian geologist as an argument in favour of

his hypothesis on the present state of the earth; but one insulated fact, he added, is not sufficient ground to raise a world-making theory upon. And the same may be said of chemical theories: the facts on which they are founded must be numerous, connected, and viewed in every possible light; and if only one is found to militate against the general inference, the full developement of the truth is not yet accomplished; we may, perhaps, have entered the right path, but are by no means at the end of our journey. If our steps need not absolutely be retraced, we must at least continue to proceed; and we shall only ultimately attain our object by avoiding the seductive but false glare of unsupported hypothesis, which, like *the ignis fatuus*, may lead into snares, but cannot permanently or clearly illuminate our road. Experiment alone is the true light of science, and none but her beam can penetrate the thick veil that covers the secret workings of nature, or has the power to disclose her hidden mysteries to the eye of cautious and industrious philsophy."—*Reading Ninth.*

There were twenty-one of these lectures; and although, of course, the strides of science since the years 1814 and 1815 have rendered much of the chemistry of that day, to a certain extent, obsolete, yet, I doubt not, many parts of them would still be found available in the hands of any one capable of adapting them to the progress made since they were read. I must restrict my further extracts to the closing pages of the series.

"Our labours are concluded; and it will ever be a source of gratification to me if they have been productive of information or amusement to you, and have, in any degree, recompensed the patient attention you have had the goodness to bestow on them, and for which I offer you my hearty thanks.

"We have taken a pretty extensive survey of the elementary materials which compose the world we inhabit; and in our examination into the operations of matter, and the laws that regulate them, have perceived throughout an admirable adaptation of means to ends, and a constant tendency to one general system of order and arrangement. . . . . Look at man, look at animated nature throughout, and admire with gratitude the supply of all our wants! Formed to be supported by various agents, all are present to perform their respective offices,—the delicate structure of the organs of respiration requiring the minutest divisions of those particles which are subservient to their functions, and that, unceasingly; in such matter we live and move! The more solid nourishment necessary at stated intervals is equally at hand, but not acquired with equal ease. The bosom of the earth, the great storehouse whence our food is derived, requires cultivation; cultivation requires the ploughshare and the axe; forests must bow and rocks be levelled before barren tracts can be rendered productive, and permanent fertility be ensured; dense matter requires denser to subdue it, and for this the mine opens its bosom to arm us with

its treasures: changes of seasons, variations of temperature—from the summer's heat to the winter's frost, alternations of wet and dry, of calms and tempests, are all equally necessary for the general good. But these vicissitudes would bring distress, if not destruction, upon man, unaided by resources to moderate their effects; hence the quarry yields its stones for our habitations; the sheep its fleece, the vegetable its fibre, for our clothing; and chemistry its art to apply the blessings. But one more yet was wanting, essential to our very existence—whether to moderate the winter's piercing cold (else destructive at the periods of inactivity and rest), to render our food more palatable and wholesome, or, as the right hand of the chemist, to promote the action of agents, which without its aid would be dormant and useless; to these ends a fresh element blazes forth—warmth, light, and life are its attendants.

"So may our hearts blaze forth with gratitude to the wonderful Author of all these blessings; with such warmth may we feel and acknowledge them! With this result philosophy attains indeed her true end and aim. Piety and wisdom are thus united, and, in the immediate benefits we derive from our knowledge here, we acquire conviction of the beneficence that accorded them; feel with delight that Infinite Power has created and befriends us; and dare humbly to hope it has yet in store for us blessings to our present limited faculties incomprehensible, in the world beyond the grave!"—*Conclusion of the Twenty-first Reading.*

In Thomson's Annals of Philosophy for August 1813, under the head "Scientific Intelligence," is the following notice :—

"On Saturday, the 2nd of July, J. G. Children, Esq. put in action the greatest galvanic battery that has ever been constructed." Of this immense battery Mr. Children afterwards gave a full account in a paper to the Royal Society, which was read on the 15th June, 1815, and is printed in the Philosophical Transactions for that year, p. 363, from which I give a few extracts. "In 1809, I presented to the Society a short account of some experiments performed with a voltaic battery of unusually large plates, which has been honoured by publication in the Philosophical Transactions for that year. Since that period I have constructed another of still larger dimensions, the effects of which form the subject of the present communication. The copper and zinc plates of this apparatus are connected together in the usual order by leathern straps; they are 6 feet long by 2 feet 8 inches broad, each plate presenting 32 square feet of surface. . . . . The first trial of the power of this instrument was made in July 1813, in the presence of several philosophical friends, but the effects then fell very short of my expectations, arising, as I afterwards found, from a defect in the construction, which has since been remedied, and another copper plate added to each member of the series, so that every cell now contains one zinc and two copper plates, and each surface of zinc is opposed to a surface of copper.

This was done at the suggestion of Dr. Wollaston; and has very materially increased the power of the battery."—It is only possible here to mention two or three of the results. The experiments were made in the presence of a large concourse (I may call it) of scientific persons, among whom were Dr. Wollaston, Dr. Thomson, Mr. Brande, Mr. Pepys, &c. Two deeply regretted were absent, Sir Humphry Davy abroad, in consequence of severe ill health, and the lamented Mr. Tennant, who had not long before, as I shall presently notice more at length, been killed accidentally near Boulogne.—Those who are well aware of the resistance platina affords to heat, may judge by the experiments I now mention of the igniting power of the battery.

"Experiment 1.—5 feet 6 six inches of platina wire, $\frac{11}{100}$ of an inch in diameter, were heated red throughout, visible in daylight."

"Experiment 3.—A bar of platina $\frac{1}{6}$ of an inch square and $2\frac{1}{4}$ inches long, was heated red and fused at the end;" and,

"Experiment 4.—A round bar of the same metal, $\frac{276}{1000}$ of an inch in diameter and $2\frac{1}{2}$ inches in length, was heated bright red throughout."

"Pure iridium was fused into an imperfect globule, not quite free from small cavities. . . . . Ruby and sapphire were not fused; blue spinel ran into a slag; gadolinite fused into a globule; magnesia was agglutinated; zircon from Norway was imperfectly fused; quartz, silex, and plumbago were not affected."

I must close the notice of the experiments with one suggested by Mr. Pepys, and in itself extremely curious. "In the year 1796 M. Clouet converted iron into steel by cementation with the diamond." . . . . . The details of both Clouet's and Mushet's experiments may be found in the fifth volume of the Philosophical Magazine. Sir George Mackenzie repeated both Clouet's experiments and those of Mr. Mushet, and obtained results confirming the conclusions of the French chemist. The labours of this gentleman, indeed, seem sufficiently conclusive; but, if a doubt should remain, it occurred to Mr. Pepys that the battery would afford an *experimentum crucis* on the subject; and his ingenuity readily suggested a mode of making it every way unobjectionable. He bent a wire of pure soft iron, so as to form an angle in the middle, in which part he divided it longitudinally, by a fine saw. In the opening so formed, he placed diamond powder, securing it in its situation by two finer wires, laid above and below it, and kept from shifting, by another small wire bound firmly and closely round them. All the wires were of pure soft iron; and the part containing the diamond powder was enveloped by thin leaves of talc. Thus arranged, the apparatus was placed in the electrical circuit, when it soon became red hot, and was kept so for six minutes. The ignition was so far from intense, that few who witnessed the experiment expected, I believe, any decisive result. On opening the wire, however, Mr. Pepys found that the whole of the dia-

mond had disappeared; the interior surface of the iron had fused into numerous cavities, notwithstanding the very moderate heat to which it had been exposed; and all that part which had been in contact with the diamond was converted into perfect blistered steel. A portion of it being heated red and plunged into water, became so hard as to resist the file, and to scratch glass. This result is conclusive, for as the contact of any carbonaceous substance, except the included diamond, was effectually guarded against, to that alone can the change produced in the iron be referred."

For the above experiments, Mr. Children, in the year 1828, received the Royal Institution Medal, founded by the late John Fuller, Esq., "for chemical discoveries."

The worth of the experiments made with this battery has not been overlooked, even during the brilliant progress which all branches of galvanic science have made in the lapse of so many years. That Dr. Bostock, in his "History of Galvanism," should, as he has done, p. 92 *et seq.* have spoken in honour of it, and given a detailed account of the experiments, showed indeed that it was then, 1818, considered an important feature in the history of the science; but the fact that both Dr. Thomson and Mr. Brande, in editions of some of their works published so recently as 1840 and 1841, have quoted the experiments made with it as still interesting and conclusive, is a yet stronger testimony to their value. Dr. Thomson says,

p. 372 of his volume on "Heat and Electricity," "An unexceptionable set of experiments on the conducting power of the different metals was made by Mr. Children in the year 1814. These experiments I was fortunate enough to witness."

The meetings for the purpose of trying the powers of the battery were, as may be supposed from the vast amount of talent and learning then assembled at Tunbridge, most highly interesting in a social as well as scientific view. The lines which follow, written and recited or sung by Mr. Children senior, after the dinner on the occasion of the meeting in March 1815, are a fitting close to the subject :—

1.

For the honour you've done us, I feel I should say
Something more than a few hasty words can convey,
And, as I'm not good at harangues that are long,
Instead of a speech, I have writ down a song.

2.

The subject I've ventured to choose for my lay
Is that which engaged your researches to-day ;
But think not my humble pretensions aspire
To galvanic force or to galvanic fire.

3.

I have witness'd with wonder the potent ignition
Produc'd by two metals in juxta-position,
The blaze that would make e'en an eagle's eye blink
Call'd forth by the union of copper and zinc.

4.

I have seen to this power so lately reveal'd
The hardest and toughest of substances yield,
The diamond consum'd bid adieu to its glare,
And platina's self dissolv'd into air.

5.

No animal life of the sea or the land
Its death-doing shock can one moment withstand,
While the ladies have seen with surprise and with dread
That it puts into action the limbs of the dead.

6.

Of this wonderful agent how odd the detection!
What trifles, exciting a train of reflection,
Have given philosophers' genius a jog,
From the Great Newton's apple to Galvani's frog!

7.

Once discover'd, of course the attention it drew
Of all who fair science's luxury knew;
They were eager its nature and cause to explain,
And all its minutest effects ascertain.

8.

That twice for this object it hither hath won
A circle so honour'd and lov'd by my son
Is the source of a pride I shall ever retain
While memory holds her seat in this brain.

9.

That the circle is chiefly the same as before
Enhances my pride and my pleasure the more;
For some who are absent, it does my heart good
To know that they would have been here if they could.

10.

But for two vacant seats, I am sure you all join
Your hearty regret and deep sorrow with mine—
Fill'd by two of such talents, attainment, and worth,
That with justice their country is proud of their birth.

11.

But one* will return, and to science's store
Add many a brilliant discovery more;
For the other—alas! there remains but the tear
Of respect and affection to drop on his bier! †

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* Sir Humphry Davy, then abroad.

† "For the other—alas!" This alludes to the melancholy death of Smithson Tennant, Esq., of whom a very interesting biographical account will be found in the sixth volume of Thomson's Annals. From it the following notice of the sad circumstances which finished the career of one whom all who knew him loved is taken:—"Mr. Tennant went to France early in September, 1814, and, after visiting Paris, and making a tour into the southern provinces, he returned in the month of November to Paris, and on the 15th of the following February reached Calais on his (intended) return homeward. Being detained at Calais by contrary winds, he went to Boulogne, and on the 22nd of February rode with a German officer, Baron Bulow, to see Bonaparte's pillar. On their return from thence, they deviated a little from the road, in order to look at a small fort near the pillar, the entrance to which was over a fosse 20 feet deep. On the side towards them was a standing bridge for some way till it joined a drawbridge which turned on a pivot. The end next to the fort rested on the ground. On the side towards them it was usually fastened by a bolt; but the bolt had been stolen about a fortnight before, and was not replaced. As the bridge was too narrow for them to go abreast, the Baron said he would go first, and attempted to ride over it; but, perceiving that it was beginning to sink, he made an effort to pass the centre, and called out to warn his companion of the danger—but it was too late, they were both precipitated into the trench. The Baron escaped without serious

The pleasant days in which such pursuits could be followed by Mr. J. G. Children as a man of leisure were fast drawing to a close; but, before I enter upon that painful period of my narrative, I must insert two pieces of poetry written in the course of the year 1815, of which I am now speaking, towards the close of which, as will be seen in the latter piece, anxiety for his father's health was added to other cares. The father's too partial estimate of his child must be allowed for in the following:—

TO MY DEAR ANNA, MARCH 16TH, 1815.—HEAVEN BLESS THE DAY!

My Anna's birth to celebrate
I take my pencil, though 'tis late,
And for a rhyme my muse will woo
Before the clock hard by strikes *two*.
One it has struck already—mark,
Old Time jogs on through light and dark,
And hour on hour, and day on day,
Wins he, and wears he still away!
Thus marches on from year to year,
And now gives sixteen to my dear—
Sixteen have pass'd since first my arms
Were blest with Anna's early charms—
Fair promise of her future worth,
That smil'd propitious on her birth!
Nor has the smile delusive prov'd—
The joy the cherub infant mov'd;
Blessing and blest, loving, belov'd,
Youth's ripening merit has approv'd—

---

hurt; to Mr. Tennant the catastrophe was fatal—he died within the hour, and his remains were interred a few days afterwards in the public cemetery at Boulogne."

Approv'd by duty, virtue, grace,
Lovely in mind, not sham'd in face!
Though not too tall, yet scarce too short,
A little fat—but, cease my sport:—
Where loveliness of mind resides,
What matters form or aught besides?
That blessed gift—Heaven's own bequest—
Outweighs them all, whate'er the rest!
'Tis the true jewel of all worth,
The gem celestial lent to earth!
Cherish, dear girl, that treasure still,
Through weal or woe, through good or ill;
In your heart's casket kept secure,
Its polish ever will endure,
Nor waste of years, nor tooth of care
The lustre of its surface wear.
My Muse has just cried out, "My friend,
Your verses"—"What, ma'am?"—"rhymes then,—end,
For, hark! the clock is striking two,
And more to-night I will not do."
"Yes, pray, old lady, one line more
You shall, if I sit up till four;
One little rhyme you can't refuse—
Will you, my little, tiny Muse?
'Tisn't oft, you know, I plague ye:"—"Well!
What is't you want?"—"I'll try to tell—
'Tis this—Oh help me, jests apart,
To speak the feelings of my heart!
To pour its gratitude to Heav'n
For the sweet blessing it has given!
To pray its mercy still will cheer
My Anna's life from year to year!
Still keep her heart from evil free,
And bless her, as she blesses me!"

During an illness of Mr. Children senior, from which indeed he never wholly recovered, Mr. J. G. C.

on his father's birth-day, presented his daughter with a box of jewels that had been his "lamented Caroline's," in which were inclosed the verses I copy:—

TO ANNA CHILDREN, WITH HER FATHER'S FONDEST AND DEAREST BLESSING, DEC. 31ST, 1815.

Not this the season, nor the subject this
For jingling tinsel rhyme—far other thoughts,
Far other feelings, now possess my soul
Than may by such be taught. The voice of love,
Affection, duty, tenderness, regret,
Needs not the modulated tone of verse;
Simplicity best suits the simple heart,
Whose language needs no ornament but truth.
Not this the season—though so oft with joy
I 've hail'd the glad return of this dear day;
For he our little circle's sun, from whom
The radiant beams of blessing flow'd on all,
Dimm'd for a while by sickness' cheerless cloud,
Sheds not its wonted brightness on the scene.
The vacant channel, whose far-winding course
Through smiling meadows erst brought life and joy,
Robb'd of its living waters, but remains
A blank memorial of past benefits;
Not yielded now the blessings of its tide—
E'en so this day in each succeeding year
Has been the channel of our purest bliss;
But now the brightness of its stream obscured,
Grief mingles with the draught erewhile so sweet;
Yet, thanks to God, we grieve not with despair!
Nor, though we sorrow, sorrow without hope!
Though long withheld, the blessed dews of Heaven
Shall still again bid every fountain flow;
And to our prayers, in mercy from above
With healing on his wings, a minist'ring spirit

Descending, Health's fair tide shall pour again—
Again the channel of our joy be full.
The little treasure that you find beneath,
Of light account in sordid eyes, and yet
Almost the dearest, strongest I could give,
Accept, dear girl, a token of my love!
Oh never hang that cross upon your breast,
But think it once repos'd on purity.
So shall no erring, wanton spirit dare,
Scar'd by that Ægis, to approach to thine,
Nor thought you e'er can blush at, enter it.
Thus deck'd in the same jewels, strive, oh strive,
To emulate the loveliness and worth
They once adorn'd—faint ornaments indeed
To loveliness—whose chiefest is herself!
Such may they be to you, their brilliant glare
Surpass'd by the mild lustre of your mind!
And let the day selected for the gift
Enhance its worth—an angel's they were once,
And now in angel-hour transferr'd to you.
And ye, dear saints, who from the realms of peace,
View your deserted one in anguish bow—
In anguish, but submissive to high Heaven—
Oh hear again the voice, whose accents once
Ye fondly lov'd to hear! oh guard my child!
Watch o'er her heart! direct her every thought,
And let your virtues live again in her!

J. G. C.

In 1816 the long-impending blow fell, and the result of the stoppage of the Tunbridge Bank was ascertained to be—bankruptcy and ruin! There is neither utility nor wisdom in dwelling on such a period; but it is due to the memory of Mr. Children senior, one of the most upright men who ever lived, to mention a few facts (left on record in his own hand-

writing, in a copy of an address to his creditors)—and to that of his son, to give two or three extracts from a paper also found in Mr. C. senior's hand-writing, exonerating his son from all blame on the score of undue expense. Mr. Children in his address to the creditors explains, especially to his " private and personal ones," the " unexpected and fatal turn which things had taken in" his affairs, and which was briefly this. At the time the Tunbridge Bank stopped payment, Mr. Children was creditor to a large amount on his account with the bank, and another partner debtor to the bank more than twice as much; but, from " the holders of joint securities from the partners of the bank having come in to prove under the separate commission against him, more than three-fourths of his assets were absorbed, and his personal creditors, instead of receiving their twenty shillings in the pound, were obliged to take only an equal dividend with them." Mr. C. adds, " That these debts, or any part of them, are not mine to pay, I suspect is already pretty well understood. Those debts are purely and entirely debts of the bank; they were for money and stock borrowed for the support of the bank when it was under difficulties, and were all applied solely to the use of the bank; out of the bank funds therefore they ought to have been repaid;" and he further says, " The hardship upon me (or rather upon my personal creditors) to be obliged to pay any part of them is most evident. I cannot, however, deny the legal right of the holders to come upon me for what they

can get, nor do I complain of their having thought fit to exert that right. I can only say it produces that defalcation from my assets which I did not foresee, and thus falsifies the assurance I most honestly gave my own creditors that they would lose nothing by me." The property (to increase the disappointment to Mr. C.) sold very ill, but it "still produced doubly enough to have paid every farthing which in truth and in justice it ought to have fallen on *him* to pay. A part of the address consisted of an explanation of his son's honourable conduct concerning a farm which had been some years before made over to him by Mr. C. senior, and the validity of which deed of gift was questioned; and the other paper to which I alluded contains some passages which in justice to Mr. J. G. Children ought, even at this distance of time, to be briefly inserted here, as those who knew little of the matter had spoken in a manner that induced Mr. C. to draw up the document in order to clear his son of all blame in the disasters under which they were suffering. After greatly regretting that he had not earlier acquainted his son with the exact state of his affairs, he says, "If I had followed his advice and wishes in 1810, and then sold all my property, I should have had, at the very least, a clear surplus of 70,000*l*. For any improper expenses he can be charged with at any period of his life, I think he stands exculpated, from the apprehension he always entertained at the time they were incurred of my being perfectly able to afford them; and especially for

those which he is supposed to have lavished on his chemical and philosophical pursuits, I can safely say the amount of them has been too moderate to be seriously mentioned as ruinous, and, by having for some years confined him to a quiet, cheap life at home, they have been the means of necessarily preventing much more considerable expenses, which must have been the consequence of his living more in the world."

The immediate result of this catastrophe was the breaking up of housekeeping at Tunbridge. Mr. J. G. Children's great anxiety was on his father's account; and indeed at the advanced age of 74, and then under Sir Everard Home's care for a painful complaint, it was a source of great solicitude to find a home where he might pass the remnant of his days. More than usually vigorous in mind for that age, his frame was feeble, and, though no human being could be more free from all selfish repining than he was, nor could more constantly and conscientiously strive for the sake of others to be, not only tranquil, but even cheerful and happy, still his deep regret for his son's altered prospects at times overcame him utterly, and the keenness of his bitter self-reproach for what after all were merely errors of judgment was greater than that of many and many a wretch guilty of gross moral turpitude. The very uprightness of his character increased his self-condemnation, and, once convinced he had been wrong, he had no mercy on himself, though of all men I ever knew he was the most lenient in his judgment of others. Except a want of

skill and caution in the management of his affairs which might expose him to blame, and too great indulgence to some who proved unworthy of his goodness, I can detect no faulty spot in his character. To know him only, was to love him; to have been the objects of such affection as he had for his son and grand-daughter, was to feel that all the love that could be given in return, however great, was less than his due.

Until some plan for being all together again could be devised, his grand-daughter found shelter and affection under the roof of his brother-in-law, the Rev. J. T. Jordan, (from whose example Mr. J. G. C. had first learned to love science), who was then rector of Hickling in Nottinghamshire, where he resided with his most admirable wife. To a young and motherless girl this was a great advantage, and she had also the comfort of the companionship of Miss Jordan, niece of the rector of Hickling, whose kindness soothed many a sad hour, and who ever remained a firm friend to her.* She was the daughter of Mr. Children's younger brother-in-law, the Rev. Richard Jordan, as mild and amiable as himself, and beloved, like him, by young and old. Both the brothers were men of far more than common talent and high character.

At length, a house likely to suit them being found near Staines, the small dispersed party met again

* This lady is now the widow of the late Lewis Madden, Esq., elder brother of Sir Frederic Madden, of the British Museum.

there. Mr. J. G. Children was anxiously endeavouring to turn his talents to account for their support, and ere long he succeeded. By the kindness principally of the late excellent Lord Camden,* whose good offices on this and on more than one former occasion were invaluable, and were not bestowed on ungrateful hearts, he obtained an appointment as one of the librarians of the British Museum, in the department of Antiquities. This rendered it desirable to remove into London, and that object was effected at once by another lamented friend, whose memory is dear to many—dearer to few than to the compiler of this memoir—the late Charles Hatchett, Esq., who immediately lent them a house in Long Acre, in which they took up their abode. Mr. Hatchett's daughter (afterwards Mrs. W. T. Brande) and Mr. Children's became attached friends, and many were the acts of kindness shown by the former to the latter. The loan of Mr. Hatchett's house at this time was most acceptable, and such proofs of friendship as these and others (greater from none than from the late Robert Hibbert, Esq. junior), together with the unchanged hearts of many a dear and intimate associate (the names of Gregg, Smith, Burton, Major Austen, and many more crowd on remembrance), were balm to the stings of adverse fortune, and might well outweigh regret for some few faithless fallers-off.

In the house so kindly lent by Mr. Hatchett the

* Mr. Children was also the recipient of much courtesy and kindness from the present Marquess Camden.

little party remained till Mr. J. G. Children, finding the air of London prejudicial to his father, took a small but remarkably comfortable dwelling at Chelsea, called " Cook's Ground Cottage," and there they all resided as long as it pleased God to spare his venerable parent.

Not all the heavy domestic trouble which at this time had visited him could extinguish either the love of science or the feelings of friendship which induced Mr. Children warmly to take up the cause of Sir H. Davy's safety lamp for miners, which, partly by interested persons, partly from other causes, had been violently attacked. Two papers, one in Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine, the other in Thomson's Annals of Philosophy, will show the ardour and sound argument with which Mr. J. G. Children met the objections of those who had cavilled at it. He had, as he himself says, been in Sir H. Davy's confidence throughout, and when far away from his former laboratory he had still, in a small place extemporised as such, carefully made and repeated experiments on the subject. His own warm language (warm only with honest anxiety to vindicate the fame of one whose course was too brilliant not to have excited envy,) will best tell why he addressed the editors as he did; but it will be observed that his zeal was not of that kind which often injures a good cause. It was accompanied by fully detailed experiments, and fairly stated inferences from them. There is only space here to make a few short extracts. The papers are respectively in

Thomson's Ann. Phil. vol. 8, for 1816, p. 265, and in vol. 48 of the Phil. Mag. p. 189. The paper in the Annals was not published so soon after it had been sent to the editor as Mr. Children expected; but when it did appear it was very satisfactory, as it was accompanied by a foot-note from Dr. Thomson (who had not at first entertained the same admiration as Mr. C. for the lamp,) saying that, having been in the neighbourhood of the Newcastle coal-mines, he had taken the opportunity to make inquiry about it; and he adds, "I am happy to inform my friend Mr. Children that my opinion of the safety-lamp is now as favourable as his own." In the paper addressed to Mr. Tilloch, Mr. Children says that, as the results of some experiments that had been made by another gentleman "are diametrically the reverse of similar ones by Sir Humphry himself, I thought it right in the first place to examine their accuracy, and with that view I submitted the safety-lamp to the most rigorous trials, and under circumstances as analogous to those which prevail in the coal-mines as I could devise." The experiments and results are fully given, but cannot be detailed here. I quote, however, a paragraph nearly at the end of the paper:—"It was early in last October that Sir Humphry communicated in confidence to me the discovery of the principle which was the base of his subsequent reasonings, viz., the narrow limits in which the proportions of atmospheric air and fire-damp can be combined, so as to afford an explosive mixture; and on the following day he

showed Mr. Brande and myself the experiments which confirmed its accuracy. Like everything else that Sir Humphry has done, this lamp is the result of consequences most sagaciously deduced from causes most ingeniously and diligently inquired into; and is it to be borne that the labours of such a man are to be made the subject of every envious caviller to vent his spleen on? or that it should be insinuated that their results are plagiarisms and pilferings from the accidental (however happy) discovery of one who is ignorant of the principles of his own invention?"*

In the December of this year (1816) Mr. Children, whose occupation and studies were now necessarily devoted to subjects connected with his department at the Museum, became a Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries.

Mr. J. G. C., while his daughter was absent from him at this time, knowing how sad the break-up of their happy home must be to her, often wrote in a strain of liveliness that must have cost him some effort. At the end of a letter, giving a cheerful account of some preparations in the way of furniture, &c. he had been making, he concludes thus: "Now for a little nonsense, and then, good bye!"

THE GATHERED ROSE.

Blooming on its parent stem,
A rose—the garden's fairest gem—

* This alludes to an insinuation that Sir Humphry had borrowed his invention from a lamp made by another person—an idea which was wholly erroneous.

With cruel eye, in luckless hour,
I saw, and pluck'd the lovely flower—
Alas! how soon its hues decay,
How soon its fragrance fades away!
Yet, moisten'd by the living stream,
Again awhile its beauties gleam;
But brief the life its dew supplies,
An hour is past—the victim dies!
E'en thus, by perjur'd arts betray'd,
As fades the flower, so fades the maid;
But where's the water can dispense
Again the sweets of innocence?
What stream one instant can restore
The beauty that shall bloom no more?
In vain the meretricious dye
Nature's vermillion would supply,
When deaden'd sense no more alarms
The blush that heighten'd virtue's charms:
Yes, she alone, true loveliness,
Beyond the art of paint or dress,
Can to the fairest form impart—
Th' enduring loveliness of heart,
Which aye with smiles each feature sprinkles,
And triumphs o'er old age and wrinkles!

The year 1817, the last which his beloved father saw to its close, was passed by Mr. J. G. C. in the devotion of every attention and care that could foster and cherish him, and it was in many respects a year of repose and peace to the elder, and of satisfaction, lasting and deep, to the younger. It was marked by no very striking events* to either of them. Attention

* I think it was during this year that Mr. Children went for a short time to Edinburgh with his valued friend Mr. Allan, who, having recently lost his charming wife, was returning sad and lonely to rejoin his children at home. This excellent lady was the sister of the celebrated Elizabeth Smith, whose "Fragments" have afforded so much

to the duties of his new office, although inevitably irksome to one who at the age of forty was obliged by necessity to feel for the first time that his hours were not his own, yet served to divert Mr. J. G. Children's thoughts from personal matters. A never-failing supply of books, &c. gave his father such amusement as he best loved, and could still thoroughly enjoy, and the frequent intercourse with friends sweetened the retreat they had chosen. Some pieces of poetry written during that and the early part of the next year remain to show that, whatever else misfortune had wrought for them, it had not embittered, if it had somewhat saddened, their minds. It was only at times that it even had power to affect them so far, and many a social evening was spent, as of yore, by them both in a playful contest who could make or guess charades, &c. the fastest, or in producing some little *jeu d'esprit* with which to amuse the other.

A little poem of Mr. Children junior's writing was of this date, called—

THE FLY'S PETITION.

"What if that fly had a father and mother!
How would he hang his slender gilded wings,
And buz lamenting doings in the air!"

(TITUS ANDRONICUS.)

1.

Born to a little life of tiny span,
Oh, let me gaily buz that life away!
In the bright sunshine flutter while I can,
And spend in joy my being of a day.

---

pleasure to all, and so bright an example to the young. Mrs. Allan had gone to the south of Europe for her health, and had died at Nice.

2.

My helpless infancy and vigour's prime
This morning's sun beheld—that season's past;
Old age will reach me ere the evening time,
And the drear hour of darkness be my last.

3.

Then, oh, in pity hear thy captive's prayer!
Spurn not the supplication of a fly!
Though powerful to destroy, in mercy spare
Nor doom my tender frame to agony!

4.

Though bold I trespass'd on your Laura's lip,
And wanton'd in the mazes of her hair,
The perfume of her breath enjoyed to sip,
And gaze delighted on a form so fair—

5.

Yet, censure not, thou who so oft hast known
The rapture of delight those transports give;
Nor death decree, for that one fault alone,
For which alone thyself desir'st to live.

6.

But if thy heart no touch of pity move,
Nor mild compassion to thy soul be known,
Though for my sake my sad prayer idle prove,
Yet hear, and grant it, tyrant, for thine own.

7.

For know, the measure of the mercy given
Shall be the measure of the mercy got;
Despise not then the just decree of Heaven,
But in my fate peruse thy future lot.

In the summer of 1817, Mr. Children senior was well enough to leave home, and with his son and granddaughter spent some little time at Hickling. While there the marriage of Mr. Woodcock (a former pupil and favourite of Mr. Jordan's) took place. At Mr. W.'s especial request the marriage ceremony was performed by Mr. Jordan, on Mr. and Mrs. Jordan's wedding-day.

Mr. C. senior wrote the following lines on the occasion:—

WRITTEN ON THE MORNING OF JULY 17, 1817.

1.

Rise in soft brilliancy, fair dawn!
The low'ring clouds dispel
Which long o'er summer's face have drawn
Dark winter's gloomy veil.

2.

May this important, happy day
With every lustre shine,
With the sun's purest, brightest ray,
With Heaven's own beam divine!

3.

This day religion's holy rite
In wedlock's sacred band
Two kindred spirits shall unite
With every auspice bland.

4.

Love built on mutual, just esteem,
Congenial minds and taste;
Virtue by manliness in him,
In her by softness graced.

5.

Each earthly means of happiness
In ample measure given,
And, of far higher power to bless,
The approving smile of Heaven.

6.

These auspices still to improve
The happy bridegroom—warm
With grateful reverence and love—
The nuptials to perform

7.

Chose him who, in his prime of youth
His tutor, guide, and friend,
Taught him to virtue, science, truth,
His vigorous mind to bend.

8.

Still more, he chose the self-same day
On which that friend and guide
Erst from the altar led away
To his a rival bride.

9.

Witness of their connubial bliss,
On this blest day he thought,
That happiness he should not miss
Which it to them had brought.

10.

Nor shall his thought deceitful prove—
Here and above the sky,
Alike each virtue-planted love
Shall bloom and never die!

They returned again from Hickling to Chelsea, where the time continued to pass tranquilly, the long

evenings frequently cheered by Mr. Children reading aloud to his father and daughter, as had often been his custom. Few probably ever read Shakspeare better—his favourite of all writers. He always said if his library were to be limited to two books, he should never have a moment's hesitation what to choose; the Bible and Shakspeare would instantly be his selection. Many and many a kind surprise he would prepare for his home party by quietly pulling out of his pocket some newly-published work of interest as soon as tea was over, and beginning to read; and often has midnight found him reading still.

Unless my memory deceives me, it was in 1817 that Mr. Children paid his last visit to his beloved friends at East Hyde (Mr. and Mrs. Robert Hibbert), where he wrote the following lines:—

EPITAPH ON MISS SOPHIA HIBBERT'S FAVOURITE CHICKEN.

1.

My biddy dear,
Full many a tear
I shed, and much I sigh'd,
When you, poor chick,
Were taken sick,
And in my bosom died.

2.

My pains and care
I did not spare
To nurse my darling—did I?
But pains and care
All fruitless were
To save my chick-a-biddy.

3.

At least, sweet dear,
Thy reliques here,
Inviolate shall rest;
No knife and fork
Shall havoc work
Upon thy tender breast.

4.

Thy merry thought
Shall ne'er be taught
To play the part of wizzard;
No gridiron vile
Thy limbs shall broil,
Nor devilise thy gizzard.

5.

Nor e'er shall fate
Amalgamate
Thy flesh more nice than mutton;
With fox obscene,
Or (more unclean)
With some gross human glutton.

6.

But here secure
From aught impure,
It shall dissolve away,
Within this urn,
'Till it return
To its first porcelain clay.

7.

Meanwhile full oft
With foot-tread soft,
Thy mistress here shall come;
Thy shade to greet,
And flow'rets sweet
To strew around thy tomb.

These lines gave much pleasure to the sweet girl for whom they were written, and whose early death in her opening beauty of person and mind threw a melancholy recollection over the badinage which had delighted her.

The verses I next transcribe are taken from Mr. J. G. C.'s Common Place Book, undated, but immediately following an entry of 1817, and probably written at that time:—

Heaven may yet have joys in store,
Yet if Heaven afford no more,
Thankful for those I have possessed,
Gratitude shall fill my breast!
Many griefs have been my own,
Many transports too I 've known;
And they of so exalted kind,
Leave such remembrances behind,
That fortune's most malicious sway
Can 't sweep the lovely trace away.
Then, why repine at present fate?
Why by regret give joys a date?
Rather let resignation prove
We merit, if we find not, love;
And humbly bow to Heaven's decree!
Secure we one day shall be free
From all that can on earth oppress,
God patient virtue loves—and what he loves will bless.

On his beloved father's last birthday (on which, however, there seemed no reason to suppose it would be his last) Mr. J. G. Children addressed to him the following (may I not call them beautiful?) lines:—

Patri, optimo, carissimoque,
Honoris, Reverentiæque ergo,
Dat, dicat, dedicatque

J. G. C.

THE LIFE-BOAT.

Fair was the morn and mild the sky,
Joyful his heart, his spirits high,
When Alfred, pious, just, and good,
Launch'd his young bark on ocean's flood.
His little crew rejoice to see
Their leader's artless gaiety;
And cheerily the omen hail,
And point the yard and spread the sail.
Thus for its port the vessel steers,
Nor scath'd by foes nor scar'd by fears;
And more than half the voyage is done
Ere set in clouds one evening's sun.
But who can fate's stern mandate brave?
Who tell the treachery of the wave?
The lowering sky, the moaning wind
Proclaim the gale not far behind;
And soon the dreadful breakers' roar
Gives notice of the dangerous shore.
Look out—look out—all hands on deck,
The surge o'erwhelms, the ship 's a wreck!
In vain his skill the pilot tries,
The secret rock his care defies!
Oh then what hope in that dread hour?
Equal to save what human power?
But see, high bounding through the storm,
Daring destruction's hideous form,
The gallant crew the life-boat bear,
To succour their distress or share!
Nor Heaven permits such valour true
Should want the meed so well its due.

Dauntless they hold their dreadful way,
In spite of billow, foam, and spray;
The wreck they gain—all perils o'er,
The rescued crew are safe on shore!
So be it mine with pious care,
The keenest blasts of fate to dare;
To shield an honour'd father's age,
From fortune's or man's deadlier rage;
And bear him safe thro' storm and strife,
Life-boat to him who gave me life!
Then cheerly yet! not always Heaven
Will let your bark be tempest-driven,
For virtue ne'er in vain was given.
Still, steering by that needle true,
Which never variation knew,
You 've held your course o'er life's rough sea,
Belov'd by all, but most by me!
Yes; lov'd and honour'd—and till Death
Shall close my eyes and stop my breath,
Those ne'er your cherish'd form shall lose,
Nor this to bless your name refuse!

Multos et felices.

Dec. 31*st*, 1817.

The latter wish was not to be realised. The bark was about to find even a safer haven than filial piety could provide for it here. The opening year, however, found Mr. Children still able to mix with the family circle; but his health was now perceived to grow more and more feeble, though as yet there was nothing to cause immediate alarm.

He amused himself, as he had done, with his books and his pen; and on his son's birthday, the 18th of May, he greeted him with the following answer to

the "Life-Boat." To the best of my knowledge, the last piece of verse he ever wrote :—

Filio
Sibi devinctissimo, pientissimo, optimo,
Pater
Senio, morbis, aerumnisque fractus,
Gratus tamen, et amantissimus,
Multos et felices
Hujusce diei reditus
Optat, orat, obsecratque.

May 18*th*, 1818.

'T was thou, my son! (my life-boat ever bless'd,)
Who from the ruthless storm that furious rose
On my long misconducted voyage's close,
And wreck'd my bark (sorely before distress'd),
With all the little treasures I possess'd,
Nobly regardless of the loss of those,
Rescued'st myself—still girt, alas, with woes!
And dire regrets, and mickle deep unrest;
But for those sorrows rude (late all my store),
Thy matchless love and ardent piety
Have found a peaceful refuge on the shore;
Where still with suppliant hands, on feeble knee,
Pardon I 'll humbly for myself implore,
And every choicest blessing upon thee.

On the 27th of July 1818, Mr. J. G. Children wrote to his daughter, then at Wallington in Surrey, expressing the unhappiness with which he conveyed to her the account of her dear grandfather, in a letter which he had received from his friend and physician Sir Charles Scudamore. He inclosed the letter. It

evinces so much kind consideration and good feeling that I am tempted to give its contents as written:—

"My dear friend,

"I am grieved to see that your poor father has lost ground very much; and I am sorry to say that in the most cheerful view which I can allow myself to take of the case, I can only expect to render palliative assistance—to smooth the way a little, and to prop up rather longer the powers of nature, which are with such sad certainty entirely decaying.

"Believe me, &c."

This friendly warning was too well justified. The patient lingered on until about the middle of August, almost wholly confined to his room, but not very long to his bed: calm, cheerful, and resigned, he awaited the end with the hope of a Christian and the firmness of a man. His brother-in-law Mr. Richard Jordan, with his daughter, called and saw him a day or two before his decease, when he took leave of them; and on the 20th of August, having received the sacrament with the family, he conversed with his grand-daughter before he parted with her for the night (for with his usual consideration for others he would not allow her to sit up), in the most earnest and affectionate manner, giving her wise and kind counsel, and speaking and looking so like himself that it was difficult for a girl inexperienced in illness to believe he was a dying man. His son and niece (Mrs.

Whitehead) remained by him, and about four o'clock in the morning of the 21st, having spoken scarcely a moment before, a slight spasm passed across his face, and his spirit fled to God. . . . Those only who know how Mr. J. G. Children and his father loved each other can understand how deeply the son felt this loss; but he bore it as he had done other bitter trials, with resignation and submission. After much consultation with the friends on whose judgment he could most rely (for under all the circumstances of the case, it was not an easy matter to decide), Tunbridge was fixed on as the place of interment; and soothing, indeed, to the mourners was the reception the honoured remains there received.

The Maidstone Gazette for September 1st, 1818, contained an account, of which I cannot but insert a part:—

"THE LATE GEORGE CHILDREN, ESQ.

"The interment of the late George Children, Esq. (who died at his house in Chelsea, near London, on the 21st ult., after a long, tedious, and painful illness, in the seventy-sixth year of his age), took place at Tunbridge last Friday, the 28th, at noon, and was attended with circumstances of unusual interest. Previous to the arrangement of the funeral ceremony a great number of the most respectable inhabitants of the town had spontaneously stepped forward, expressing an ardent wish to follow the corpse of this much-lamented person to its last abode; and at the entrance

into the town, the mournful cavalcade, preceded by a number of his former tenants on horseback, was met by a very considerable body (indeed, by almost the whole) of the most respectable of the tradesmen and other inhabitants of Tunbridge, all in deep mourning with silk hatbands; the hearse was followed by several mourning coaches, in which were the relatives and intimate friends of the deceased, and the procession closed with a number of the carriages of the neighbouring gentry; several of the shops in the town were shut, and the scene was altogether solemn and grand. On arriving at the church the coffin was borne to the family vault by some of his old domestics, and immediately followed the only son of the deceased as chief mourner, who was deeply affected during the whole of the awful ceremony. The funeral service (which was performed in a very impressive manner by the Rev. Sir C. Harding, vicar of the parish) being over, the procession returned, but previous to the separation of the inhabitants, who had displayed so much feeling on the occasion, they had a meeting among themselves in the town-hall, and came to the unanimous resolution (proposed by Mr. J. Scoones) of opening a subscription, for the purpose of erecting a monument in the parish church to the memory of the deceased. . . . The subscription list being soon after laid on the table, there was not a single individual present but set his name to it immediately. We cannot close this article without complimenting the highly respectable town of Tunbridge on the manifestation of such a signal

and unusual mark of respect and affection to the memory of their old worthy magistrate, who had justly endeared himself to all its inhabitants and neighbourhood for so long a period of time, by the exercise of a sound judgment in the prosecution of his magisterial duties (frequently very laborious), and the most benevolent as well as conciliatory disposition on all occasions; his meekness and suavity of manners were indeed so eminently conspicuous, that he seemed incapable of saying a harsh word to any one, and too much cannot be said of his extensive bounty to the poor, and generous assistance to his servants and dependants, during the whole period of his affluent circumstances. He has been, in fact, a father to Tunbridge; but his valuable services have not been thrown away, or left unappreciated, and it will be on record, for the gratification of his posterity and all his friends, that he lived in the hearts of those for whom he had felt and done so much—may his great example produce many imitators!"

"A funeral sermon was preached on Sunday morning by the Rev. Sir C. Harding on the much lamented death of the late George Children, Esq., who was, we believe, the oldest magistrate in the county at the time of his retirement, two years since. The greater part of the congregation was in mourning, and seemed to feel the loss of this good man as if it was irreparable."

It may well be supposed that a person of such strong and quick feelings as Mr. J. G. Children would

most deeply prize the tribute thus offered to his father —and he writes thus to his daughter while on the road to Tunbridge:—" It is intended, from respect to those who have so nobly expressed their intention to pay the last sad mark of love to him so loved by all, to leave the carriages at the top of the town of Tunbridge, and proceed on foot from thence to the church, a plan I highly approve, and I hope and believe I shall have firmness adequate to the duty. The inexpressible gratification, the proud delight I feel at this testimony of universal regard, is enough to support me through any thing; and I have more glory in being the son of a man so beloved for his virtues, so unequivocally beloved for them alone, than I should feel were I the son of an Emperor, and heir to all his power and splendour. God Almighty bless you, and make us both worthy of such descent."

The inscription on the monument in Tunbridge Church is in the following words:—

" To perpetuate an example
of distinguished worth
The Inhabitants of Tunbridge
erected this marble
To the Memory of
George Children, Esquire,
late of Ferox Hall, in this town,
long most justly endeared,
and everywhere esteemed a public benefit.
In Private Life,
a faithful friend, a social neighbour,
a liberal benefactor to the poor,
and, in all respects, an exemplary Christian:

As a Gentleman,
his elegant literature, his urbanity, and taste,
his habitual self-control and unassuming manners,
secured respect, and at the same time engaged affection:
As a Magistrate,
during the space of half a century,
upright and inflexibly just in principle,
he swerved not from strictest rectitude in practice,
yet ever displayed a disposition to conciliate,
and, viewing all men and their actions
in the most favourable light,
abounded in candour, patience, and forbearance.
He ceased to be mortal
in the year of our Lord
1818,
and of his own age
76.

The following lines were sketched but not used for an epitaph by Mr. John Smith, who composed the Elegies to the Memories of Sir Nash and Lady Grose, and their son Captain Grose:—

Sacred to the Memory of
George Children, Esquire,
late of this place, who was born December 20, 1742,
and died August 21st, 1818, in the 76th year of his age.

Generous and mild, and of too kind a heart
In this rough world to play the sterner part;
Lively of spirit, with a gentle wit
To raise the smile, yet not a feeling hit;
Showing reliance on his Saviour's creed
By humble proof of charitable deed—
Our selfish fondness would extend his span,
"Nor wish an angel whom it lov'd a man." *

J. S., 24th August, 1818.

* The last line is in Pope, with a very different application.— J. S.

VERSES BY THE SAME PEN, ON THE PORTRAIT OF MR. CHILDREN, SEN.

Faint image of that form which once enshrin'd
The worth and frailties of a human mind,
Fill memory's tablets, 'till in brighter day
God reinspire with life the perish'd clay!
And if in Heaven ought mortal may find grace,
Or man retain a stamping of his race,
Perchance that lively, yet good-natur'd wit
That rais'd a smile, but ne'er a feeling hit,
May yet play round us, and with gentle ease,
Unbending higher thoughts, not cease to please!

J. S., 1825.

The following was written by Mr. Children evidently after the death of his father, but at what particular time I am unable to say:—

Father, and angel now! for sure in Heaven
Bless'd are thy virtues, thy few faults forgiven,
Oh! let thy gentle spirit aid thy son,
Like thee, true glory's sacred course to run;
Whose mild ambition seeks no higher fame
Than that which decorates the good man's name!
No higher fame!—and can there higher be
Than what ennobles virtue, worth, and thee?
Can blood-stain'd laurels o'er the conqueror wave
Fresh as the olive o'er the good man's grave?
Or culverin's roar, that speaks his closing shrine,
Vie with the silent tears that fall on thine?
Truth must declare— though glorious be the meed
Of valour—virtue's doth all else exceed;
And such is thine! Oh, then, my prayer attend,
And be in death, as erst in life, my friend—
My friend and father! nor this boon deny—
Teach me like thee to live, like thee to die!

J. G. CHILDREN.

In the September of this year, 1818, Mr. Children, accompanied by his daughter and cousin (Lieutenant Whitehead), made a short tour in Holland and Belgium, and during this excursion became the possessor of the Wellington Tree. The occurrence will be best given in his own words, since published in the Illustrated London News for November 27th, 1852.

"Copy of a letter intended to have been sent to the editor of the Times newspaper:—

"THE WELLINGTON TREE.

"Sir,

"That no false report may be circulated respecting this precious relic, I request the insertion of the following facts in your paper:—

"On Sunday morning last I visited the field of battle, accompanied by François Brassine, one of the guides from Mont St. Jean who attend travellers to point out the positions of the French and Allied armies. My daughter had seated herself to take a sketch of the tree, when François called to us to proceed, and, on my explaining the reason of our stopping, he exclaimed, 'Ma foi! en bon temps, car demain il va tomber!' and so it was, the earth was already cleared away, and the roots prepared by the axe to receive the saw, which the following day was destined to bring it to the ground. The eager but unfortunate desire of thousands to possess a morsel of the tree had completely removed the bark, through

its whole circumference for nearly three feet in height, and in many places considerable portions of the wood had been cut off. In this state it would have been impossible to preserve the life of the tree, even had the owner, who occupies the farm of Papelotte, been willing to suffer it to stand. The injury done annually to his corn, which was trampled under foot by the visitors to the tree, determined him to make this sacrifice to his interest. Anxious that it might remain, though in death, a triumphant memorial of the great events it had witnessed, I directed my guide to treat with the farmer for the sale of it, and became the purchaser of the tree. It is now on its way to England, and I trust the purposes to which it is destined will not be thought unworthy of this illustrious though silent record of the skill and gallantry of the greatest general and bravest troops that ever fought and conquered. Although it has thus fallen to my lot to be the temporary possessor of this treasure, I hope I shall not be accused of having become so unworthily, and that I may be allowed to express my regret that proper measures were not taken to preserve the tree, till removed by age and natural decay.

"I am, &c.

(Signed) "JOHN GEO. CHILDREN."

"Brussels, Sept. 30th, 1818."

"Mem.—This letter was not sent; but it may serve as a record of the facts respecting the tree."

The tree had been shown as having been the station of the Great Duke during the battle. The following lines possessing interest from their subject, I am induced not to omit them. They were written at the time under the above impression, by Mr. Children's daughter. The facts, however, were that the tree was the station of the Duke's staff; but that he was entreated not to remain there, as it was too conspicuous a spot. After the battle he was there.

It is quite evident from the lines themselves that they were the production of an inexperienced muse:—

On that fam'd day when the good cause prevail'd,
And the proud despot's last resources fail'd,
Ere yet the memorable scene was clos'd,
While fiercely still contending hosts oppos'd—
Beneath an elm which crown'd the summit high,
Above that plain where thousands met to die,
The British leader stood, with anxious heart,
But well prepar'd to act a noble part,
Concealing all he felt with skill mature,
And of his soldiers' valour justly sure—
Beneath that tree each high command he gave,
And spurr'd th' exertions of the ever brave,
'Till fate at length decreed her brightest crown,
And gave his arms their fulness of renown—
That sacred elm, now doom'd no more to stand,
Must fall beneath some low, inglorious hand!
And shall that tree which mark'd the honour'd spot—
In Britain's annals ne'er to be forgot—
Where, bravest of the brave, her warrior stood,
Ruling the scene of triumph and of blood,
By ruthless arms be levell'd in the dust,
And all its beauty and its honours crush'd?

No, Britons, no! such shall not be your shame!
The tree, where rose your champion's proudest fame,
A British hand shall save, and bear away
(A relic dear in many a future day)
To the dear, smiling land of liberty
Where, ever honour'd by her brave and free,
Immortal Wellington, shall be thy tree!

Mr. Children's seals were affixed to the tree in several places before it was cut down, so that no possible doubt of its identity existed on its arrival in England.

Although anticipating the order of time in my narrative, it is better here to mention how the wood was principally disposed of. The first object Mr. Children was anxious to devote it to, was to have a chair worthy of the occasion made for the Prince Regent; and this was immediately set about, but not completed and presented until the Prince had become George IV. The late Marquess Wellesley was applied to on the subject of the inscription for it; and his conduct on the occasion was most truly courteous and kind. He furnished the following inscription himself:—

THIS CHAIR,

Carved from the Wellington Elm, which stood near the centre of the British lines on the field of Waterloo, is humbly presented to His Most Gracious Majesty George the Fourth.

GEORGIO AUGUSTO,
Europæ liberatori.

Ampla inter spolia et magni decora alta triumphi
Ulmus erit fastis commemoranda Tuis,
Quam super exoriens faustâ Tibi Gloria pennâ
Palmam Oleamque uno detulit alma die:

Immortale decus maneat! famâque perenni
Felicique geras sceptra paterna manu!
Et, Tua victrices dum cingunt tempora lauri,
Materies solio digna sit *Ista* Tuo.

Diutius commemoratione manet, quam Naturâ stare potuit.
(Cicero de Marianâ quercu.)

This chair is now in the possession of Her Majesty at Windsor, and is placed among the trophies in the same room with the mast of the Victory, &c.

Another chair was made for Mr. Children out of the wood, and long after presented by him to the Duke himself. A third chair was also made with a portion of the tree, given for that purpose by Mr. C. to His Grace the Duke of Rutland (whose acquaintance he had made at college, and from whom he always received much attention). This chair is in the Regent's Gallery at Belvoir Castle. The Duchess Dowager of Rutland applied to Mr. Children for a small portion of the wood, which it was very natural she should wish to possess, having had "two sons in most of the Duke of Wellington's glorious battles, and one of them at Waterloo." It was by a note from her Grace that Mr. Children ascertained that the Duke had, as I have asserted above, sat under the tree after the battle; her words are as follows: "I cannot help again saying how much I feel obliged to you for your goodness in bestowing a little of this precious tree upon me, rendered so valuable by that great man the

Duke of Wellington having sat under its boughs after the glorious victory of Waterloo, which the Duke told me himself he had done, and it is particularly interesting to me, as one of my sons commanded the 10th Hussars in the battle; and receiving the wood from you, given me now in so obliging a manner, enhances the value of it still more."

A cabinet for minerals and a work-table, both made of the wood, are at Halstead Place, and also a very interesting relic, consisting of a small stand made by Mr. Children himself out of a portion of the tree with the bark on, supporting a miniature bust of the Duke of Wellington. Several of Mr. Children's friends possess articles made of the wood, and one curious piece with a chain in it, over which the wood had grown, is at the British Museum.

In November, 1818, Mr. Children, who retained his love for chemistry and followed it when possible, occupied some portion of his leisure on an investigation of the chemical properties of the metal Cadmium, then recently discovered by Mr. Stromeyer; and, to enable him to examine it, so liberal an act was performed by Mr. Heuland that it must not be passed over. I give it in the words with which Mr. Children commences his paper on the subject in the sixth vol. (for 1819) of the "Journal of the Sciences and the Arts," better known, I believe, to the scientific world as "Brande's Journal." The paper is in the form of a letter to the Editor:—

" My dear Sir,

" M. Heuland's kindness, in furnishing me with a portion of Cadmium, has enabled me to ascertain its chemical relations more fully than I have hitherto seen them described in any of our journals. If you think the results of my experiments worth communicating to the public, they are much at your service; but, before I proceed to their detail, I beg to acknowledge the liberality which afforded me the means of obtaining them by the sacrifice of the only specimen of the new metal in the possession of the donor."

In the course of this year a work of considerable labour had been begun by Mr. Children, which was published in 1819, and dedicated to his true and excellent friend Mr. Hatchett. It is a translation of Thénard's fourth volume of the " Traité de Chymie," " which treats exclusively of Chemical Analysis," and contains many additions by the translator. Of course the nature of its contents precludes the possibility of giving any sample here; but the concluding paragraph will prove how humble was Mr. Children's own estimate of his performance—and the extracts I shall afterwards give from a contemporary may shew that he underrated the value it would hold in general opinion:—

" I have concluded my task, and, although I hope it will not be found uninteresting or useless, I am conscious how very far it is from that perfection to which I would anxiously desire to raise it. Far greater leisure than I possess would be requisite to produce such a work; even a life devoted to the

labour would hardly suffice, though not a short one. Every experiment in every part of the subject should be carefully repeated, the result of every proof laid down, critically examined, and its accuracy established by comparison with other processes, tending to the same results, but differently conducted; but he who knows the time required to make one satisfactory analysis, will know the impossibility of the attempt.

"Such as it is then must this little volume go forth into the world, all its imperfections on its head; would they were less and fewer, not only for his sake who put it together, but for his also for whose use it is intended, the inexperienced and the learner. To higher aims it has no pretensions. To him it may serve as a humble pioneer to clear away some of the obstacles that encumber this path of chemical science; but complete victory over the host of difficulties that will present themselves can only be obtained by his own diligence, patience, and reflection."

Mr. Brande, in his Chemistry, vol. ii. p. 335, ed. 1821, quotes at considerable length from Mr. Chil dren's Appendix to the above work, and speaks of his Essay generally as "a work from which the student may derive much valuable information;" nor does the lapse of time appear (as far as the work goes) to have diminished its value, as, in the edition of his Chemistry published twenty years later, Mr. Brande retains the same quotation and encomium.

In Thomson's Annals, New Series, vol. i. for February 1821, is a long account of the above work

by Dr. Thomson himself, in which he says, among other remarks, " Mr. Children was, I think, judicious in the choice of the author whom he selected for giving to the English chemist a more full account of the minutiæ of analysis than had ever appeared in our own language.

" Those parts of the work which depended merely upon the translator, it is hardly requisite to state have been accurately performed by Mr. Children; but it would be doing him injustice not to mention that much new and valuable information, not to be found in the original, has been added. In saying this I do not mean merely that such notices have been collected as are within the reach of every one who inspects the various sources of chemical knowledge, but on several occasions Mr. Children has given his readers the results of his own experiments and observations, and which I think cannot fail to be useful." Dr. Thomson concludes the article thus: " I had intended to have made various other references to the useful additions contained in the Appendix, but I have already extended this article to so great a length that I must conclude with observing, that this work contains in a moderate compass what can scarcely be found without numerous references to a variety of chemical authorities; and I strongly recommend it as worthy of the confidence and study of the young analyst."

The testimony of Professor Cumming to the value of the work, though contained only in a private letter, is too honourable to Mr. Children to be passed

over. He says, "It was with more pleasure than I can readily express, that on my return from the North I found your Essay on Chemical Analysis awaiting me; I call it yours, for, though the groundwork is Thénard's, you have added and improved upon it so much that it may fairly be considered as an original, and to the practical chemist an invaluable treatise. But, valuable as it is for promoting the practice of chemistry as an art, it is at least equally so with reference to its theory as a science, for I know no work in which the connection of the leading facts with each other, and their bearing upon the whole, is shown so clearly and yet so concisely; and this last is no small advantage, for we have all felt the force of the old proverb, Μεγα βιβλιον μεγα κακον. Fully agreeing with you as I do, as to the importance of chemical analysis, allow me thus to thank you most sincerely for the service you have rendered our common pursuit by facilitating the study of that part which is indeed its basis and foundation."

The residence at Chelsea had placed Mr. Children and his daughter in frequent communication with a lady, who, though an old friend, had been for some time previous in only occasional intercourse with them. She had been then for many years the widow of the Rev. Johnson Towers, to whom the elder Mr. Children had been guardian. This renewal of intimacy had promised, before the elder Mr. C.'s death, to lead to a more lasting connection; but the sadness of that period had delayed any further arrangements

on the subject. In the spring of 1819, however, an engagement of marriage was formed between Mr. J. G. C. and herself, and their wedding was solemnized on the 31st May of that year. Though both parties were long past youth, and both had known much sorrow, their union was a very happy one; and the strong mutual regard and affection subsisting between Mrs. Children and her step-daughter was perhaps greater than commonly exists when the offspring of a former marriage are grown up before another is contracted. But Mrs. Children's ceaseless anxiety to make her husband's and her new daughter's home happy, would have been very inadequately repaid by the latter with any sentiment short of affection. She had no family herself, and, from the moment of being united to Mr. Children to that of her death, her conduct manifested that she considered her husband's daughter in no other light than as her own child. Their little trio was a very happy party; and life began as it were entirely afresh for Mr. Children, cheered by the presence of those to whom he himself was all in all. His Museum duties and scientific pursuits were carried on with strenuous activity, and his intercourse with his numerous friends with cheerfulness and enjoyment. He and Mrs. Children at first resided after their marriage in the latter's house at Kensington; but this being too far from the Museum, they, in the early part of 1820, removed to a house in Montague Place, Russell Square, where they continued until apartments within the Museum became vacant.

In the autumn of 1819 they all had the enjoyment of a tour in Devonshire, and a visit to Hickling; but the business of the Museum restricted them chiefly to a residence in London. This sort of life, however, not suiting Mr. Children's health, he had permission from the trustees of the Museum to be longer than usual out of town in the autumn of 1820. He took a cottage in the Isle of Wight, where he could enjoy his favourite amusement of sailing. This was always beneficial to him, and very exhilarating; and in more affluent days he had a tiny yacht of his own for a few years, called the Eclipse, a fast-sailing little craft, in which he made some short trips that he much enjoyed; but she had long ago been parted with, and he hired a capital boat, which was in constant requisition. He was during part of the time extremely unwell, and his illness was increased by a sort of *coup de soleil*, which was caused by his standing for some hours watching an eclipse of the sun. At this time his old friend Mrs. Anwyl was settled at Priory (which had become hers under the will of her brother Captain Grose) with her husband, and many pleasant days were again spent there. Her uncle, Mr. Smith, mentioned above, was there, and had grown very deaf. A new sort (I believe) of ear-trumpet had been met with by Mr. Children, and he presented one to Mr. Smith, with the annexed verses:—

TO JOHN SMITH, ESQ., OF SEAGROVE. WITH AN EAR-TRUMPET.*

J. G. C., Oct. 30th, 1820.

Its native spirit though thine eye assert,
And still whate'er it catch thy wit convert
To jest mirth-moving—one diminished power
Damps the enjoyment of the social hour:
Trifling to thee perchance the loss, and small
To miss the nothings in our chat that fall;
Not so to us to want the lively joke
Which from thy lips those nothings could provoke,
Then for our sake,† since Maule no aid can lend,
Accept the service of a humbler friend—
And may this little tube, with magic force,
Charm the dull organ to its wonted course,
Break deafness' barrier down, to mirth thy tongue restore,
And bid it "set (as erst) the table in a roar!"

The following year was that of the coronation of George IV. which took place on the 19th of July, 1821. Mr. and Mrs. Children were in London, their daughter at Hickling to recruit, having suffered from severe inflammation in the eye, during which, having been wholly prohibited the use of her sight, her time would have passed heavily but for Mrs. Children's unwearied kindness before she left home in reading to her. In a letter from her father, just before the

* Mr. Smith died many years before Mr. Children, as did his younger brother also: the latter left two sons—the present owners of the respective properties of Priory and Seagrove, Isle of Wight. Mr. Henley Smith, the elder of the two, was Mr. Children's legal adviser, and, although so many years younger than himself, a sincerely esteemed friend of his.

† "Non rogat solùm, verùm etiam obsecrat."—VATES.

coronation, he writes to her thus: "We think of joining the Burtons to see the coronation procession. I wish for you, and yet rejoice that you are away. The fag at all events must be great, and after all we can only see the procession, and a great many well-dressed people—a great many Merry Andrews and Jack Puddings—the great state full-grown children in masquerade. Oh! the tilly-vally nonsense of this plaything world!" They did go, and spent a really pleasant day among a large party, who, under Mr. Burton's kind and hospitable arrangements, saw everything, and wanted for nothing, as was the case many years after, on the occasion of the coronation of Queen Victoria, when Mr. C. again formed one of a party, most kindly and hospitably entertained at Mr. Murray's in Albemarle Street.

I fancy very few chemists of the day who are yet living can have forgotten the trial of the Insurance Question in 1821, between Messrs. Severn, King, and Co. and the fire-offices. Among the number of those who were doomed to lose their time, and have their patience tried on that occasion, was Mr. Children. He made many experiments on the subject, one especially, spoken of afterwards as a "neat and ingenious one," proving the inflammable point of sugar by phosphorus, and demonstrating that "long before sugar became dangerous, it became completely spoiled." —*Phil. Mag.* vol. 57, p. 8, &c.

Mr. Children, who at this period (1821) was still in the Department of Antiquities at the British Museum,

turned his chemical knowledge to account in examining one of the most interesting of the objects in that department. The account of it will be found in the Annals of Philosophy for November, 1821, p. 389, from which the following extract is taken:—

"ON THE NATURE OF THE PIGMENT IN THE HIEROGLYPHICS ON THE SARCOPHAGUS FROM THE TOMB OF PSAMMIS.

BY J. G. CHILDREN, ESQ., F.R,S., &C.

"*To the Editor of the Annals of Philosophy.*

"Dear Sir,

"The celebrated sarcophagus, discovered by Mr. Belzoni in the so-called tomb of Psammis, is covered within and without with hieroglyphics, cut into the stone about one-sixteenth of an inch deep. The material of which this interesting monument of ancient sepulchral splendour is formed is an immense block of white, translucent carbonate of lime, of the variety, according to Dr. Clarke, called arragonite. The hieroglyphic figures are filled up with a pigment, which, at present, is superficially almost black, but when reduced to powder has a dirty olive green colour. Several of the figures are wholly without the pigment, and from many of the rest it has been partly detached, in some of which the remaining portion exhibits a light-blue colour, mixed with the olive. In the following experiments I was confined to the use of so small a quantity, that I cannot undertake to give the

relative proportions of the several ingredients of the pigment, but I hope they will nevertheless be sufficient to prove its composition and original aspect." After giving the experiments, he adds, "The coloring matter is therefore evidently copper, and the pigment is probably an artificial production." Dr. Clarke had come to the same results in an examination of the pigment, of which Mr. Children was not aware till after his paper was sent to the editor.

This year (1821) was very fully occupied by Mr. Children, and the very late hours at which he was still working left him scarcely a due portion of rest. The whole of the day from ten till four being devoted to the actual business of the Museum, he had no alternative but to give up to his other pursuits what would otherwise have been taken for repose or recreation. He was also a good deal in society at this time, but this never interfered with other and more important business, and the occupation he planned for himself he always contrived to accomplish. In addition to a work of which more will be said presently, which he was preparing for publication, he at this time contributed to the Quarterly Journal of Science and Art a translation of a very curious old book, called Essays on the Calcination of Metals by John Rey. The original edition of Rey's Essays, of which there is a copy in the library of the British Museum, was published at Bazas, a town about 30 miles S. E. of Bordeaux, in the year 1630. In 1777 it was reprinted with notes, by M. Gobet, at Paris. The copies of this

reprint disappeared in a very sudden and remarkable manner. Rey was a doctor of medicine, and a native of Bergerac in the Dordogne. The matter of these essays is so curious, and the style so quaint, that they are well worth the trouble of perusal, but I have only space to give a little bit of Rey's preface as translated by Mr. Children, to shew the nature and subject of them, and a few extracts from the essays of some of the most remarkable passages:—

"ESSAYS BY JOHN REY, DOCTOR OF PHYSIC, ON AN INQUIRY INTO THE CAUSE WHY TIN AND LEAD INCREASE IN WEIGHT BY CALCINATION.

"*Preface.*

"Some illustrious persons, having remarked with admiration that tin and lead increase in weight when we calcine them, conceived a laudable desire to ascertain the cause. The subject was fine, the inquiry painful, the fruit small; for, having turned their thoughts on all sides, they adduced such weak reasons for it, that no man of good judgment could venture to rely on them, nor feel his mind thereby relieved of his doubt.

"M. Bruin, an apothecary at Bergerac, having lately observed this increase, and thinking, as I believe, that no one had noticed it before him, requested me by letter to turn the subject in my mind, and furnish him with the cause of it. Now, because he is a person whom the integrity of his life, his rare ex-

perience in his art, and other virtues, compel all worthy men to wish well to, I avow they have had such power over my affections that I could not deny his request. At his prayers and amiable solicitations (literally translated) therefore, I have devoted some hours to the subject, and thinking that I have hit the mark, I publish these, my essays, respecting it."

"*Essay Twenty-one.*

"I have been told (if truly I know not) that one of my intimate friends, a man of profound knowledge, and the most polished and solid judgment, suffered himself to believe that the increased weight in question proceeds from the vapours of the charcoal, &c. . . . . There is no probability of this. Oh, truth! how dear art thou to me, who canst make me contend against so dear a friend." To this Mr. Children has the following note: "Honest John Rey might fairly say with the philosopher of old, 'Amicus Plato, amicus Socrates, sed magis amica veritas;' an admirable motto for all who cultivate science as she should be cultivated, not to support a system or a sect, but to develope truth."

"*Essay Twenty-five.*

"It is said of Hercules that he had no sooner cut off one head of the hydra that ravaged the Lernean marsh than two sprang forth: my state is like his. The error I combat abounds in opinions, which are so many heads: if I cut off one, two start up—my

labour is always increasing, and I believe I shall never have done if I employ myself in chopping them off one after another. I must collect my strength, and stiffen my arm, to sever them at one blow, and lay the monster low in death. Let him beware whom it concerns, for here I deal the deadly stroke!"

"*Conclusion.*

"Behold now the Truth, whose brilliancy dazzles your eyes, which I have dragged from the deepest dungeons of obscurity, whose approach hath hitherto been inaccessible. It is she who has made all the learned men sweat with vexation, who, desirous of becoming acquainted with her, have been compelled to leap over the difficulties which surrounded her. Cardan, Scaliger, Fuchscius, Cæsalpin, Libavius, have sought her curiously, but never found her. Others may seek her in vain, if they follow not the road which I have first cleared for them and made royal; all the rest being only thorny paths, and inextricable labyrinths that never lead to an end. The labour has been mine—to the reader be the profit of it—to God only the glory.—*End.*"

Rey had come to the true solution of the problem, and there was a question raised whether Lavoisier had not borrowed his views from these essays without acknowledgment, but I believe it was decided in favour of Lavoisier's honesty.

The title of the work which, as I mentioned above,

Mr. Children had been occupied in preparing for the press, was the following:—

"The use of the Blowpipe in Chemical Analysis, and in the Examination of Minerals, by J. J. Berzelius, translated from the French of M. Fresnel, by J. G. Children, F.R.S. &c. with a Sketch of Berzelius's System of Mineralogy; a Synoptical Table of the Principal Characters of the Pure Earths and Metallic Oxides before the Blowpipe, and Numerous Notes and Additions by the Translator." It is dedicated to Sir Humphry Davy in the following words:—

"To Sir Humphry Davy, Bart.
President of the Royal Society,
&c. &c.

"My dear Sir,

"Called as you have been to preside over one of the first philosophical societies in Europe by the unanimous voice of its members, all other eulogy would be superfluous were your name even less exalted than your own great achievements have rendered it in the annals of science. I dedicate this translation to you therefore, purely from motives of attachment and respect, and as the best assurance I can give the author of the original work of my sense of its value.

"I am ever, dear Sir,

"Your affectionate and faithful
"Friend and Servant,

"J. G. CHILDREN."

The translation itself consists so entirely of chemical detail that no extracts can be made from it for a memoir, but a passage from an analysis of the original work in the Journal of Science, vol. XIII. for 1822, may serve to show the opinion entertained of it:—"It remains to say a few words respecting the translation. In the first place, with respect to its fidelity, we have been at the pains of carefully comparing it with the original, and have found it at once clear and correct. The original is closely adhered to, except in a few instances of trifling omissions, and others of judicious curtailments to which we have above adverted, which it is unnecessary to particularise, as the translator has fully explained his reasons for them in his preface. We wish that it were more common for gentlemen of Mr. Children's rank and attainments in science, to favour the world with similar productions, for there are few means better calculated for the promotion of natural knowledge than translations of the works of learned foreigners, accompanied with notes and illustrations by those who are equally acquainted with the subjects of which they treat, and with their authors, and who will condescend to add their stock of information to that which has been collected by others."

The objects and utility of the work in question may be still better understood by an unscientific reader, from a few passages in the analysis of it in the Annals of Philosophy for May 1822: "We have great satisfaction in announcing the appearance of

this translation of Berzelius's work on the blowpipe. When the number of minerals is almost daily increasing, and when every discoverer of a new locality is giving a fresh name to a mineral which to him may be new, although others may be well acquainted with it, a work like the present must be deemed of great importance, as enabling mineralogists to decide upon the nature of the specimen, without having recourse to a tedious and frequently unsuccessful analysis."

"The use of the blowpipe cannot be more clearly or better described than in the author's introduction. 'In the analysis of inorganic substances, the use of the blowpipe' he observes, 'is indispensable. By means of this instrument we can subject portions of matter, too small to be weighed, to all the trials necessary to demonstrate their nature, and it frequently even detects the presence of substances not sought for nor expected in the body under examination.' . . . . Our observations have been hitherto merely confined to the original work; but we should do even that injustice without noticing the share which the translator has had in forwarding and elucidating the views of his author. Mr. Children is too well known to require any encomium from us for the zeal which he has manifested in everything relating to chemical science. His acquaintance with the blowpipe has already been exhibited in his translation of the fourth volume of Thenard's Chemistry; but both on that and on the present occasion we must consider him rather as the illustrator than the mere translator."

In the number of the Annals for June, 1822, is an account of the examination of the rare mineral called *diaspore*, made with the blowpipe by Mr. Children; and in the same magazine for August of that year is an analysis of that substance by him also.

In the volume of the Philosophical Transactions for 1822, will be found a paper on a very singular circumstance, written by Mr. Children, and communicated by the Society for Promoting Animal Chemistry. It was read at the meeting of the Royal Society, December 13th, 1821. I am the more inclined to quote a little from it, notwithstanding the nature of the subject, that, in case this memoir should fall into the hands of persons residing in any part of the country where the same mistaken ideas prevail, which were so fatal in the present instance, they may use their influence to eradicate them. The paper is entitled "On some Alvine Concretions found in the colon of a young man in Lancashire after death." Mr. Children thus begins his paper:—

"I was furnished with the particulars of the following case through the kindness of James Thomson, Esq. of Primrose, near Clitheroe:—

John Chambers, aged nineteen, a carpenter at Clitheroe in Lancashire, was in the habit during the hot weather of July 1814, of refreshing himself while at work by eating a quantity of unripe plums, of which at various times he ate several quarts, and generally swallowed the stones, under the erroneous notion entertained by the lower classes in that neighbour-

hood, that they would assist the digestion of the fruit. . . . . He began about Christmas to complain, but still pursued his occupation, and worked with some interruption till February 1815, when he applied to Mr. Coultate, of Clitheroe, for advice, complaining of pain in the abdomen attended with diarrhœa. . . . . Medical skill was exerted in vain to save him (the concretions having been discovered to exist and being felt), and he daily became more and more emaciated, and after about three months' attendance he died on the 6th of May, completely worn out. His appetite was good, or rather voracious, even to within a very short time of his death. . . . On opening the body, the concretions were found lodged in the arch of the colon, three closely compacted together, rather high up on the left side, the fourth considerably lower. . . . . Chambers's usual diet was such, "that he never took a single repast without oatmeal in some shape or other." Similar cases occurred in the neighbourhood; and are all "now deposited in the museum of the College of Surgeons." "They are of a light brown colour;" a plum stone forms the centre, and the substance which envelopes it consists of fibres fitted together. . . . . "There is no difficulty," Mr. Children observes in his paper, "in ascertaining their nature. They consist of phosphate of lime and ammoniaco magnesian phosphate, the former in very much the largest proportion; of a large portion of animal matter, principally gelatine, a small portion of resin, and a fine fibrous substance from the inner coat enve-

loping the farina of the oat, which, when the outer husk is removed, is seen to consist of a number of delicate fibres arranged longitudinally round the farina." A chemical analysis of them is given by Mr. Children, which I omit; and he afterwards mentions that similar concretions "have been at different times met with in those countries where oatmeal is in common use as an article of food among the poorer classes." "In Dr. Alexander Munro's Morbid Anatomy of the Gullet, mention is made of forty-two alvine concretions collected by the author's father, which were examined by Dr. Thomson;" all consisted of a prune or cherry-stone in the centre, surrounded by matted fibre. It was in examining one of the concretions collected by Dr. Munro, that Dr. Wollaston conjectured the fibre "to arise from some sort of food peculiar to Scotland," and "Mr. Clift having, in conversation, put the question, whether this fibrous substance might not proceed from oats, Dr. Wollaston was induced to examine the structure of this seed, and the result fully verified Mr. Clift's conjecture."

Just about this time a domestic loss occurred, which, although from the age and infirmities of the person removed, not an event in itself to be deplored, occasioned much distress to Mr. Children and his daughter, —the death of an old and faithful servant, who had been the latter's nurse and *bonne*, and had followed them through their adverse fortune with unshaken zeal and affection. She had previously been the attendant of Miss Holwell, on whose marriage she

came into Mr. Children's family. Poor Byrne will be remembered by several of the friends who may read this little narrative. In youth she was remarkably handsome. On the Sunday after her death Mr. Children, who was in the habit of reading the Church service on the evening of the Sabbath to his family, delivered a discourse of his own composition, which I wish I had space to give entire, for I think few funeral sermons could be better, and I must transcribe for my reader the opening and the close. The passage which formed the text was from Corinthians.* "As we have borne the image of the earthy, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly."

"These words form part of the service for the burial of the dead; a service, the most affecting in its circumstances, the most solemn in its performance, and the most sublime in its sentiments, except the celebration of the Lord's Supper, that is known in our own or any language. Sad as the last tribute of affection to our fellow-creatures is, and mournful as the attachment we all have to life necessarily renders the reflection that we must soon be as those we lament, there is yet a divinity of sorrow in the beautiful form prescribed for the funeral celebration that raises us above humanity, and teaches us, that we follow not in the train of a victorious conqueror triumphing over his victim, but that the triumph is with the departed. But how? Whence does the pallid corpse borne slowly along the sacred aisle to its last long home,

* Ch. xv. ver. 49.

'where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest,'—whence do these cold remains of what was once activity, beauty, strength, and life, derive their title to the claim of a triumph? To the mere creature of this world, to the atheist or infidel, the question is most hard! He will probably answer, Because death is the end of care and woe, and the grave the bed of eternal sleep. Such a triumph is but negative at best even to the wretched, but to the affluent and happy (if they can be called happy who have no hope beyond the grave) it is the destruction of all their bliss, the loss of all they value. But to the Christian it is indeed a triumph, to him 'Death is swallowed up in victory,' its bonds are burst, the grave is tenantless, the immortal spirit has burst its corrupting fetters, and plants over the vacant sepulchre the glorious banner under which it has fought and conquered—the cross of our Saviour and Redeemer, Christ! . . . . I should ill acquit myself of my voluntary task were I not to pay the just tribute of my affection and my sorrow to the memory of the departed worth, which it has pleased God so lately to take from us. The loss of the commonest friend, of the merest acquaintance, leaves a mournful impression on the heart; but when years of unalterable attachment have endeared the object of our regard; when a whole long life has been spent in repeated services of duty and affection to ourselves or to those most dear to us; when the lost mother's care and love has been supplied by that affection to the orphan

child; when it has watched the couch of the sick father with unceasing assiduity, and ministered to his wants to the last gasp of expiring life with tenderness and devotion unequalled; when, alike firm and attached in affluence and adversity, its love was unshaken, its fidelity unalterable; when such excellences endear the object to our souls,—what words have force equal to our grief, what expression can be too strong to speak our sense of such merit? This, and much more was hers, and I should despise my own heart if I hesitated to declare it. . . . . Peace to her sacred spirit! and may the eternal God of all mercies grant that we may discharge the duties assigned to us in our several stations as well as she discharged hers; and, when it shall please Him to summon us to the same awful trial, may we be as fit to meet our Judge! and with her and all those who have departed this life in His faith and fear, 'as we have borne the image of the earthy,' be also accounted worthy to 'bear the image of the heavenly,' through the merits and intercession of our blessed Saviour and Redeemer, Christ Jesus! Amen!"

Mr. Children's health was by no means strong at any time, and during part of 1822 he had an attack of illness which confined him to his bed for a short time, which was by no means a usual occurrence with him. He had now succeeded to a set of apartments in the Museum, and, having let his house in Montague Place, he removed into them in the spring of 1823. In many respects the change of abode (though very

inferior in accommodation to the house he had left) was a great advantage to him: the liberty of having at home such books as he required from the Museum library, enabled him to carry on any study he was pursuing at whatever hours were most convenient to himself. The confinement to London was, however, already beginning to tell on him, and, finding the necessity of sleeping in better air, he made no very distant excursion this year during the month's absence allowed each officer; but, after paying a visit in Kent to his dear old friend and relation Major Austen, he took a small house at Hampstead for three months, from whence he could attend at the Museum daily, without altogether losing the fresh air during the hot season. He had been removed, without his own solicitation or wish, and even without his knowledge, until the arrangement was nearly or quite effected, from the department of Antiquities to that of Natural History, chiefly through the influence of Sir H. Davy, with the intention, I believe, of giving him an occupation more congenial to his former tastes and pursuits than that originally assigned him; but, as the Minerals were under other care, the Zoology fell to his charge, and he had to take up a study almost as new to him as that of Antiquities had at first been. In point of income and position, the chapter of accidents rendered this change at that particular time unfortunate to him, for, as the death of the lamented Mr. Taylor Combe occurred not long after, Mr. C. would probably have been placed at once at the head of his department,

whereas it was not until many years after, that, on the ultimate separation of the Zoology from the Minerals, he became the principal officer of the Zoological department. It was on his first removal into the department of Natural History, that he received much kind and most valuable assistance from the gentleman who is now his worthy successor, Dr. Gray, for whom he always felt and from whom he always received the greatest friendship. The Museum, and especially the branch of Natural History, was at that time very inadequately supplied with hands, and the officers found it impossible to accomplish the multifarious work they saw claiming their attention on all sides, as the collections rapidly increased. Mr. Children, for one, felt and represented this, and at length succeeded in obtaining officially the advantage of that assistance which Mr. Gray had for some time rendered as an amateur.

In 1823 Mr. Children contributed a series of papers, being an abstract of Lamarck's Genera of Shells, to the Journal of Science and Art. They were given without any name, and will be found in vols. xiv. xv. and xvi. of that Journal, accompanied by engravings, for which his daughter made the drawings. Some of his observations on the subject shall here be given. His duties at the Museum, and the absolute necessity of arranging a fine collection of shells there, which had been useless from its state of confusion, had forced the subject on his attention; and, as a pursuit once taken up always received his full consideration, it was then occupying much of his thoughts as well as time

and labour. The question whether the classification of Conchology should be treated only with reference to the shells themselves, or to the animals contained in them, was then rather warmly discussed. Mr. Children preferred the latter view, and thus defends it:—"The establishing a system of Conchology, on the characters of the shells, is in some measure to insulate the science and to deprive it of half its charms by disconnecting it, as it were, from the other branches of natural history, in all of which it is the animal, and not his dwelling, that is the leading object. Why, in this solitary instance, is the living agent to be secondary to his own work? What should we say of the naturalist who would class the beast by his den, or the bird by her nest? The external characters have a high value—they are always essential in forming species, and often genera; but still they are subordinate when the science is regarded as one link of the great chain of life, connecting the scarcely perceptible traces of animation in the infusoria, with the full development of its powers in the intelligence of *man*." (vol. xiv. p. 65.) The greater part, almost the whole, of these papers consists, of course, of a scientific detail of the characters of the genera, and consequently affords no scope for making extracts, excepting in the case of one or two shells, in the account of which there is a notice that may interest other than conchologists—such, for instance, is the following, of the

"AMMONITES.

"(Named from *Ammon*, a name of Jupiter, who was worshipped in Libya under the form of a ram. The old name of the ammonites was *cornu Ammonis*, from their resemblance to a ram's horn.)

"· · · The ammonites are only known in the fossil state, and most of the specimens found in our collections are merely internal pyritic casts of the shells. They are common in almost all countries, chiefly in schistose or argillaceous foundations, and M. Minard found one in the maritime Alps, at an elevation exceeding 9000 feet. Several species are of a very large size. They abound so much in Burgundy, that the road between Auxerre and Avalon is mended with *ammonites*." (vol. xvi. p. 248.)

"ARGONAUTA.

"(From *argo*, the name of the ship which carried Jason from Thessaly to Colchis, and *nauta*, a sailor.)

"The argonauta does not appear to be attached to its shell, and it is said that it quits it when it pleases. It is reported, moreover, that when it wishes to sail on the surface, it displaces the water from the shell in order to lighten it, extends the two membranous arms which serve as sails, and, plunging the others in the sea, they perform the office of oars. If bad weather, or an enemy approach, in an instant all is taken in; the animal ships his oars, strikes his sails, and upsets his boat, which fills with water and goes down; but when the danger is past he returns to the surface,

bends his sails again, and once more rows gallantly along.

> The tender nautilus, who steers his prow,
> The sea-born sailor of his shell canoe,
> The ocean Mab, the fairy of the sea—
> * * * *
> He, when the lightning-winged tornadoes sweep
> The surge, is safe—his port is in the deep!
>
> BYRON.

"Recent observations have vindicated the character of this clever little sailor from the aspersions heretofore cast upon it, of being a mere pirate, who, having killed and devoured the former inhabitant, seizes on his vessel. They have proved that he is lawful owner, and his own industrious shipwright, and beautiful is the model on which his little frail bark is constructed! It somewhat resembles the nautilus in its external form, whence its trivial name, paper nautilus; but it is essentially different from that shell, in being unilocular. . . . . The argonautæ are found in the Mediterranean and East Indies." (pp. 251, 252.)

In the same vol. (xvi.) of the Quarterly Journal of Science is a paper by Mr. Brooke, "On some undescribed minerals;" among them one (named after the subject of this memoir), of which Mr. Brooke says, "The attention which Mr. Children has shown to mineralogical chemistry, is one, among many other inducements, to name this metal Childrenite."

In the same vol. p. 374, is likewise an account of

some experiments by Mr. Children, conjointly with Mr. Daniel, on Dobereiner's Eudiometer.*

In 1824, at such intervals as Museum duties would permit, Mr. Children occasionally continued to occupy himself in mineralogical chemistry. His examination of the mineral called Babingtonite, on which there is a paper by M. Levy, M. A. in the University of Paris, in the 7th vol. new series of the Annals of Philosophy, will be found immediately following that paper. He had previously examined (I believe at M. Levy's request) "a very scarce and new mineral from Vesuvius," which "occurs in small brilliant colourless and translucent crystals, sufficiently hard to scratch rock crystal." This mineral was named *Forsterite* by M. Levy. (Ann. Phil. vol. vii. p. 61.)

In the same year (1824) he gave a paper to the Annals of Philosophy (vol. viii. p. 36), "On the characters of some mineral substances before the blowpipe." They were "Arfwedsonite," "Latrobite," and "the matrix or greyish-coloured substance, in which the Latrobite is embedded." His examinations of another new mineral, both with the blowpipe and by chemical analysis, are given by Mr. Brooke in a paper

* Those of my readers who, from the nature of their pursuits, are in the habit of regularly seeing the scientific periodicals, will perhaps find these notices superfluous; but they seem necessary, in order to give others a just idea of the variety and quantity of Mr. Children's work at this period of his life; and, indeed, his contemporaries are so fast passing away, that even those who are engaged in similar studies now are hardly likely to be aware of what was done by him so many years ago.

contained also in vol. viii. of the Annals, and named "*Barytocalcite*, from its chemical composition, as ascertained by Mr. Children." It was found in Cumberland. The same vol. viii. contains another article by Mr. Children (Article 15, for August 24), entitled, "Reply to an erroneous statement respecting Sir Humphry Davy's method of defending the copper sheathing for ships' bottoms." This was written in answer to an attack on the originality of Sir H. D.'s invention, in the 32nd Number of the Mechanics' Magazine. In it Mr. Children fully establishes his friend's claim to originality; but I must refer those who wish to judge for themselves to the paper in question, as the argument could not be fairly treated in an extract.

At page 243 of the above-mentioned vol. of the Annals is Mr. Children's examination of another mineral (also at the request of M. Levy), consisting of "small emerald-green transparent crystals," found on a specimen of Mr. Turner's collection from the Bank mines, in the government of Ecatherineburgh in Siberia, to which Mr. Heuland gave the name of *Brochantite*, in honour of a mineralogist, as well known here as in his own country. (Article 1, by M. Levy, An. Phil. Octr. 1824.) He also examined *Rosélite* for M. Levy. The analysis will be found in the same volume as Brochantite, p. 141.

Again in this year (1824) he a second time took up the gauntlet in defence of Sir Humphry Davy, and gave another article to the Annals of Philsophy on

the subject, entitled "On the Mis-statements in the Morning Chronicle and Times newspapers respecting Sir Humphry Davy's method of protecting the Copper Sheathing of Ships' Bottoms." The two letters, one from Mr. Children to the late Sir John (then Mr.) Barrow, and the other from Mr. Barrow in reply, are an amusing comment on the wanton disregard of truth and absence of good feeling too often disgracing newspaper assertions:—

"British Museum, October 22nd, 1824.

"My dear Sir,

"You have seen, no doubt, a paragraph in the Times newspaper of the 16th instant, stating that vessels coppered on Sir Humphry Davy's plan with protectors, have returned after short voyages perfectly foul! In the same paragraph it is also insinuated that Sir H. D's. late voyage to the Baltic was made at the public expense. Pray allow me to ask you if these statements, or either of them, be correct or otherwise?

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Your faithful servant,

"J. G. CHILDREN.

"John Barrow, Esq.
&c. &c.
"Admiralty."

"Admiralty, October 22nd, 1824.

"My dear Sir,

"In answer to your inquiries respecting vessels coppered on Sir Humphry Davy's plan, with protectors, having returned after short voyages perfectly foul, and whether Sir Humphry Davy made a voyage to the Baltic at the public expense, I have to state that with regard to the former no report whatever has been received at this office from any one vessel supplied with protectors, nor am I aware that any one of them has returned into port. And with regard to the second point, I can safely say that Sir Humphry's passage to the Naze of Norway (not the Baltic) was not attended with any expense to this or any other department of government. The fact is simply this: the Comet steam-vessel having been ordered to proceed to Heligoland at the express request of the King of Denmark, for the purpose of fixing with precision, by means of numerous chronometers, the longitude of that island, in order to connect the Danish with the British survey, and the Board of Longitude having recommended that the voyage should be extended as far as the Naze of Norway, for the purpose of ascertaining the longitude of that important point, Sir Humphry Davy volunteered to proceed in her, at his own expense, to enable him to attend in person to certain experiments which he was desirous of making on the action of sea-water on the copper of a vessel passing rapidly through that medium.

"If any illiberal construction should have been conveyed to the public, as your note would seem to imply, you are at liberty to make use of this reply in any way you may deem fit.

"I am, my dear Sir,

"Very sincerely yours,

"JOHN BARROW.

"J. G. Children, Esq."

Verbum non amplius addam.

J. G. C.

In 1824, in addition to his multifarious pursuits and occupations, Mr. Children became a joint editor, with Messrs. Bell and J. and G. Sowerby, of a new scientific periodical, called the Zoological Journal, the first number of which appeared in March of that year. In that number he contributed a translation of M. Augustus Odier's "Memoir on the Chemical Composition of the Corneous parts of Insects," with "some additional remarks and experiments" of his own. The paper is long, but would be interesting to an entomologist.

The Zoological Club of the Linnæan Society, in the formation of which Mr. Children gave his co-operation, was established in the foregoing year. The venerable Mr. Kirby, by the unanimous voice of the members, was called to the chair. The meetings were held at the apartments of the Linnæan Society in Soho Square. Its establishment is noticed in the Zoological Journal, vol. i. In the subsequent numbers

the proceedings of the club are to be found; I shall have occasion to recur to it again.

Mr. Gray (now Dr. Gray, of the British Museum) enriched this first volume of the Zoological Journal with a monograph on the genus of shells called Cypræidæ or Cowries, in which he gives the name of "Cypræa Childreni" to one species, and says, "I take this opportunity of dedicating this curious species to my excellent friend J. G. Children, Esq., whose extensive acquirements and zeal in science need not my feeble praise."

A paper written either towards the close of 1824, or early in the next year, and requiring great thought and care, was published by Mr. Children in the Annals of Philosophy for March 25, 1825. Its title is "A Summary View of the Atomic Theory, according to the Hypothesis adopted by Berzelius." The purport of the paper is all I can extract. "The general adoption of the peculiar views of M. Berzelius respecting the atomic constitution of chemical compounds, native or artificial, by the chemists and mineralogists of the European continent, especially those of Germany and Sweden, renders an acquaintance with it almost indispensable to the English reader, since scarcely a single analysis is now published in the scientific journals and treatises of those countries, the results of which are not calculated according to the data and denoted by the symbols of the illustrious professor of Stockholm.

"A short account of his doctrine will, therefore,

probably not be uninteresting to our readers, though perhaps they may think with us, that the simpler theory usually adopted in our own country answers every purpose equally well and with greater facility than the more complicated system of our continental neighbours." (pp. 187, 188.) The paper was continued in subsequent numbers, and concluded with a very copious alphabetical "Table of the Weights of Atoms according to Berzelius."

In the year 1824, Mr. Edmund Thomson sent a paper to the Annals of Philosophy "On the Discovery of Silenium in the Sulphuric Acid made from the Pyrites of Anglesey," to which are appended some "Experiments on the above described Silenium, by J. G. Children, F.R.S." They are both in the January number for 1825. In the March number of the same journal for that year is a paper taken from the Annals of the Lyceum of Natural History, New York, by Prof. Renwick, on Torrelite, followed by some "Observations on the Analysis of Torrelite," by Mr. Children: at p. 230, a note to Vauquelin's article on Titanium in mica, stating Mr. Children's having two years before "examined a dark brown mica from Siberia without finding the least trace of that metal;" and in the June number a notice in a paper on the chemical composition of Sponges, by John Edward Gray, Esq. in which he states that Mr. Children "had just observed that a sponge-like body lately given to him by Mr. Heuland . . . . consisted wholly of pure silica and a little animal matter."

There is nothing for quotation in any of the above papers; and I only mention them as records of Mr. Children's incessant occupations, at a time too when his health was becoming much the worse from his confinement to London. In addition to his other avocations, he was now at work on a matter important to himself as well as to others. Many of my older readers will remember that about the years 1823 and 1824 an immense number of mining speculations had been set on foot in South America. They were silver mines, and were worked at considerable disadvantage, arising from the enormous cost of bringing quicksilver from Spain for the purpose of extracting the silver from its ores by amalgamation. It was therefore a great object with these mining companies to find a process by which the silver might be obtained without the use of mercury; and the attention of several chemists (of Sir H. Davy, I believe, among others) was turned to the subject. Mr. Children took it up with great earnestness; and by a series of very careful experiments succeeded in accomplishing the desired object. The discovery was of some pecuniary advantage to him, as the right to use his process was gladly purchased by several of the mining companies, the Real del Monte, United Mexicans, &c. but Mr. Children was not of a disposition to bargain for the sale of his science, and the sums he received from the mining companies were settled by themselves, and were a trifle compared with the amount that had been asked for a different process by others.

I know not whether the process discovered by Mr. Children is still in use, or whether in the lapse of thirty years it has been superseded by any newer method. That which Mr. Children discovered I am not at liberty to make public.

Mr. Children, in addition to the trial from his own unequal health, had at times considerable anxiety on account of that of his wife. In the autumn of 1825, by the desire of his friend and medical adviser, Mr. Robert Rainy Pennington, in whom he had unlimited confidence, they went to Cheltenham. Immediately before their departure from town, his daughter had become the wife of Mr. John Pelly Atkins, the only surviving son of the late Alderman Atkins. As all parties resided in London, the marriage occasioned much less separation than such an event usually does in families. They all met again at Cheltenham, and when re-established in town few days passed without a meeting. Mr. Children became sincerely and warmly attached not only to his son-in-law, but to his father and family, and nothing but the hand of death severed these ties. His son-in-law had been a pupil and especial favourite of Mr. Children's uncle, Mr. Jordan, then some few years deceased, and at Hickling the acquaintance began, and speedily ripened into intimacy from Mr. Atkins's earnest and anxious endeavours (crowned at last with success) to see right done to their widowed friend Mrs. Jordan in a matter in which, her confidence having been misplaced, she had been cruelly defrauded. Mr. Atkins, from motives

of delicacy, was unwilling to act in the affair without Mr. Children's name, or without keeping him thoroughly informed of all the proceedings; this threw them much together, and by the time the business was all satisfactorily arranged, they were become too sincerely friends to be strangers any more. Mr. and Mrs. Children appeared to benefit by their stay at Cheltenham; but in the spring, Mr. Children's health becoming much worse, instead of taking only the usual month's recreation and absence from London, Mr. Pennington insisted on his soliciting leave for a longer period, and going to the continent. Accordingly, in July, 1826, Mr. and Mrs. Children set off for the Rhine, intending to take a tour in Switzerland; but after they had been some weeks on their journey, Mr. Children's illness materially increased, and he fell into such a state of extreme exhaustion, in great measure from the excessive heat, that after remaining quietly at Schaffhausen for some days, they turned their faces homeward, or at least to Paris. They were fortunate in having bought an easy carriage for their tour, and also in having engaged the services of a very experienced courier, who could take all trouble off their hands; but they had a miserable journey nevertheless by Troyes, Langres, and Provins, meeting only with wretched accommodation, and the invalid requiring rest, but finding the inns too devoid of comfort to admit of their remaining beyond a night. They at length reached the French capital, where, under the watchful attention of his wife, and Dr.

McLaughlan's advice, Mr. Children gained sufficient strength to inspect the Jardin du Roi,* and pay his respects to Baron Cuvier, both of which, not only as interesting to himself individually, but from his official capacity, he was particularly anxious to do. Cuvier was extremely amiable; and, although unequal to society, Mr. C. dined once with him, the only engagement he ventured to make. In October, he and Mrs. Children returned to England. The progress of his recovery was checked by an unlucky chill in crossing from Calais to Dover; but after a time he began to recover strength, under the advice of his friend Mr. Pennington, with the aid of English diet and great care, when he was again thrown back by the shock of the death of his elder uncle's widow, Mrs. Jordan, of Hickling. He rallied from this sufficiently to undertake a fresh office of considerable responsibility, in the November of this year, 1826, having been elected to succeed Mr. Brande, who had resigned the office of one of the secretaries of the Royal Society. At this period he held this office only one year, resigning it in November, 1827.

In addition to his various other employments, Mr. Children had for some few years been a joint editor with Mr. Richard Phillips of the Annals of Philo-

* On one of these occasions, Mr. (now Dr. Gray) was with Mr. Children, and, with his exceeding quickness in distinguishing species, immediately detected a wrongly-named specimen—a reptile, I believe. He was too diffident to point it out to Baron Cuvier, who was their Cicerone himself; but Mr. C. did, and Cuvier, in the most gentlemanly manner, expressed his thanks to Mr. Gray for the discovery.

sophy. His name never, I believe, appeared on the title-page of the work itself; but the fact was known, and in Mr. Bicheno's address on relinquishing the chair of the Zoological Club in November, 1826, in enumerating the "periodical publications which encourage zoology," he mentions "Children and Phillips's Annals of Philosophy," a note to which address states that "since this address was delivered, the Annals of Philosophy have ceased to exist as a distinct work, having merged in the Philosophical Magazine, which will in future bear the title of 'The Philosophical Magazine and Annals of Philosophy,' and be conducted by Mr. R. Taylor and Mr. R. Phillips." Mr. Children had now also relinquished the editorship of the Zoological Journal, but his name, as one of the co-operators, still remained on the title-page of that work. The chair of the Zoological Club was held for one year only, and on the anniversary meeting abovementioned, at which Mr. Bicheno resigned it, Mr. Children was appointed to preside for the ensuing year.

During this year Mr. Children was employed, as were also Mr. Vigors and Mr. König, in drawing up the zoology, &c., of the Appendix to Denham and Clapperton's Expedition into Central Africa. Experiments, too, connected with the examination of different silver ores sent by mining companies occupied a good deal of his time, at intervals, during this and two or three succeeding years.

Mr. Audubon (the well-known naturalist of

America) gives an amusing account, in the introduction to the second volume of his American Ornithological Biography, of his arrival in London and his first acquaintance with Mr. Children. He says:—"Eighty-two letters of introduction were contained in my budget; thus I had some foundation for the hope that I should acquire friends in the great city. In May, 1827, I reached that emporium of the productions of all climes and nations. After gazing a day on all that I saw of wonderful and interesting, I devoted the rest to visiting. Guided by a map, I proceeded along the crowded streets, and endeavoured to find my way through the vast labyrinth. From one great man's door to another I went; but judge of my surprise, reader, when after wandering the greater part of three successive days, early and late, and at all hours, I had not found a single individual at home. Wearied and disappointed, I thought my only chance of getting my letters delivered was to consign them to the post, and accordingly I handed them all over to its care, excepting one, which was addressed to 'J. G. Children, Esq. British Museum.' Thither I now betook myself, and was delighted to meet with that kind and generous person, whose friendship I have enjoyed ever since. He it was who pointed out to me the great error I had committed in having put my letters into the post office, and the evil of this step is perhaps still hanging over me, for it has probably deprived me of the acquaintance of half the persons to whom they were addressed. In the course of the week

about half a dozen of the gentlemen who had read my letters left their cards at my rooms. By degrees I became acquainted with a few of them, and my good friend at the Museum introduced me to others. I renewed my acquaintance with the benevolent Lord Stanley, and became known to other noblemen, liberal like himself. Soon after I was elected a member of the Linnæan and Zoological Societies." (Intr. p. 9.) In 1820 Audubon returned to America; but subsequently, as he says, "accompanied by my wife, I left New Orleans on the 8th of January, 1830, and sailing from New York on the 1st of April, we had the pleasure, after a voyage of twenty-five days, of landing in safety at Liverpool, and finding our friends and relations well. When I arrived in London, my worthy friend J. G. Children, Esq. presented me with a diploma from the Royal Society. Such an honour conferred on an American woodsman could not but be highly gratifying to him. I believe I am indebted for this mark of favour more particularly to Lord Stanley and Mr. Children." (vol. ii. Intr. p. 11.)

Mr. Audubon named a bird, which he believed to be a new species of the genus Sylvia, after Mr. Children, *Sylvia Childreni;* but he afterwards discovered it to be only a young bird of the species *Sylvia Æstiva.*

Mr. Children's year as Chairman of the Zoological Club of the Linnæan Society having expired in November, 1827, from the address he then delivered, which he was requested "to allow to be printed for distribution among the members of the Linnæan So-

ciety," some extracts may be interesting. It commences thus:—

"Gentlemen,

"In compliance with the example set by your late excellent chairman, I feel it incumbent on me before I quit this seat briefly to address you on the principal transactions of the Society and the progress which Zoology has made in this country during the last twelve months. But first I must pay the debt of gratitude which I owe to the Members of the Zoological Club, individually and collectively, for the honour of having been elected your chairman for the year just past; an honour due solely to your kindness, not to my deserts; and I fear that I have executed the duties of the situation very imperfectly, for I began the fascinating pursuit of zoological science too late in life to expect to make great proficiency in it. I feel that the chairman of this society should combine, like my immediate predecessor, long experience in the various branches of that interminable science, with extensive reading, deep research, and great critical acumen. But, though I cannot boast such qualifications, I will yield to no man in point of ardent attachment to zoology and zeal for its success. Circumstances compelled me to abandon a darling pursuit to which I had for many years devoted myself, for another then almost new to me. I will not deny that the sacrifice was a painful one, and not made without considerable reluctance; but were I to

begin life again, and had the option of devoting myself to chemistry or zoology (with the knowledge I have since acquired of each), I think I should prefer the latter as opening a more extensive view if possible of the works of nature, certainly introducing us to a more intimate knowledge of the almost infinite variety and beauty of organised forms, and consequently leading the mind to a deeper sense of adoration of that Power through 'whom we live, and move, and have our being.'"

The main body of the Address is occupied of course with the details of all that had been done and published of importance on Zoology during the year, with an especial mention of "that young but promising child of British energy and science, the Zoological Society," concerning which the chairman adds, "The spirit of its immortal founder (Sir Stamford Raffles) has gone forth, and will not fail to light up in every heart capable of exalted feelings, some portion of that fire which animated his own; some wish, some sacred hope of treading, with however unequal steps, in the path he has so zealously marked out for them." Towards the end of the address occur the following paragraphs:—"Ere I conclude, I cannot but remind you that the day we have chosen for the celebration of the anniversary of the Zoological Club, is that which witnessed the birth of the father of the science. . . . . To dwell on the scientific merits of John Ray before such an audience as I have the honour to address, would be little short

of impertinence and folly. . . . . but I may be allowed to say, that the abilities of his head were equalled only by the excellence of his heart. It is impossible to read his Itineraries; his Three Discourses on the Chaos, Deluge, and Dissolution of the World; his Wisdom of God in the Creation; or the beautiful prayers added from his own MSS. by the Editor at the end of his Life by Derham, without feeling convinced that, as his mind was stored with all the best learning of his day, so his heart was the seat of a pure and unaffected piety; and his moral conduct through life afforded one continual practical illustration of the solidity and sincerity of his virtues.

". . . . Ray was born on the 29th of November, 1628; consequently the next year will be the two-hundredth anniversary of his birth. Should not British zoologists celebrate the jubilee? Let us mark it by more than the common ceremonies of our anniversary, and devote the day to that innocent cheerful conviviality which he himself loved and cherished, and pour out a generous libation to the immortal memory of John Ray." (Address, pp. 20, &c.)

" P.S.—In consequence of the hint thus thrown out, it was unanimously resolved that the suggestion of the Chairman . . . . be adopted, &c."

On the anniversary of the Royal Society, 1827, Mr. Children resigned the secretaryship. It was with very sincere regret he gave up this honourable post, after holding it for so short a time; but during the whole of the year his health had been very uncertain,

and he was scarcely ever well two days together. His friends were all kind in expressing their regret at his determination; and from his colleague in office, Sir J. Herschell, he received a most kind letter, which is still preserved.

The Natural History Society of Montreal, the Philosophical Society of British Guiana, the Society of Arts of Edinburgh did him the honour in this and the following years of electing him an honorary member of their respective bodies; and, I may also here mention, that at much later periods he received a similar distinction from our own Institution of Civil Engineers, and from the "Societé d'Histoire Naturelle d'Athènes," and the "Societé de Statistique Universelle de Paris," and, I believe, from some others.

The third article in the Zoological Journal for January, 1827, is a paper "On the Esquimaux Dog, by J. G. Children, Esq. F.R.S. &c." This fine animal "was brought from the Polar Sea by Mr. Richards, in Captain Parry's first voyage, and given by him to his friend," Lieut. Elliot Morres, R.N. He was about 39 inches long from the nose to his fine bushy tail, which was itself about 18 inches long; his height about 24 inches. He was principally black in colour, with some white about him. . . . . His name, given by the Esquimaux, was Akshelli. He was "good-humoured, but rather impatient of restraint;" seldom barked, "but, if displeased, uttered a low wolfish growl." He took very little notice of strangers, and

was exceedingly powerful. An excellent engraving of the dog accompanies the paper.

The Philosophical Magazine for 1828 contains the first of a series of papers by Mr. Children, forming an "Abstract of the characters of Ochsenheimer's Genera of the Lepidoptera of Europe." The series of papers is extensive, and occupies a portion of each number from October 1828 to May 1829 (inclusive), and from July to December 1829, in which last it is concluded. It consists almost entirely of strictly scientific dry details of the characters of the genera, but in the midst of all these (p. 287) comes in a paragraph or two which I cannot resist giving at length :

"Obs.—Ochsenheimer appears to have been as much too fearful of creating new genera as many of our modern naturalists, not merely in entomology, are too fond of it. He has in this group, as in the last, adopted divisions as to families; and also, except in one instance, given distinctive characters to each, but no names. We are no friends to loading natural history with unnecessary words, but great groups like the present *must* be divided, and those divisions are better discriminated as genera, with appropriate names, than as families with the unmeaning A, B, C, &c. prefixed. All arrangement is artificial, and its great object is to assist the memory; and, therefore, well-chosen names are better than letters and asterisks; and system, by bringing together those subjects which have more or less resemblance to each other, impresses their forms and qualities more firmly on the mind

than the individuals could do separately, as great masses strike the attention more forcibly than minute. But we should never forget that nature knows nothing of our systems; indispensable as they may be to us, they are altogether the offspring of our own imaginings, from the comparatively rude attempts of the earlier methodists, to the *Regne Animal* of Cuvier, or the *Horæ Entomologicæ* of W. S. Macleay. They are human, not divine systems; and, however beautifully they may illustrate the apparently mutual connections and gradations in structure or habit amongst the countless multitude of beings that constitute the animal world, we have only our own assumption that any such gradations and connections really exist—an assumption, however, far from rash or presumptuous, but, on the contrary, supported by the evident harmonies of nature. It is not, therefore, against such systems that we would object, but against their abuse; against the wild attempt to strain them beyond what their texture can bear,—to make them, not the faithful guide and assistant to the student, but the laboratory note-book of the Great Author of Nature! Such, at least, is the almost blasphemous trash published by a celebrated foreign naturalist, in an otherwise admirable work—trash, of which it is difficult to say whether it most deserves our execration or our contempt! Infinite power trying experiments! First making a monkey—and then a man! *What the greatest naturalist of modern times* has recently said of fish, is applicable, *mutatis mutandis*, to the whole of animated nature:

'Les poissons forment une classe d'animaux distincte de toutes les autres, et destinée en totalité par sa conformation à vivre, à se mouvoir, à exercer les actes essentiels à sa nature dans l'élément aqueux. C'est là leur place dans la création. *Ils y ont été dès leur origine; ils y resteront jusqu' à la destruction de l'ordre actuel des choses, et ce ne'st que par des vaines speculations métaphysiques, ou par des rapprochemens très superficiels, que l'on a voulu considérer leur classe comme un developpement, un perfectionnement, un ennoblissement de celle des mollusques, ou comme une première ebauche des autres classes de vertèbres.*' (Cuvier, Hist. Nat. des Poissons, 4to. i. 401.)

"Had the author, against whom Cuvier's observations are obviously directed, been a Scotchman, we might have supposed he had stolen a hint for his precious hypothesis from the playful lines of Burns:—

> Her 'prentice han'
> She tried on man,
> And then she made the lassies, O!

—*Phil. Mag.* vol. v. p. 287—8.

The abstract of the genera was again resumed when the sixth part of Ochsenheimer's work was published.

Mr. Children's proposal to celebrate the two-hundredth anniversary of John Ray's birth was carried out as successfully as he could have desired, as will appear from the opening paragraph of a very long and full account of it given in one of the daily papers:—

"*Commemoration of Ray.*

"The two-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the illustrious John Ray was commemorated on Saturday (Nov. 29th, 1828) by a public dinner at the Freemasons' Tavern; and considering how deeply the naturalist, the moral philosopher, the virtuoso, even the divine, and the civilised world in general, are indebted to the labours of that great man, it is somewhat extraordinary that no such tribute of veneration should have been paid to his exalted genius before. To the suggestion of Mr. Children, the naturalists of the present day owed this opportunity of doing honour to themselves, by offering their homage at the shrine of their great predecessor. . . . No sooner was the hint for such a festival given, than it was eagerly adopted by every gentleman distinguished by his knowledge in any branch of natural philosophy, and the company which ultimately assembled was such as no other country could have produced, and did real honour to the merits of the illustrious precursor of Linnæus."

The meeting was presided over by Mr. Davies Gilbert, the successor of Sir Humphry Davy in the chair of the Royal Society, which ill health had compelled that distinguished philosopher to resign. His state was now a very precarious one, and in a letter to Mr. Children of Feb. 1828, he says, "The struggle between life and death still continues in my constitu-

tion." The following year had not closed when death, alas! obtained the mastery.

The years 1829 and '30 were neither of them prosperous with Mr. or Mrs. Children on the score of health. To escape from the smoke and fogs of London, they were again some months at Hampstead. Mr. Children had in these years to mourn over fresh losses in his family and friendly circle, which was narrowed by the deaths of his excellent mother-in-law Mrs. Wise, his brother-in-law the Rev. George Wise, and his old friend Major Austen; a great deal of serious disquietude and vexation on matters of business, to him very important, in which he had been involved by no fault of his own;—all these circumstances combined had a most distressing effect on his spirits, and but for the confidence he had in his son-in-law's affection and judgment (without whose opinion he never now took any measure of importance), they would, I am persuaded, entirely have broken him down. A year, however, does not usually pass away without some period of bright and cheering light, and his was not a disposition to shut his eyes against a gleam of sunshine. He had occasional seasons of relief from the pressure of his vexations. One of these was a residence of some weeks at St. Leonard's-on-Sea, a town then in its infancy, planned and built by his friend Mr. Burton. Here he had the pleasure of frequent intercourse with the Burton family, and several other friends, besides the advantage of sea-air, from which he always derived benefit. While at

St. Leonard's he wrote the lines which follow, which are, I believe, in an album kept there:—

ST. LEONARD'S.

TO JAMES BURTON, ESQ.

I slept, and a vision arose to my sight:
All was darkness around—the black mantle of night
Envelop'd each object that stood on the plain
Where the Conqueror triumph'd, where Harold was slain!
As I mused on the years long since parted—a ray
From a mystical lamp through the gloom forced its way;
The wizard who bore it moved slowly along,
While, in tones deep and hollow, he chanted this song:—

"Gloom and darkness, hence—begone!
Days of brightness hurry on!
Here no more shall desert sand
Deform the beauty of the land;
The fisher's hut shall disappear,
And lordly domes be founded here!
To work, my spirits! be it done
Before the morning sees the sun."

He ceased, and a light more effulgent than day
Like a meteor's blaze chas'd the darkness away—
When, lo! a fair city, all gallant and trim,
Stood—by magic art rais'd—upon ocean's wide brim:
I awoke—and St. Leonard's burst full on my view!
The dream was prophetic, the vision was true!
Majestic and lovely her head she uprears,
Mature, though an infant, in all things but years,*
In her beauty she smiles on old England's own sea,
And Aladdin revives, my dear Burton, in thee!

J. G. C., Sept. 1830.

* The first stone of this sea paradise was laid on the 1st day of March, 1828.

Another of the *agrémens* of 1830 was the pleasure Mr. Children experienced in improving his acquaintance with Baron Cuvier, who visited England in the August of that year.

In November, 1830, the Duke of Sussex became President of the Royal Society, and Mr. Children was re-elected one of the Secretaries. This honour was so far from being solicited by him, that he entered on the office by the wish of his friends, but with much unwillingness from want of confidence in his health. For several years, however, he retained the office, although at times, if not actually laid up, business was extremely irksome and fatiguing to him. To enjoy the country and yet to be within reach of London, he took a small house in 1831, at Burford Bridge, near Dorking, in Surrey, a lovely spot, to which he could easily go down at the end of each week. There he had his son-in-law and daughter a great deal with him, as well as Mrs. Children, and also a niece and great-niece of Mrs. Children's. He was excessively fond of young folks in general, but more especially of this little lassie, whose playfulness and intelligence were just suited to cheer and enliven his often jaded spirits.

The following needs no comment, unless it be to bid my younger readers mark the truth of what has been often said before, that real affection rests not on the fleeting graces of youth or beauty. The lady to whom these lines were addressed, with all the sincerity of the most perfect love and esteem, was then growing aged, and when she became Mr. Children's wife she

was far from young, but she had that hold on his affection which her worth and her own true heart deserved, and which she retained unaltered till her death:—

Burford Bridge, May 30th, 1831.

TO MY BELOVED, JUSTLY DEAR WIFE.

No poet's dream I dream to-day,
Fair truth alone inspires my lay,
Whose mild, clear radiance need borrow
No gleam from fiction for to-morrow,*
Her artless strain can best express
My heart's content and happiness!
Yes, dear Eliza! though twelve years
(In retrospect the time appears
Scarce twice six months) have pass'd away
Since first I bless'd the happy day
That made you mine—yet, never more
Bless'd I that day than at this hour!
Affection, tenderness, and love
Your every thought, word, action prove—
The watchful nurse, the ardent friend,
My cares you lull, my joys you mend!
Oh, woman! Heaven's choicest blessing,
Without whom life's not worth possessing!
How can thy smile our griefs assuage,
How fire our youth, how soothe our age!
How turn man's heart to good from evil,
And make an angel of a devil!
Such is your power—and if like thee,
Eliza, all thy sex would see
To use it rightly, Eden's grove
Could scarce have witness'd purer love
Than still earth's denizen might be,
And bless the world as you bless me!

J. G. C.

* Their wedding-day.

Another address on the same anniversary, written six years later, may be added here:—

TO ELIZA, 31ST MAY, 1837.

Though all I owe and feel
For all your love has done
Were writ with pen of steel
On hardest tablet-stone—

Still more enduring *here*
Their memory shall live—
The *heart* that you hold dear
Can best the trace receive!

In a summer-house in the garden of their cottage at Burford Bridge a little robin had been accustomed to be fed by the party, and had become as tame as a little songster could be, eating crumbs from their hand, or sitting beside them. On quitting Burford Bridge, Mr. Children left the following lines:—

PITY POOR ROBIN.

Stranger, whoe'er thou art, that seek'st repose
In this retreat from business or from woes,
Here, if thy heart be pure, thy nature kind,
The peace you seek for, you shall surely find:
No gorgeous pomp this humble roof affords,
No needless luxuries o'erload its boards;
But all that reason, all that health requires,
You here may have—wisdom no more desires!
If music charm thee—here, delicious notes
Shall win thine ear, pour'd from a thousand throats
Taught by sweet Nature's self to sing her praise,
And hymns of gratitude and rapture raise
To Him in whose Almighty power and love
All creatures have their being, live and move!

Chief to one darling Redbreast's song attend,
Watch all his winning ways, and be his friend;
His artless confidence he'll freely give,
And from your hand his daily food receive,
Hop round your path, attend you in the bower,
With curious eye your every look explore;
Come at your call, perch fearless on your seat,
And with familiar chirp your presence greet—
Him, and these scenes, reluctant I resign!
As once *my* care, oh let him now be *thine!*
Cold winter comes apace—the autumn flies,
And air and earth his wonted food denies;
And Bob must seek in vain from herb or flower
To cull a morsel in that gloomy hour,
For then no insects swarm, no buds expand,
But frost and dreariness usurp the land:
Yet, still at intervals his voice is heard—
Hope, that cheers all, inspires the shivering bird!
Let him not sing and hope in vain—the door
Throw wide, invite him to partake your store—
He'll not decline the welcome, and each day
His grateful warblings will your love repay;
And He, whose Providence is over all,
To whom "no high, no low, no great, no small,"
Each act of mercy will approving see,
And that you show poor Redbreast, show to thee!

J. G. C.

Burford Bridge, Sept. 18th, 1831.

The events of the year 1832 were not calculated to restore tone to nerves so shaken as Mr. Children's had been by the state of his own health. A long illness which afflicted his son-in-law's youngest sister, a most brilliant and lovely young creature, terminated fatally in the summer of this year. During this anxious period an accident occurred early in May to Mrs.

Children, who in going down a short flight of steps leading from the drawing-room of their house at the Museum to her bed-room, while both her hands were occupied, fell, and had the misfortune to break her leg. Such an event would have been deplorable at any time, but, coming as it did in the midst of other sad anxiety, it was the more distressing. Happily, however, neither advancing age nor previous delicacy of health prevented the patient's recovery, and the blessing of a kind Providence aiding first-rate advice, rewarded the exemplary patience of the sufferer. After some weeks of confinement she was able to move with crutches, and by the autumn to walk comfortably without them. Mr. Pennington considering Mr. Children's health to be in absolute need this year of more rest than usual, especially after the shock from this accident to his wife, sent in a memorial to the trustees of the Museum, stating his opinion. Mr. and Mrs. Children therefore took a cottage at Norwood; and, by the time that the business of the Royal Society began again after the summer, Mr. Children was able to attend his duty there and at the Museum without injury. They returned to town late in the autumn.

In April, 1833, Mr. Children had to bewail with her relatives and numerous other friends the death of Mr. Atkins's eldest sister, whom he had regarded not merely as a connection, but loved and valued as a friend. The loss also occurred of his old and very dear friend, Mr. Allan, of Edinburgh. These depressing

events, and a continuance of the same harassing matters of business which had annoyed him in the previous year, were but too sure to tell on one whose heart was so affectionate, and whose feelings were so sensitive on all points as his. He was, however, on the whole, notwithstanding all these drawbacks, in better bodily health than in the previous year, though still often obliged to consult Mr. Pennington. He was one of a little set of friends—the Social Chemists—who in 1833 revived their meetings, which had been some time discontinued. Very pleasant meetings they were; each member entertaining the others once in the season at his own table, the entertainer only inviting any other guest.

This year also, before domestic sorrow had saddened them, Mr. Children and Mr. Atkins were two of the stewards at another interesting commemoration, which took place in March—that of "the centenary of the birth of Dr. Priestley, considered as the founder of Pneumatic Chemistry." The addresses on that occasion (at Freemasons' Hall) are given in the vol. of the Philosophical Magazine for 1833, and are extremely interesting, being not mere after-dinner speeches, but really scientific discourses on various subjects connected with the discoveries and researches of Dr. Priestley. The venerable Dr. Babington (too soon after removed from the friends who loved him, and the profession he adorned,) was in the chair. In his address he mentions the following curious circumstance:—

"Had oxygen gas alone been the fruit of Dr. Priestley's investigations, the obligations conferred on our profession must have been indelible. . . . . Two persons, servants in a public-house . . . the one a lad of thirteen years old, the other a man of thirty-five, having gone to bed in a small room in which a brazier of lighted charcoal had been left burning, were found the next morning in a state of complete insensibility." The lad's case was past all hope; but "in the man some signs of life remained. . . . . I found him still quite insensible; his countenance pale, his respiration imperfect, his pulse sinking, his tongue protruding, and his under-jaw in a state of spasm. In this apparently almost hopeless state, it occurred that the most likely means of restoring vitality would be to produce artificial respiration, and at the same time to employ oxygen gas in place of atmospheric air. Having by good fortune a portable galvanic trough at my command, and being promptly supplied by my friend Mr. W. Allen with the necessary quantity of oxygen gas, there was little or no loss of time in making the experiment. Nothing could be more satisfactory than the result. At every application of the galvanic conductor to the lower and anterior part of the chest a muscular spasm ensued, by which the chest was expanded, and an opportunity consequently given for the introduction of the oxygen gas with obvious effect. By a repetition and continuance of this proceeding we had the gratification to find that our endeavours were completely successful, the man being in the end restored to health."

Mr. Children's health having been proposed in connection with "Prosperity to the British Museum," he returned thanks, and after having alluded to the "ability and eloquence" with which Dr. Priestley's labours on a variety of subjects had been already mentioned, he added, "I beg leave to call your attention to those which he devoted to electricity. A science so abounding in brilliant phenomena could not fail to excite the strongest emotions in a mind like that of Priestley, who not only fully appreciated the importance of the discoveries already made, but with an almost prophetic spirit seems to have anticipated still more important results reserved for a future period. I will not undertake to quote his exact words, but in the History of Electricity . . . he says, 'By pursuing this new light, the bounds of natural science may possibly be extended beyond what we can now form an idea of—new worlds may open to our view, and the discoveries of Sir Isaac Newton himself and all his contemporaries be eclipsed by the labours of a new set of philosophers in this new field of speculation!' and he adds a little further, 'What delight would it afford to a modern electrician to exhibit, were the thing possible, some of his principal experiments to Sir Isaac Newton;' and here I may be allowed to ask, If in the estimation of Dr. Priestley it would have excited admiration in the mind of Newton to witness the powers of the Leyden phial, or the repetition of Franklin's daring experiment, what would he himself feel at the progress which his darling

science has made in later times? With what ardour would he behold the electric fluid deprived of its fugacious and impetuous character, and rendered the obedient servant of our will by the sagacity of a Volta! How would he rejoice to see the strong analogies that exist between electricity and magnetism extended and confirmed by the discoveries of Œrsted; and finally, if not their identity, yet (as has been well expressed in a very recent work) 'that they are different aspects of the same agent' proved, beyond dispute, by the incomparable researches of our own gifted countryman (Mr. Faraday) the second child and champion of that noble institution, in whose bosom and at whose hand a Davy found that protection and assistance which enabled him to triumph over the most energetic attractions of matter, to disarm the fire-damp of its terrors, and, in a word, to raise an imperishable monument to his own and his country's glory! But to return to Priestley: I shall not enter into a detail of all that he accomplished in the science, but two happy applications of electrical agency to chemical research I must not pass over in silence, since, though Priestley did not himself pursue the path he marked out to its full extent, it conducted others to results of primary importance; I allude to his discoveries of the formation of an acid, when electric sparks are taken for some time in confined portions of common air, and of the great increase of volume which ammoniacal gas experiences when similarly acted on. The first fact led Mr. Cavendish, as you know, to the successful

investigation of the composition of nitric acid; and, by little more than the mere repetition of the second experiment, Berthollet effected the analysis of ammonia. It would be impertinent in me to detain you longer; for what more could I say of Dr. Priestley that you do not already know and acknowledge? my feeble eulogy can add nothing to his fame,—it is as immortal as his labours were multifarious; and to him, *mutatis mutandis*, may be applied what was said of a celebrated literary character, '*Nullum ferè scientiæ genus non tetigit, nullum quod tetigit non ornavit.*'"

Mr. Children took a small house in the summer of 1833 near the Regent's Park, and spent his autumn holiday at Sandgate—a quiet spot, which both he and Mrs. Children much enjoyed. The latter had so wonderfully recovered from her accident, that in an excursion they made to Dover she was able to walk with the others of the party all over the Castle.

In the autumn of 1834, Mr. and Mrs. C. paid a visit to his relations, Mr. and Mrs. Poley, of Boxted Hall, near Bury St. Edmund's, where Mr. Children had not been for many years, and then went on to Yarmouth. They enjoyed this trip and the kindness and hospitality of their friends greatly, and were much benefited by their little tour.

In the establishment of the Entomological Society, in 1833, Mr. Children had been extremely influential; and in the years 1834-5 he was the Society's president. His first address from the chair contains chiefly the remarks of courtesy and praise due to the gentlemen

whom it was his duty to nominate as vice-presidents. The Address of the 26th of January, 1835, was printed at the request of some of the members. It commences thus:—

"Gentlemen,

"As this is probably the last opportunity that I shall have of addressing you from this chair, I embrace it to offer you my acknowledgments for the honour you conferred on me in calling me to it—an honour enhanced by the consideration of my being the first person who occupied it as President of the Entomological Society.

"It is a source of the truest gratification to me to witness the rapid advance which this society, though so recently established, has already made, and is still making, towards the full vigour of maturity. The contemplation of its prosperity is indeed most grateful to my feelings as one of its original founders, but infinitely more so from motives altogether unconnected with any selfish consideration; motives of a much higher order—the conviction that the foundation of this society will not only prove a centre round which the entomologists of this country will rally, but also be the means of facilitating a cordial intercourse with our brethren in every quarter of the world. The advantages to be expected from such an intercourse cannot but prove most important to the best interests of the science, the promotion of which, by every

means in their power, ought to be, and I am confident will be, the great object of the members of the Entomological Society, especially of those who, in the full enjoyment of youth, health, and talent, are best qualified to effect it. We, your older friends (I address myself now more particularly to our younger members), who came forward at your call to aid you in establishing this society, have done our duty; it now rests with yourselves to support, in undiminished integrity and beauty, the fair edifice which we have, to the best of our ability, assisted you to raise. I am certain, gentlemen, that you will acquit yourselves of that sacred obligation so satisfactorily, that the venerable patriarch of our science himself, under whose auspices we are enrolled, might it be permitted him to penetrate so far into futurity, would behold in yourselves and your descendants an illustrious band, worthy to follow him, with no faltering or unequal steps, in the path which for so many years he has trodden, to his own and his country's honour, and who, proud of his successors, with honest exultation would 'point at them for his.'

"But to accomplish this important object requires no ordinary share of zeal, perseverance, and research, to which must be added a calm, deliberate judgment. Without the three first no effectual progress can be made in science; and unless they be associated with the last, the facts which you may accumulate will lead to no very useful result; certainly to no satisfactory elucidation of the laws by whose operation

the complicated, but mutual dependencies of animal life, as a general system, are regulated and supported."

How fully Mr. Children's exertions for the Society's welfare were appreciated appears in the Address on the nomination of the vice-presidents by his successor in the chair, Mr. Hope. That gentleman thus begins his speech:—

"The duty devolves on me, gentlemen, of nominating your vice-presidents for the present year, and scarcely should I consult the interests of this society did I not without hesitation name our best friend and supporter John George Children, Esq. To this gentleman's cordial co-operation we are highly indebted for the formation of the Entomological Society, to his uncompromising firmness we owe our stability, to his liberal views and unobtrusive generosity much of our prosperity. We have had experience of his ability as a chairman; we have witnessed that courteousness and amenity of manners, which, whilst it disarmed opposition, elicited respect and admiration. His rich and extensive collection of insects has ever been, and continues to be, open to the view of the student. His unrivalled Entomological Library is always easy of access, and even the most costly and expensive works have been intrusted to others, with a confidence as rare as it is considerate and exalted. Gentlemen, it only now remains for me to express a wish—I am sure the fervent and united wish of the members of this society—that 'long, very long,' may we see Mr.

Children amongst us, and long may we derive the benefit of his science, his counsel, and support."

It fell about this time to Mr. Children, as Secretary of the Royal Society, to perform part of a laborious task, which the following paragraph from the London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine, mentions in a notice of the "Abstracts of the Papers printed in the Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London from 1800 to 1830 inclusive," &c. "Of all these contributions to the knowledge of nature we are presented in these volumes with the condensed results. The proof-sheets, as we gather from the Report of the Council, already cited, have been read over by Mr. Lubbock and Mr. Children."—Vol. iv. p. 48.

In February 1835, a lady, Mrs. Children's first cousin, but more nearly like a sister in affection and intimacy, Mrs. Loyd, the wife of Mr. Loyd of Overstone, after a very lingering illness, died most deservedly lamented by all connected with her. This benevolent and excellent lady had found that rare thing, a true friend, in the widow of Dr. Meyer, who, herself well endowed with all the comforts and elegancies of life, was contented to forego (at an advanced age too) all the peace and freedom from care of her own home, to attend for many, many long months, the couch of her whose intimate associate she had been from the prime of life. Her exemplary and disinterested attachment drew the following tribute from Mr. Children's pen:—

AN OFFERING FROM THE HEART TO TRIED AFFECTION.

If ever being had a friend, whose smile
Might gladden joy's gay hours, whose care beguile
Whole years of waning health, whose pious hand
Close (when at length the Almighty's dread command
Summon'd the gentle spirit) eyes, where shone
Such beams as Charity delights to own ;
Eyes never turn'd from want, whose pitying view
Look'd on affliction, and reliev'd it too—
Such friend was Meyer ! let grateful memory tell
How long, dear saint, she watch'd thy couch, how well
Prevented every wish—at friendship's call
World, home, and pleasure, she renounc'd them all !
So pure, so heavenly pure, so bright can shine
In mortal breast, affection's spark divine !
Her task is ended here, but not here ends
The chain whose links secure the hearts of friends !
To death itself no pow'r to burst them known,
They still unite, blest shade, thy Betsey's to thine own.

In 1835 Mr. Children became a Freemason. During this and the next year an inquiry concerning the affairs of the British Museum was going on before the House of Commons ; and Mr. Children, as well as the other officers, had to attend to give evidence—a great and by no means agreeable consumption of valuable time. This year Mr. Children had to mourn the loss of a beloved and most amiable relation, his younger uncle, the Rev. Richard Jordan, incumbent of Mountfield, and of Hoo, and a minor canon of Rochester Cathedral, who died on the 21st of August (the anniversary of the death of Mr. Children's father). Mr. C. says, in a letter to his daughter, " He was seized on

the previous day with palsy and epilepsy, Margaret" (Mr. Jordan's only surviving child, now Mrs. Madden) "was sent for express from Hastings, and arrived at three yesterday morning, so that she attended his last twelve hours of expiring life, but never heard his voice." He adds, "My heart is full and heavy; I feel as if I had lost a second father."

During the summer of 1835 Mr. Children took a cottage at Wimbledon, and in the autumn they again spent the Museum holiday at Sandgate. He had the gratification of receiving a vote of thanks from the Royal Society at their meeting in December, 1835.

To cheer Mrs. Children's solitary hours during the seasons of indisposition which too frequently confined her to the house, she had two beautiful mule canaries whose song pleasantly beguiled many a moment, and of whom her husband was extremely fond. The lines that follow were written by him one day when they were singing away in full glee:—

TO DARLING AND BEAUTY.

Bless'd be your merry hearts, and little throats
Swoll'n into rapture with luxurious notes,
Ye lively emblems of delight and joy!
Types of the bliss that reigns without alloy
Where seraphim th' eternal chorus raise,
And angel-choirs hymn forth their Maker's praise.

May 10th, 1836.

I am tempted to transcribe the little copy of verses addressed this year to Mr. Children by his daughter, on his birthday, because the thought expressed afforded

him peculiar pleasure, and also because they are a just and not more than a just tribute to her who was indeed to him all that the lines describe her to have been.

Faith in th' inspir'd page with comfort reads
That Heaven's own angels "minister to those"
Whom with a fostering hand their Father leads
To endless bliss, through earthly joys or woes.

May then some "ministering spirit," watchful still,
Upon my much-lov'd parent's steps attend;
Each real good secure, avert each ill,
Soothe ev'ry pang—a never-failing friend!

So pray'd I humbly to the throne above—
And, as a pledge, in answer to my pray'r,
Saw, in a wife's fidelity and love,
The fitting emblem of an angel's care.

A. A. May 18th, 1836.

The loss of friends in the two next years came in rapid succession: the deaths within a few months of each other of both Mr. and Mrs. Burton and of two brothers-in-law of Mr. Children's in 1837, gave him fresh cause of sorrow, and his spirits were also greatly depressed by the evidently increasing illness and debility of Mrs. Children. On her account he took a house at a sweet spot, Mill Hill, near Hendon. Although very ill during part of her stay there, she rallied occasionally, and certainly derived as much advantage as could be expected from the fine air and drives in that pretty country, so that on her return

to London late in the autumn she was less of an invalid than she or any one else had ventured to anticipate.

In the spring of this year Miss Austen, the lady whom I have already mentioned as being considered by Mr. Children almost as a daughter, and who to his real daughter had been from childhood dear as a sister, became the wife of the Rev. Henry Dixon, the vicar of Ferring, in Sussex. After having been a little while settled in her new home, she went with her husband on a tour in Switzerland and the North of Italy. She allowed Mr. Children to see the journal she had kept during her travels, and on his returning it to her it was accompanied by the following lines:—

TO MRS. DIXON, WITH HER JOURNAL.

I've travell'd with you over moor and mountain,
Enjoy'd each shady wood and cooling fountain;
Swelter'd in Venice—froze on th' Mer de Glace,
And almost lost my head on Gemmi's giddy pass;
Shar'd all your pleasures, all your pains and toils,
Escapes and dangers, terrors and turmoils;
Admir'd descriptions, nervous, clear, and strong,
And only wish'd your journal twice as long:
But most of all its closing page delights—
Before the head, but now the heart indites,
And tells, with pathos true, to all who roam,
The sweetest hour is that which brings us home.

J. G. C.

One of the little canaries mentioned above was found on a Sunday morning at Mill Hill, just after breakfast, dead in his cage. Mr. Children, who was

not well enough to rise until late in the day, inclosed the lines below to Mrs. C. on her return from church:—

M. S.
Darling!
Aviculæ desideratissimæ! Formâ pulcherrimâ,
Ingenioque quàm docili
præditæ!
Heu citius, fatis abrepta, obiit,
Die Augusti xxvii,
Anno Ætatis
IV.

The tear will fall—I know 'tis folly—
Yet censure not my melancholy;
I cannot choose but mourn my bird,
His gentle voice, so often heard
In notes melodious, soft, and clear—
That voice I ne'er again shall hear;
No more his vacant cage supply
With dainties; while, with head awry
And knowing look, he eyed the meat,
And seem'd to thank me for the treat.
Poor tuneful Darling's dead! farewell
Sweet little favourite! thy knell
With grief I sound—sad tribute, due
To memory, melody, and you!

At the anniversary meeting of the Royal Society, in November, 1837, Mr. Children finally resigned his post as one of the secretaries, which he had held since 1830. The increasing business in his as in every department of our national Museum, consequent on the almost daily acquisition of fresh objects of every

kind, required exertions which were serious in the state of his nerves and health. This induced the necessity for lessening the variety of his occupations. It was not, however, without regret, nor without a deep sense of the kindness of those with whom his duties as Secretary had brought him in contact, that he gave up his office. His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, the President, from whom Mr. Children had ever received the most amiable courtesy, nominated him one of the Vice-Presidents for the year, and thus expresses himself on the subject in a letter to Mr. C.:—"It gives me great concern to think that circumstances have obliged you to resign the Secretaryship of the Royal Society, although I must freely admit that you had no choice left you. Believe me, however, that it will make no other difference between us, and that I shall be always most happy to keep up a friendly intercourse, from which I have derived so much satisfaction."

In the month of March 1838, Mr. Wise, Mr. Children's venerable father-in-law, died deeply regretted at a very advanced age; but without such painful indications of previous decay as render the last blow in some cases almost welcome. Mrs. Children's health now appeared to be more decidedly breaking; and in the summer she had a severe fall: the external injuries were comparatively slight, but the shock to the nervous system alarmed Mr. Pennington for the consequences. Mr. C. took a house for three months at Blackheath, and again had the comfort of seeing her

in some measure recruited, though her state was still a subject of great anxiety.

Mr. and Mrs. Children returned to the Museum early in October 1838; and on the 26th of the same month, it pleased the Almighty to remove from this world, after a long and very severe illness, another of those whom Mr. Children valued, Mr. Alderman Atkins, who had long regarded him as a friend as well as a near connection. Mr. Children joined in following this old friend, the father of his son-in-law, to his grave at Halstead. The deep sorrow which natural feeling must experience in committing all that is mortal of the parent or the friend to its last solemn resting-place, and that excited in the breasts of many by a grateful recollection of advice or assistance freely given in the hour of need by the deceased, could not, however, but yield to an emotion of thankfulness, that after such keen and prolonged sufferings, and at the advanced age of seventy-eight, the immortal spirit was at length released from the body, and was at rest and happy.

From January 1839, Mrs. Children's health declined more evidently; and her kind and indefatigable adviser Mr. Pennington discouraged in Mr. Children's mind all hope, not only of her eventual recovery, but of her life being much prolonged.

The months which followed were harassing to mind and body, but he exerted himself to bear up against the trial. How great his submission, and how ready his fine mind was to turn his trial to good account,

the conclusion of the following little poem will help to show:—

TO A TROUBLESOME FLY.

"He cme to make us merry with his humming."

Off busy, curious torment! hence
You little black impertinence!
Your tiny snout and suckered toes
Invade my hands and face and nose,
And "tickle slumber" from my eye;
While your eternal buzzings by
Annoy my ear with ceaseless hum,
Worse than recruiting serjeant's drum—
Go, sing to those who like your note,
I wish your trumpet down your throat!
So to the heart oppress'd with grief,
Though kindly meant to bring relief,
The voice of mirth sounds harsh and rude—
Deep sorrow dotes on solitude!
And wisely dotes, if used aright,
If sweet religion's holy light
Pierce through the gloom with steady ray,
Converting darkness into day;
If resignation kiss the rod,
And turn, with humble hope, to God!
Life's race, though mournful, still unmurmuring run,
And every thought proclaim—"Thy will be done!"

J. G. C., 7th August, 1839.

On the 1st of September, 1839, calmly as an infant could sink into slumber, passed away the spirit of the faithful partner of the last twenty years, of almost the whole of that period during which Mr. Children had been by necessity, not choice, a man of considerable toil; and how much comfort and happiness her companionship had afforded him, his extreme distress at the prospect of its cessation best proved. When

the first bitterness of grief was passed he had some chance of regaining health and nerve, the anxious and hopeless watching of the previous months being at an end. He had for some time been desirous to quit the Museum, for although he took much interest in its rapidly increasing treasures, especially in his own department, yet he was now daily feeling how needful rest and leisure were becoming to him; but during Mrs. Children's closing life, even for the last two or three years, an entire change of abode, with all that such a change involves, would have been impracticable. Now, however, there was no longer any reason why he should further tax his strength, and before the year closed he waited on the late Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley, to inform his Grace of his intention ere long to resign his situation. The good, venerable, and most amiable prelate was truly kind on the occasion, urging him with gentle earnestness to consider well if the want of employment might not be worse than the necessity for it. Though fully sensible of the kindness of the advice, Mr. Children adhered to his determination. Accordingly, on the 25th of March, 1840, he sent in his resignation in due form, having in his farewell report on the 11th of March announced his intention of doing so. The last paragraph in Mr. Children's report,* dated March 11th, 1840, runs thus:—

"In conclusion, Mr. Children has only to add that

* The copy of this report was found with other papers connected with it, which Mr. C. had carefully tied up, and written on them "La fin couronne tout."

he shall resign his office as head of this department on the 25th instant; and that, in parting from his 'approved good masters,' he shall carry into his retirement a deep and grateful sense of the condescension and kindness with which, for nearly twenty-four years, he has uniformly been honoured, collectively and individually, by the Trustees of the British Museum, to whom he now fervently and respectfully bids farewell."

The following communication from the Rev. Josiah Forshall, the Secretary, Mr. Children received after his resignation had been sent in:—

"British Museum, 30th March, 1840.

"My dear Sir,

"The general meeting on Saturday was very fully attended,* and the Archbishop of Canterbury presided. There was but one feeling expressed, that of great regret at the loss of your services and high esteem for your character.

"In communicating the accompanying minute, let me add the expression of my own sincere sorrow at

* There were present—

His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the Chair.

Right Hon. the Speaker.	Lord Ashburton.
Marquess of Northampton.	Sir R. H. Inglis, Bart.
Earl of Aberdeen.	Sir H. Halford, Bart.
Earl of Cadogan.	H. Hallam, Esq.
Lord Bishop of London.	W. R. Hamilton, Esq.
Lord Fitzgerald.	

your ceasing to be my colleague, and my hearty wishes that you may long live to enjoy the universal regard felt towards you by your Museum friends, and the well-earned respect of those who are most distinguished for their love and cultivation of science both in this country and on the continent.

"Believe me, &c.

"J. FORSHALL.

"J. G. Children, Esq."

"(Copy.)

"At a general meeting, 28th March, 1840,

"The Secretary announced to the Board that the Principal Trustees had received the resignation of Mr. Children;

"It was Resolved,

"That the Trustees receive with regret the announcement of the resignation by Mr. Children of his office of Keeper of the Zoological Collections, and think it due to Mr. Children to record upon their minutes the sense which they entertain of Mr. Children's meritorious services in the Museum during the long period of twenty-four years.

(Signed) "J. FORSHALL, Secretary."

The pleasure which Mr. Children experienced from the gratifying manner in which his resignation had been received, and from the kindness of his friend

Mr. Forshall's letter, is best expressed in his own words:—

"Halstead Place, 1st April, 1840.

"My dear Sir,

"Accept my warmest thanks for the very kind manner in which you have communicated to me the highly gratifying resolution of the Board of Trustees of the British Museum, passed at the general meeting on the 28th of March, in which they have done me the honour to regret my resignation of office, and 'to record,' (&c. in the words of the minute given above). 'To retire with such honourable testimony of the past,' is indeed to 'finish my' official 'course with joy;' and I shall reflect on it with honest pride as long as I live; and in my last hour I trust it will not be forgotten. 'Dulcis moriens reminiscitur Argos.'

"Pray express for me, in the most respectful terms, to His Grace the Lord Archbishop, the Lord Chancellor, the Right Honourable the Speaker, and the Board of Trustees in general, my grateful acknowledgments for the flattering distinction their kindness has conferred upon me.

"Another, but more painful duty remains, to say farewell to yourself and my other late associates in office, from whom I cannot separate myself without sincere regret at parting from a set of gentlemen *

* Where all had been so constantly in the interchange of kindness as Mr. Children's colleagues and himself, it is almost invidious to particularize, but I may here say that in the official intercourse between Sir Henry Ellis, the principal librarian, and Mr. Children, the intimacy

from whom I have invariably received the greatest kindness, and for whom I entertain the purest feelings of respect and esteem. Happily our separation is only official; for it would be painful to me indeed were it not relieved by the hope, that in all other respects our mutual friendship and intercourse will continue unchanged.

"I am ever,

"My dear Sir, &c.

"JOHN GEO. CHILDREN.

"Rev. Josiah Forshall."

It was indeed with mixed feelings that Mr. Children left the Museum. On the one hand there was the regret above expressed; on the other he enjoyed the sense of recovered freedom by once more becoming

of private friendship was invariably united with that courtesy from the superior officer and that deference from the junior, which their relative positions demanded. To Sir H. Ellis this little memoir is in some degree owing, since the idea of it, much encouraged by him, arose out of a conversation with him consequent on Mr. Nichols's wish for such particulars as might enable him to give some notice of Mr. Children in the Gentleman's Magazine. Of the other officers, the Secretary, Mr. Forshall, was connected by marriage with Mr. Children's oldest friends, Mr. Smith's family; Sir Frederic Madden by family ties with his own; and the friendship between Mr. Hawkins and himself was of older standing than the connection of the former with the Museum. These circumstances of course rendered those gentlemen and his successor, long his fellow-labourer, Dr. Gray, among the most intimate of his friends there; and for one whose retirement had preceded his own many years, the Rev. H. Baber, he retained to the end of his life the same regard as when they were living within the walls of "the old house."

master of his time. It may be imagined how pleasing was this prospect to one, who up to the age of nearly forty had been, perhaps, more than usually free, even in boyhood, from all but the most indulgent and slight restraint. A rough and evidently unfinished copy of verses, found among his papers, strongly indicates the mingled current of emotion when the actual hour of parting came.

ON LEAVING THE B. M.

Scene of joy, and scene of sorrow,
  Scene of pleasure and of pain,
Fare thee well!—for come to-morrow
  Part we—ne'er to meet again!

Yet not unconcern'd I leave thee,
  Careless from thy courts depart—
Fondly cherish'd still—believe me,
  Lives thy memory in my heart—

When the storms of Fate assail'd me,
  Fortune frown'd—friends fell away—
Here returning peace first hail'd me,
  Here hope's first reviving ray—

A father's sacred griefs to lighten—
  Soothe his spirit—calm his fears—
Bid a gleam of comfort brighten
  E'en the aged bankrupt's tears;—

Thou didst aid me,—blest assistance!
  Though with loss of freedom gain'd!
Not Slavery's self should rouse resistance
  That a parent's neck unchain'd.

. . . . .

To Mr. Children's great pleasure and satisfaction

John Edward Gray, Esq. was unanimously chosen his successor as the Keeper of the Zoology in the British Museum. The foreign diploma which this gentleman (now Dr. Gray) has lately received "for having formed the first zoological collection in Europe," is one among many proofs of Mr. Children's correct appreciation of his merits.

On leaving the British Museum, Mr. Children disposed of his entomological collection and a large portion of his library, and took a house in London (No. 48, Torrington Square), a situation near many valued friends, among whom must not be forgotten Mr. and Mrs. Rennalls and Mr. Britton,* the former at that time, the latter still, residing in that neighbourhood, and in whose society, when occasionally in town, he spent many happy hours; it was also within a very trifling distance of the British Museum. He retained this house during the remainder of his life, though, excepting for a few weeks at a time, he resided almost entirely with his son-in-law at Halstead Place. He had an elasticity of mind which prevented the advance of years from telling on him so much as "slow consuming age" does on many. But his health was so uncertain that his ailments kept him constantly in that uneasy state of being neither ill nor well, which is perhaps as trying from its perpetual recurrence as more acute but less frequent malady. The lines which follow show how rarely occurred a "day of health," and how thankfully such a day was received by him.

* John Britton, Esq., the celebrated and venerable antiquary, &c.

AN INVALID'S FAINT PRAISE FOR AN UNUSUALLY WELL DAY.

I've had a day of health! thy blessed boon,
Great Lord of Life and Death, whose sov'reign will
Call'd us from nothing, and supports us still!
And grant, oh God! that, whether late or soon,
The hour that summons me from earth, my heart
"Resigned alike to linger or depart,"
May beat submissive to thy dread decree,
And in its last faint pulse be fix'd on Thee!

Halstead Place, June 15th, 1840. J. G. C.

In the course of this summer Mr. Pennington and Dr. Gordon strongly urged Mr. Children to try the waters of Carlsbad or Marienbad; and after some hesitation he agreed to do so, and in company with his friend Mr. Garden* set off for the continent on the 11th of July, in good spirits. Their route was by Ostend to Brussells (where Mr. C. begins a journal thus):—

"11th July, 1840. Having parted from my dearest Anna, we—that is, Garden and self, accompanied by the best of sons-in-law that ever blessed a father—proceeded to the 'Earl of Liverpool' steamer, off the Custom House, where John left us safe and sound." While at Brussells Mr. Children did not fail to revisit the field of Waterloo, where, moreover, he did not admire "the Belgic lion with his tail between his legs." They went on by Antwerp, &c. to Frankfort,

* For this gentleman Mr. Children had a long-standing and great regard; drawn together by their mutual love of chemical science they often worked in company, and Mr. Garden's laboratory was always open to Mr. Children when he could no longer command one of his own.

and by Bamberg, Bareuth, and Eger to the baths of Marienbad, where they arrived on the 2nd August. Here Mr. Children took a short course of the waters with advantage, and the tone of his letters showed that his little tour was producing its usual effect in bracing his nerves and raising his spirits. I shall make very few extracts from his journal of this tour, as the scenes he travelled through are well known; but a passage or two here and there may be interesting:—

"August 11th. Farewell, sweet Marienbad! for this lovely morning we started for Carlsbad. Yes, we have left you in all your beauty, and I shall never, in all human probability, see you again. Scenes of simple, unsophisticated nature! for in spite of the busy world which for its little season invades your tranquil hills and valleys—fills your purses, hews your rocks, and plants palaces in your bosoms, all has been unable, as yet at least, to subvert or even materially change your natural aspect, or the ingenuous feelings of your kind-hearted inhabitants! A pretty custom prevails in Bohemia, which struck me forcibly on witnessing it for the first time this morning, on giving the usual trifling gratuity to our attentive, industrious, and ever-smiling chambermaids. It consists simply in kissing the hand of the donor; but it is done with a peculiar grace that renders it interesting and even affecting—at least it was so to me, and contrasts, with singular advantage, with the cold formality of the stiff, almost unbending, inclination of the pompous

waiter, who sees my Lord to his carriage, and cares little whether he ever sees him again or not. It may be so here, but I do not think it; for all is of a piece, and courtesy and kindness is the characteristic of the people. It is not, however, only on receiving a gratuity that the simple salutation alluded to is offered. I have often since seen the same token of affectionate respect paid to his superior by a servant, who has left his immediate occupation for a moment, to kiss the hand of his passing master." From Carlsbad Mr. C. visited Prague, of which he says, "My gratification at my visit has been complete, and I think Prague the most interesting and most worth seeing of any town I ever set foot in." He returned to Carlsbad, and then proceeded to Nuremberg, where the following entry is made in his journal:—

"22nd. Nothing new under the sun. In the Rathhaus at Nuremberg there is, on the wall, an old fresco painting of a man being beheaded by a guillotine! The painting is 319 years old. When the French first saw it they were quite mortified!"

At Nuremberg Mr. Garden, whose health had been very indifferent on their journey, went for medical advice, I believe, to Paris, and Mr. Children continued his tour, going *viâ* Augsburg and Inspruck to Munich. At this latter place he met his old acquaintance, the lamented Sir David Wilkie, then on the journey from which he was not to return alive to England. From Munich Mr. Children retraced his way to Frankfort, and so to Rotterdam, whence

he had a fearfully rough passage in the "Giraffe" to London. He says, in a note announcing his safe landing, that he has often laughed at the perils of fresh-water sailors in crossing the channel, but that he must now admit there might be good ground sometimes for uneasiness. The "Giraffe" had an engine too weak for her work, and the gale was violent; the figure-head of the vessel was carried away, but happily no other harm was done. Mr. C. passed part of the autumn at Dover. In 1841 he visited some friends in Devonshire, the Isle of Wight, and Leicestershire, and, in one of these excursions, while taking a walk, he came within hearing of the cry of a poor hare that had just been shot, and, in consequence, wrote the lines below:— *

. . . . "Detested sport,
That owes its pleasure to another's pain!"
COWPER.

I saw the shot! I heard thy cry,
Poor victim, in thine agony!
Who, but an hour before, the gale
Of life and joy wert free t' inhale!
Another shot! another hare
The former's dying pangs must share!
Oh! that the human heart should gain
A "pleasure" from "another's pain!"
Prove rather, generous youth, the glow
Mercy and charity bestow,
And seek in exercise combin'd
Health both of body and of mind;

* Mr. Children had been a sportsman himself in early life, but never really enjoyed either hunting or shooting, feeling more sympathy with the victim than with its pursuers. He had given up field-sports long before he left Tunbridge.

Direct your steps to misery's door,
Brave storm and tempest for the poor—
Bear there your alms to heal and save,
And snatch a sufferer from the grave;
But leave poor hares in peace to live,
Nor mar the being 'tis not thine to give!

J. G. C., 2nd Oct. 1841.

Mr. Pennington having recommended him to try the Bath waters, he and his son-in-law and daughter spent a month there in the winter of 1841. On their way home they stayed a night or two at Oxford, where they received much civility and kindness from Mr. Children's acquaintance, Dr. Buckland, and a hearty welcome from his former colleague (for a few months) at the Museum, the Rev. Philip Bliss (now Principal of St. Mary Hall, and for a long period Registrar of the University), whose friendship he formed during their official intercourse, and retained unaltered through his life. There were none in the whole circle of his friends whose society he more loved and enjoyed than that of Dr. Bliss, and of his truly amiable wife, nor, I am pround to think, any who returned his regard more warmly. It was not long after this visit that the lines which follow were penned:—

DE FELICITATE.

What is Bliss?
A thousand things—a first-love kiss;
A happy home; a faithful wife;
Dear offspring, and each joy in life
That springs from virtue's pure source—these
Are Blisses all, in their degrees:

But there's another sort of Bliss,
And yet as true a one as this
Or t' other you have just related—
Well, what is it?—It is grey-pated,
Good-looking, kind, benevolent,
And ne'er harsh word or measure meant
To say or take ; nor short, nor tall—
A happy mean, and, loving all,
By all beloved! What Bliss is this?
What Bliss?—Why, what but *Philip Bliss!*

PHILEUPRAGIAS.

A pretty little spaniel, who had been many years a great favourite of all at Halstead, died this year, and was buried under a cedar tree. Mr. C. wrote his epitaph as follows (the parody will be recognised); he was called Flos (or rather Floss, for his name was given him from his silky hair):—

——— *Flos* succisus—
Languescit moriens.

Æn. ix. 435.

Underneath this turf doth lie
As pretty a spaniel as could die,
Who when alive did pleasure give
To friends as faithful as could live.
Blucher's rival, Blenheim's mate,
Tiger's bold associate—
Playful, fitful, full of fun,
Pet of all, yet spoil'd by none—
Sorrowing ring we Floss's knell!
Good night, favourite, ding-dong-bell!

1842 was a better year with Mr. Children as to health, and both in his own house and at Halstead he

enjoyed seeing old friends and acquaintances around him. He had resumed his favourite employment of turning, and his lathe supplied him with amusement. He also rode on horseback, and with advantage to his health, though never really fond of the exercise. In the winter he was at Ryde with his son and daughter, returning with the party to Halstead before Christmas. Halstead had become a favourite spot. He had recovered there much of his elasticity of spirits, entering with really youthful warmth into everything that was going on. He enjoyed as much as in "days of yore" Miss Gregg's beautiful playing, in which from her childhood he had been so much interested, that he had the sort of pride a parent feels in witnessing how she excelled, and in all she did he ever took a lively interest. Not even the young folks of the parties more than once assembled at St. Leonard's and Malling, where he and his son-in-law and daughter were among the guests invited to witness the performance of some puppets most ingeniously constructed by his and their much-loved friend Miss Cornwallis,* could have more completely enjoyed the whole thing. No one could have been more ready and eager to assist and contrive, and to put a knowledge of optics and mechanics hard to work, than he was when joining Mr. Atkins in putting up and improving an appa-

* Between this lady and Mr. Children's daughter a most intimate friendship had for many years subsisted, and heartily did he subsequently share in it: few could better appreciate each other than two such minds as hers and Mr. Children's.

ratus for dissolving views; and, in short, there was no pursuit of those he loved, in which he did not kindly and eagerly take an interest, and bring to their aid the various resources of his cultivated mind; while in all that he could do, in the more every-day business of life, it was his delight to render any act of kindness or accommodation, and to give, in joy or sorrow, his ever ready sympathy. Who can wonder that when, years after (those years still passed in the same affectionate intercourse), the dreary time came that closed that intercourse on earth for ever, the blank was terrible? But to return to that happy period when he was yet with them:—although not wholly free from occasional vexations arising from former matters of business, yet he had such entire reliance and confidence in his son-in-law, that affairs were light which otherwise he would have been oppressed by, and those days were to himself, and to those who rejoiced to see the calm evening of his life, a truly happy time; and perhaps 1842, and the early part of 1843, as happy as any. I say the early part, for the summer and autumn of 1843 were anxious and sorrowful. Another sweet sister of Mr. Atkins, Mrs. J. D. Burnaby, after some months of lingering illness, died of consumption at Hastings in November, leaving one little boy, then about eighteen months old.* Mr. Children, besides

* In this dear child Mr. Children ever took the deepest interest, and was delighted if any opportunity of amusing him occurred, which was but seldom, his home being in Leicestershire. On one of his visits to Halstead, Mr. C. made a very large kite for him, and enjoyed doing so quite as much as the child did the possession of it. In a serious

his interest in all that affected his son-in-law, was so much attached to the lovely creature thus early taken from earth, that he participated deeply in the grief felt for her loss; and a long, though not dangerous, illness of his daughter's, who had been many weeks confined to her bed at the time the melancholy event took place, of course occasioned him some additional anxiety. He was, however, much better in health, and consequently firmer in nerve, than two or three years before, and therefore more able to bear up against the ordinary trials of life. In the summer of 1844, change of air being recommended for his daughter, he accompanied her and her husband on a tour in North Wales, and to the Lakes, revisiting with pleasure some of the scenes of his former excursions. In the autumn he again paid a short visit to his sisters-in-law in Devonshire.

The lines that follow, written this year, accompanied a locket (in the form of a book), containing his hair and his son-in-law's.

TO ANNA ATKINS,

WITH A CERTAIN VOLUME NOT QUITE SO BIG AS A CHURCH BIBLE,

FROM HER OLD AND AFFECTIONATE FATHER,

J. G. CHILDREN, HALSTEAD PLACE, MARCH 16TH, 1844.

"Multos et felices."

Great books are great evils, they say—
And nine times in ten they say true!

---

illness which attacked the darling boy, Mr. C.'s anxiety on his account was little short of that of his uncle and aunt, and equal to theirs was his thankfulness that the child was restored to health.

Yet that evil you hardly will find
In the one I now offer to you.

Its contents too, I venture to hope,
Will not without interest prove—
As memorials, though silent, sincere
Of a father's and husband's fond love!

They are blended, yet vary in hue,
And each from the other you'll ken;
Black letter's the type of old books,
But white hairs are the type of old men!

Though the texts may thus differ, the same
Is the sentiment each would express—
In terms warm and grateful to Heaven—
The return of this dear day to bless!

And still, as the seasons roll on,
May its measure of blessing increase!
And the future, like those that are gone,
Be crown'd by affection and peace!

About the same time Mr. Children wrote some lines

FOR MUSIC.

Gentle airs and lyric measures
Wake the soul to softest pleasures!
Music tunes the heart to love.
Mortals here, and gods above,
Own its power, and bend to thee,
Care-dispelling melody!
Heap with votive gifts her shrine!
Bring the myrtle, bring the vine!
Faun and sylvan nymph advance—
Raise the chorus, lead the dance!
Mirth, good humour, friendship join,
And Bacchus crown the bliss with wine!

J. G. C.

One fine evening when Mr. Children, before he became so deeply interested as he afterwards was in astronomy, had been using a telescope which he had many years before given his daughter, he sent the following note, written in pencil, down to the party in the drawing-room:—

Venus shineth fair and bright,
And gives you all a kind invite
To come and view her lovely light.

But as you view she does implore ye
To keep this constant truth before ye,
She shines but with a borrow'd glory.

So man's best actions, though they seem
To own an independent gleam,
Are virtue's pure reflected beam!

H. P.

Sunday-night, March 31, 1844.

Such of my readers as are acquainted with Mr. Yarrell's beautiful work on British Birds, published in May, 1843, can hardly fail to remember the vignette with the history of Chantrey's woodcocks. The account is as follows:—

"In reference to the subject below, forming the final vignette of this volume, I may explain that in the month of November, 1830, Sir Francis Chantrey, when shooting at Holkham, killed two woodcocks at one shot. To record this event, Sir Francis Chantrey sculptured two woodcocks on a marble tablet, which he presented to Mr. Coke, now Earl of Leicester. Sir Francis has since kindly given to me the drawing

on wood, which is here engraved. The occurrence, from its singularity, has been the subject of many epigrams and complimentary verses. The following couplet was written by Hudson Gurney, Esq.:—

> Driven from northern climes that would have starved them,
> Chantrey first shot, and then he carved them."
>
> (*Yarrell's British Birds*, vol. ii. p. 669.)

In Mr. C.'s hand-writing, in his copy of Yarrell's work, is a *jeu d'esprit* on the subject, which he had written in Chantrey's life-time:—

> Respirant, volitant, O vis quanta artis! eâdem
> Ad vitam reduces quâ periere manû.
>
> J. G. C.

(*Note by Mr. Children.*)—" I was not aware, when I sent the above couplet to Chantrey,* that he had represented the birds as dead. The first two words should therefore be altered to—' Mortui adhuc vivant,' &c.; as we say, ' carved to the life!'

It may be thus rendered in English:—

> By the same hand that they to death were done,†
> Such Chantrey's art—they live again in stone.
>
> J. G. C."

The sweet lines below were written in 1846, just after Mr. Atkins and his wife had returned to

* Mr. Children was one of the large circle of admiring friends whom our great sculptor's amiable qualities, no less than his wonderful talents, drew around him.

† " Not *over-roasted!*"

Halstead, leaving Mr. Children in Torrington Square. They have been treasured as a balm to sorrow in the days of bereavement:—

TO MY DEAREST J. P. AND A. A.

1.

The halls are desolate and drear,
The dear ones are departed!
How late was all around me here
Gay, cheerful, and light-hearted.

2.

The look, the smile, the laugh, the tear,
(For tears are often bliss!)
Each word, each thought, while they were near,
A pledge of happiness!

3.

But they are gone! yet not a sigh
Shall urge their longer stay;
For duty calls them, nor will I
Her sacred call gainsay.

4.

'Tis age's tottering step to prop,
The sick man's couch to cheer,
The plaint of virtuous want to stop,
To dry affliction's tear,

5.

They go, and blessed be their path!
Nor will I tarry long—
For loneliness small comfort hath,
Yea! e'en the night-bird's song

6.

Would lose its sweetest charm, no ear
Of love to 'list the strain!
So Hope, my nightingale, can cheer
With "soon you'll meet again."

7.

Nor here, confin'd to this poor earth,
This bank and shoal of time,
The Christian's Hope! but glorious birth
She gives to thoughts sublime!

8.

And when, as sure ere long, my eyes
With pious hand you close,
Repress affection's mournful cries,
And hail my late repose.

9.

And since sweet Hope can only trace
The way to heaven's portals!
Clasp to your breast in firm embrace
That dearest boon to mortals.

10.

And let her accents banish pain
And sorrow from your heart;
Assured "we soon shall meet again,"
But ne'er again shall part.

J. G. C.

Thursday-night, November 5th, 1846,
Torrington Square.

One of the little circle at Halstead was an elderly lady named Adams, a relation of Mr. Atkins's mother,

who had been an inmate there for many years, and was deservedly a great favourite. Her sweet countenance was pretty even in age, and her kindness and readiness to oblige, and her constant cheerfulness endeared her to every one; and when, after a few weeks of indisposition, which by no means at first prepared her friends to expect such an event, she had peacefully resigned her spirit, the gap made by her removal was felt by all, and by none much more than by Mr. Children, who had a sincere regard for her. He paid a tribute of regret to her memory in the following lines:—

TO THE MEMORY OF MRS. ELIZABETH ADAMS, WHO DIED AT HALSTEAD PLACE, MARCH 18TH, 1845, AGED 68.

Of manners gentle and affections mild,
Aged in years, in innocence a child!
Patient and calm life's path she humbly trod,
She lov'd her neighbour and ador'd her God!
Releas'd at length from this world's care and leaven
The woman slept—the angel woke to heaven!

In the autumn of 1845 Mr. Children, with his daughter and son-in-law, visited Manchester, Sheffield, &c. and appeared as much interested as ever in the different manufactories, machinery, &c. which they saw. His attention had been so early in life directed to mechanics, that his gratification in such proofs of human skill and ingenuity was greater than others can experience who are not so well qualified to enter into their details.

The last communication ever made by Mr. Children to the Philosophical (or any other scientific) Journal is contained in the thirtieth volume of that work, and is "on the use of a mixture of spirits of wine and camphine and oxygen gas as a light for optical purposes." He had, as I have said above, been most kind, and had himself derived much amusement in assisting and promoting the gratification of others by giving his aid and applying his knowledge of optics to the construction of an apparatus at Halstead Place for showing dissolving views;* and during the various experiments which he and Mr. Atkins were frequently trying they had at first used hydrogen gas, but an explosion which took place in a bladder of the gas, which was happily not very serious in its consequences, but still sufficient to give Mr. Children a severe blow on the face from the stopcock, and a cut on the ear, so proved the danger of tampering with the oxy-hydrogen light that it was resolved to abandon its use; and the very ingenious substitute for it, invented by Mr. Children, which has ever since been used with perfect success, is fully detailed in the paper mentioned above.

Mr. Children had never, in early years, made the science of astronomy a particular study, although he had always felt much interest in the subject; but in the leisure of his present life he began to take it up

* Miss Cornwallis' help also was kindly given, and some beautiful pictures painted by her were added to the stock.

in earnest, and it was with all the ardour and application of a young man that from the year 1847, in which he completed his 70th year, to within a few days of his decease, he pursued the science both practically and theoretically; he purchased some valuable instruments, and was indefatigable in their use. The circumstance of Mr. Atkins becoming high sheriff for Kent in this year led to an intimacy with Mr. William Henry Palmer (who, succeeding his father, had long held the office of under-sheriff for Kent and Sussex), and the friendship which was thus established between the two families became one of the greatest sources of enjoyment to Mr. Children. Mr. Palmer was ardent also in the pursuit of astronomy, and, in spite of the great difference between them in point of age, they worked in company, when together, with equal zeal, and corresponded, when absent, with all that pleasure and earnestness which arise from the intercourse of congenial minds employed in the same rational and worthy manner.

The first of three pieces by Mr. Children, which follow, will show that, although he had attained "the allotted age of man," the warmth of his affections was not chilled (for his was a heart that never grew old); and the two last prove how constantly present to his mind was the reflection that the world was soon to be quitted for brighter and more enduring scenes:—

TO MY DEAREST ANNA ON HER WEDDING-DAY, WITH A BRACELET, FROM HER AFFECTIONATE FATHER, J. G. C., AUGUST 30TH, 1847.

I hammer and hammer, and cudgel my brains,
But not one bright thought will turn up for my pains,
They are muddled and musty—the dry-rot has got 'em,
And want thorough repair from the top to the bottom:
Then since nothing that's brilliant, no gem of the mind,
In my stupid old noddle I longer can find,
Let Tessier try what his art can bring forth,
And tinsel and sound yield to true sterling worth!
And far more appropriate such offering this day—
The foundation of Happiness—prop and the stay
On which I have leant for a score of long years,
My *best*, through that blessing, in this Vale of Tears!
Not that jewels and gold more attractive can prove
To your eye or your heart than a parent's fond love,
But beeause on this day every trace of regret,
Each symptom of sorrow, each frown and each fret,
Should be banish'd and thrown to the waves and the wind,
And only pure unalloy'd bliss left behind.
Then let this little trifle the truant replace*
Which stray'd from the arm it was once wont to grace,
Little fool!—whilst all car, you attentively hung
On each note Sweden's sweetest of nightingales sung!
And for many a year a memorial remain
Of my warmest affection and her syren strain!

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* Mrs. A. had lost a bracelet at the Opera on one of the nights of Jenny Lind's performance—and it was one she had particular reason to value.

THE OLD MAN'S THOUGHTS.

At seventy years old,
Like a tale that is told,
Our joys must in retrospect lie;
The fine manly tone
And the vigour are gone,
And its lustre departs from the eye.

Yet still, bounteous Heaven
To old age has given
Its own quiet comforts to know;
As the night-mantled mountain
O'er streamlet and fountain
Reflects a mild light from its snow.

Like the hills, Age's head
Is with frost overspread;
Yet within a few embers may glow,
Which still to the heart
Some faint warmth may impart
Of the fires that once kindled below.

For memory's eye
Thro' the past can descry
The shadows of lost hopes and joys!
Like visions of night
They arise to the sight,
Nor day the illusion destroys.

The friends whom we loved
And their constancy proved
Stand confess'd in her magical glass;
While our cares she beguiles
By the well-revived smiles
Of each dimple-cheek'd laugh-loving lass.

Such are Memory's pleasures;
But, rich though her treasures,
How poor to that greatest and best
Which guided our youth
In the fair paths of Truth
And *now* gives contentment and rest.

'Tis Religion's pure ray
Turns our night into day
As she points to the Name we adore!
To the Bread that He broke,
To the Word that He spoke,
Who spoke as ne'er Man spoke before.

Then be patient, my spirit,
Secure to inherit
The promise thy Saviour has given!
Though before He be gone,
You are not left alone!
See! He beckons you after to Heaven!

J. G. C., March 25th, 1847.

ON A SPLENDID NIGHT IN WHICH CASTOR AND POLLUX, PHOCYON, ALDEBARAN, RIGEL AND SIRIUS, AND OVER ALL JUPITER, VIED WITH EACH OTHER IN SURPASSING BRILLIANCY.

Behold the glorious majesty of night!
The vaulted arch one blaze of golden light!
To cheer us here these holy fires were given,
And lamps to guide the parting soul to Heaven!

H. P., Dec. 1 or 2, 1847. J. G. C.*

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* I am the more inclined to insert such pieces as these two last, in my memoir, because Mr. Children's religion was not often (unless when something arose that really called forth the expression of it) a matter he talked of much, and his entire freedom from vanity confined the

The loss of an affectionate and invaluable servant occurred at Halstead this year, Mrs. Atkins's personal attendant from the time of her marriage. Her sister, her equal in excellence and fidelity, had died a few years before in Mr. Children's service. The sisters (Mary and Anne Leary) rest side by side in Lewisham churchyard, where a simple inscription to each by their respective employers records their worth. Mr. Children (as well as Mr. Atkins) followed this lamented servant to her grave. She had been much in the habit of attending on, and was greatly attached to him.

During the year 1848, whenever our uncertain weather would permit, Mr. Children was chiefly and busily occupied with a new and very fine telescope which he had just purchased. Another purchase was a magnificent pianoforte of Broadwood, his kind and highly valued present to his son and daughter. He accompanied them in the summer to Leicestershire on visits to relations there, and on his return to Halstead

perusal of such effusions as the foregoing so very much to the two from whom he had no concealment, that it may well have happened that many of his most intimate friends were unaware of the depth and fervour of his pious feelings, or of his frequent habit of giving vent to them in verse. In a work like this, intended only for friends, it would be ungracious to deprecate that criticism which all will, I feel assured, be too generous to exert, but it is perhaps due to Mr. Children to say that his poetry was never revised or corrected by himself (and certainly by no one else), and he very often had not even taken the trouble to keep a copy of it; as he wrote it at the moment, so he left it, and never again I believe so much as thought of it; it was literally the outpouring of the emotion or the reflection of the instant.

again busied himself with astronomy and his lathe. The 9th of November of that year was an interesting day to astronomers, and fortunately a most brilliant one. Mr. Children and a party of friends, of whom Mr. Palmer was one and Dr. Bancks another, were fully employed all day in watching the transit of Mercury.

In 1849, the Halstead party visited Ferring and Devonshire. The following lines were accompanied by a pretty work on the scenery of Dartmoor (where they had been), given by Mr. Children to his travelling companions on their wedding-day.

AUGUST 30TH, 1849.—TO MY DEAREST JOHN AND ANNA.

A memorial of Devon,
  Or rather the day ;
A day which, bless heaven,
  For ever and aye

May its morns rise in brightness,
  Its nights close in peace,
Its hours pass in lightness
  Of heart and in ease.

And many, and many, and many days more,
  As happy and free as the days that are gone,
For you both may kind Providence still have in store,
  Your spirits, affections, and beings still one !

The party stopped at Bath on their way home, and, some allusion having been made to a well-known old epitaph, Mr. Children, while there, wrote these lines on it.

" Life is a jest, and all things shew it,
I thought so once, but now I know it."

Old Epitaph.

Confined to earthly hopes and fears,
Our passage through this vale of tears
Can scarce be call'd a jest:
This day the hours flit gaily by,
The next grief's waters fill the eye,
Can this be call'd a jest?

The mother, o'er her sleeping child
Delighted leans—so sweet, so mild
Of innocence the rest;
The fever comes—the spots appear!
The smiling infant's on its bier!
Can this be call'd a jest?

And many more sad tales like these
Might memory reckon up with ease,—
But let the sorrows rest;
Even on this bank and shoal of time
Enough we gather from our rhyme
To prove that life's no jest.

But view'd in its more solemn phase,
The end and object of our days,
Of truth or guilt the test;
The path that leads, when they shall close,
To everlasting joys or woes—
'Tis then, indeed, no jest!

Bath, 1849.

His pen continued to be used on any little occasion that called for it. A favourite dog, given to Mr. Atkins by Mr. Children, mentioned above (in the lines on " Flos"), died this year purely of old age, in spite

of every endeavour to save him. The honest old fellow was a perfectly white bull terrier. He was originally Mr. Children's dog when at Mill Hill, and had continued doubly a favourite from the great attachment he had shown to Mrs. Children, who was very fond of him. The epitaph below was his former master's:—

BETH BLUCHER.

As spotless in his character as skin,
Poor honest Blucher sleeps this grave within!
Brave as his namesake, but of gentler mood,
He little joy'd in battles or in blood!
Though firm of courage, and to honour true,
Who offered insult might his folly rue.
Faithful from early youth to age he proved,
And died lamented by the friends he loved.

September 13th, 1849.

In March, 1849, Mr. Children's old friend Mr. Pennington died at the great age of eighty-four, having retained his medical reputation, and attended to his extensive practice, until within a few days of his decease. The death of Mr. Pennington occasioned to Mr. C.'s son-in-law and daughter much anxiety, as well as regret, from the fear that Mr. Children would never have the same confidence in any other physician. Mr. Kelson, of Sevenoaks, had however for some time attended Mr. Children when at Halstead, and had met Mr. Pennington in consultation about him; and it was a great satisfaction and relief to the minds of those who were anxious on the subject to find that Mr. C.

expressed himself as having the same reliance on Mr. Kelson's skill and judgment as he had had on Mr. Pennington's. In the June of 1850 he re-visited Scotland in company with his daughter and her husband, to whom the ground was new, and he expressed great pleasure in introducing them to scenes he had formerly known so well. Once more, too, he in the course of this summer paid a short visit to Cambridge, and joined his son and daughter at Miss Cornwallis's, where he met his more recent friend but great favourite Mr. Platt, and, for the last time, his old friend and former colleague, Sir John Herschell, whom he had not seen for some few years, and whom it gave him great pleasure to meet again. On the 30th August Mr. and Mrs. Atkins had a family party to celebrate their "silver wedding," and received from Mr. Children an elegant silver cup, accompanied by a most beautiful and touching letter, which it will be supposed is treasured up by them, but which is among those sacred memorials which are reserved for the eyes of those alone to whom they were addressed. That letter, as well as some lines found after his decease, were an inexpressible comfort to those who mourned him, recording the happiness of the evening of his life in terms most soothing to those whose anxious wish it had been to render it peaceful and serene.

This little narrative draws to a close. The memorable year 1851 was the last! There was, however, no reason beyond the seventy-four years which rendered each returning season more and more likely to

prove the last, for any peculiar apprehension concerning this valued life; and the year was with Mr. Children, as with so many others, one of activity and social intercourse to perhaps a rather greater extent than usual. The early part of it was spent quietly at Halstead, and his lathe was in constant use. He completed a beautiful set of ivory and ebony chessmen, which, when his daughter had been absent one morning, she found on her return set out on a marble chess table, which had been a present to her from her husband, and the following lines lying beside them:—

"Multos et felices!"

TO J. P. AND A. A.

In present cheerful anticipation, and when by God's blessing they shall respectively arrive, in grateful celebration of the 16th and 19th days of March,* 1851, these rude chessmen, and still ruder rhymes (the toys of his second childhood), are affectionately dedicated by their father and friend J. G. C. Halstead Place, Feb. 23rd, 1851.

Love's labour's pleasant task is o'er!
'Tis time to rest at seventy-four!
To cease fair ivory to hack,
Or hew rude forms in ebon black!
Yet still, while life and eye-sight's lent,
I shall not deem the hours mis-spent
If aught my lathe and I can do
May profit or may pleasure you.
So take the fruit of minutes past,
The latest, and perhaps the last!
My work, too, might a moral claim,
For life, like chess, is but a game

* The former his daughter's, the latter his son-in-law's birthday.

Play'd on a chequer'd field! but stale
Is Allegory's tedious tale—
I'll none of it! but, with a simple prayer,
Conclude my simple rhymes:—may He, who there,
Where choirs immortal sing eternal praise,
Rules, Lord of All! with health and length of days
Bless you together! Peace your companion be
In time, and glory in eternity!

J. G. C.

Precious words and prayers, made yet more precious by the stamp of death! But I must relate a few events that intervened.

At the period of the Great Exhibition, Mr. Children received Mr. and Mrs. Dixon and his son and daughter at his house in Torrington Square. Whether the fatigue attendant on the "World's Fair" prevented his enjoying it, or whether he doubted the real utility of it, or from both causes combined, his interest in this enormous collection of objects was not so great as that of many other, perhaps I might say of most other, persons. The machinery pleased him more than any other department of the Exhibition, and he visited it several times; and, although not himself deriving any great delight from the Crystal Palace, he was anxious that his guests should thoroughly see and enjoy it.

In the summer of 1851 Mr. C. joined Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Burnaby and Mr. and Mrs. Atkins in a ramble among the beauties of Derbyshire, and at first seemed pleased to see these lovely spots again; but his health did not long allow him to enjoy the tour, and,

although not laid up, he was far from comfortable. Little, however, did the former of his travelling companions think, when they parted from him on the platform at Derby, that it was a parting for ever in this world. Sad would have been the farewell could they have foreseen this. Mrs. F. G. Burnaby (Mr. Atkins's only surviving sister) and her excellent husband had for Mr. Children, and he for them, the warmest regard and affection. He had spent many happy days at various times under their roof, and each was sure of the other's sympathy in the joys and trials of life. They parted, hoping to meet again: the hope will, I trust, be realized, although *not* HERE. Mr. C. went on to Colonel Burnaby's, at Evington, with his son and daughter, and there was another final parting here below; for, ere that season of the year came round again, both host and guest had bidden adieu to earth. The dear, excellent Colonel Burnaby, the best of parents, a gallant officer, respected by all who knew him, was called on, unlike his friend, to endure long and intense suffering, patiently and nobly borne, and now doubtless forgotten among the joys of those who, "by patient continuance in well doing," not only seek for "but find honour, glory, and immortality."

In the bustle and excitement of travelling, Mr. Children for the moment forgot that the day on which they left Derby was Mr. and Mrs. Atkins's wedding-day. He soon remembered it, and some little while after sent them the following lines, the *last* ever written by him for that anniversary:—

"BETTER LATE THAN NEVER."

(Supposed to be written at the end of September.)

A month ago, I grieve to say,
I let pass by a blessed day
  Without one tender greeting!
Ah! how could memory be so dull?
Of selfish cares and thoughts too full,
  Unmindful of time's fleeting!

The lovely scenes around me spread
Should rather quicken heart and head
  Than aught their powers abate;
Mam Tor's proud height, the Peak's abyss,
Matlock's sweet vale—sure scenes like this
  Might vigour fresh create,

And memory with new force supply—
Not dull her edge, nor dim her eye
  That backward turns its view,
And traces of far distant years,
The joys and sorrows, hopes and fears,
  Still on her tablets new.

But one sweet kiss dispell'd the charm;
Affection's current, fresh and warm,
  Flows—gushing to the heart;
Awaken'd gratitude and love,
In friendly strife, contend to prove
  The joy such days impart.

Oh, blessed—blessed be that day,*
Though many a summer's pass'd away
  Since when, with honest pride,
To the holy altar of his God,
Whose paths he daily ever trod,
  The bridegroom led his bride!

* August 30th.

And blessed may it still return
For many a year! and love's flame burn
As pure and bright as ever!
Though age in time assert its power,
And youth's quick pulse beat somewhat slower,
Affection's glow chill never!

And when at last th' inverted torch
Serves but to show the cold tomb's porch,
May it in peace expire!
And its last flicker to their eyes
Display where Love, beyond the skies,
Sits throned in heavenly fire!

J. G. C., 1851,
Anno æt. 74.

In the autumn of 1851, Mr. Children went to Brighton with Mr. and Mrs. Atkins, and to Ferring Vicarage. This visit to her, whom I have already said he looked on as another daughter, was the last he ever paid. He went on to London, where he dined with Mr. Palmer, but Mr. Dixon's was the last house he ever slept in away from home, for such for many years he had considered Halstead, to which he returned on the 19th of December. He had been a good deal interested while at Brighton by some curious experiments with reference to the magnetism of the human body, which had been courteously shewn him by Mr. Rutter, and, wishing to repeat and study them at leisure, he went to work on his return home, and completed, a day or two before Christmas, an apparatus similar to Mr. Rutter's.—It was *his last work!* On Christmas day he was at church with the

small party, consisting, besides his son and daughter, only of his two cousins Mrs. Madden and Miss Hamilton (the latter already now removed in the prime of her life from this world, leaving few more amiable behind her). He received the Sacrament* with them all, and appeared tolerably well, but complained a little in the afternoon; he however rallied, and dined and remained as usual with the family in the evening. On the following morning he felt unwell, and sent for Mr. Kelson, by whom he was most carefully watched, and whose medicine was beneficial to him, and who, but for his advanced age, would have had scarcely any apprehension for him till towards the last; but he continued weak and languid, and never again left his room except for another on the same floor. I may be forgiven for not dwelling on this period—and indeed there is little to relate; disgust of food and inability to employ himself gradually increased, and, though after a while he could again take nourishment, it produced no strengthening result; the powers of life were failing, he became weaker and weaker, with no other suffering than arose from the consequences of debility, and without any tangible disease; and at length, and almost suddenly, passed from mortal to immortal existence, without a struggle or a sigh, on the morning of New Year's Day, 1852.

The intention of Mr. and Mrs. Atkins (as the course

* From the hands of Mr. Godfrey Faussett, (the excellent Rector of Halstead, the Rev. T. K. Bowyear, being absent from illness.)

most respectful to his memory) had been to convey his honoured remains to his family vault in Tunbridge Church, but a memorandum, fortunately found in time, expressing his wish to be buried by the side of his late wife in St. George's, Bloomsbury, necessarily changed their determination, and there, "in the joyful hope of a blessed resurrection," his body rests in peace.

Honourable mention was made of Mr. Children's name, and a short biography of him given, in the Anniversary Addresses at the Royal, Linnæan, and Entomological Societies, and the Institution of Civil Engineers.

I rejoice that there is no necessity for me as the compiler of this little memoir to attempt any summary of the qualities and character of him who is its subject. Such a task would be absolutely impossible to me. Far too partial, and also far too much below his own standard, my judgment would be worthless; for what would seem but simple truth and justice to my own mind, might be viewed as filial exaggeration by my readers. To their own estimate, from the facts and feelings recorded, I shall leave this most dear and valued being; but there are two points in his character so seldom existing together, and so well worthy, in my opinion, of imitation, that I cannot help recommending them to the consideration of my younger friends, the one more especially to such of them as may have the same love for science as himself. It must have occurred to any one who has

perused this little book, that ardour, both of soul and mind, was one of the most marked features of Mr. Children's disposition; whatever he said or did was from the heart—there was no lukewarmness in him—whether friendship, science, or the wish to amuse a child was his object, the thing was undertaken and done *con amore*. Now, joined to this great zeal, which in so many cases leads to rashness, he had the most remarkable coolness and clear-headedness in sifting and judging scientific facts, so called, and many will remember that on applying to him for the solution of some puzzling phenomenon, his first question ever was "Is it the fact?" nor until well established as such would he enter on any investigation of its causes. I think this worth pointing out in these days, when amidst so much that is of the very highest class in true science, there is likewise so much that is rashly taken up without sufficient proof. The only other feature in Mr. Children's character to which I venture to draw attention, is his entire freedom from arrogance and conceit. Full of the most truly Christian humility and reverence towards his God, ever ready to see merit in others, and deeply conscious how little at the best is the knowledge vouchsafed to man here upon earth, his own acquirements were not measured by him against theirs who knew less, but were compared with the immensity of the unknown, and the result was that unpretending simplicity of character which endeared him to all, and made the young so especially love and delight in him;—but I have said all I dare—

and with an effort prepare to lay aside the pen that would willingly prolong his praise.

My work is done—the pleasing though mournful labour of recording the principal events in the chequered life of a beloved parent is accomplished.

I have endeavoured, as far as I could, throughout the course of my narrative to keep my relationship to the dear subject of it out of sight, that I might avoid the intrusion of my own feelings on my reader's attention, in many scenes where it must be supposed I was no indifferent spectator. As my father's biographer (if I may apply such a word to so slight a performance), I took up the pen; but, as his child, I must lay it down. To pass over unnoticed the gratitude I owe him for the watchful affection that never ceased from the hour of my birth until his own lamp of life went out—to fail to record how deep and sincere was the friendship between himself and my husband, or how we both feel that, happy as we may be in other respects, and many as are the blessings that remain to us, the blank he has left can never be wholly filled up till the hoped-for day of final reunion—to finish my self-appointed task without such a record, would ill agree with either my love or my regret for him. I will not, however, long tax my readers' sympathy. I trust I have too well profited by the lessons he who has been taken from me gave, to repine that, at an age which very many do not attain, without the decay of his bright faculties, and after only brief discomfort rather than suffering, he was gently withdrawn from

us. I would rather say, in the touching words Miss Sinclair uses in speaking of her mother's death—"The Lord gave the best of 'fathers;' the Lord hath taken 'him' away; and for all the happy hours we once passed together God's holy name be praised!"

March 16th, 1853. A. A.

These lines were written without any view of their being inserted here, and I only give them because particularly desired to do so.

I repine not, my God! but oh, pardon the tears
That yet stream from my eyes for that being removed;
Aye, that will flow, I feel, through the forthcoming years,
When fond memory turns to that parent beloved.

I would not bring him back to this sorrowful earth,
No, not for a moment, though sore be our grief!
His spirit has pass'd through its heavenly birth,
Oh why wish it here for our selfish relief?

His spirit—that long had look'd on to the day
That should free it for ever from earthly restraint—
Has now burst the bonds of the perishing clay,
And enjoys the bright scenes that no mortal may paint.

Now knowledge is his—full, measureless, true—
(Which in this world he sighed for, imperfectly given,)
"The stars in their courses" are clear to his view
That e'en while on earth ever turned towards Heaven.

In faith and in hope, may we tarry awhile,
Lay his lessons to heart, and bid "God's will be done,"
And when summon'd from hence, may his welcoming smile
Be God's herald to tell us of Glory begun.

A. A., April 19th, 1853.

J. B. NICHOLS AND SONS,
25, PARLIAMENT STREET, WESTMINSTER.

Stamp